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OUR GREAT MILITARY COMMANDERS

# OUR GREAT MILITARY COMMANDERS

SKETCHES OF THE LIVES OF

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, LORD CLIVE,
DUKE OF WELLINGTON, SIR CHARLES NAPIER,
LORD GOUGH, LORD CLYDE

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BY

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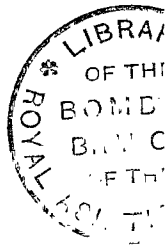


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# NOTE

By reason of the death of the Author during the passage of this book through the press, the proofs of the latter part have not received his corrections.

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# THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

## CHAPTER I

THE founder of our military glory in modern times was John Churchill, son of Sir Winston Churchill, the representative of an ancient knightly family in Devonshire. His father, like most gentlemen of the western counties, had been a loyal adherent of the King in the rebellion; and his honourable fidelity to his master had brought on him the vengeance of Cromwell and the confiscation of the greater part of his estate. His mother was a daughter of Sir John Drake of Ashe, a cousin of the famous sailor whose courage and skill had contributed so largely to the defeat of the Armada. Fortunately for his country Sir Winston Churchill had friends among the leading nobles of the royalist party, who, at the restoration, brought him under the notice of the royal family, and procured his son, then ten years old (he had been born in 1650), the appointment of page to the Duke of York. And his services in that post were rewarded, as soon as he was of sufficient age, by an ensign's commission in one of the new regiments of foot-guards. His first years of service were employed at Tangiers, a small fortress on the coast of Northern Africa, which had been part of the dowry of the Portuguese princess, Catharine of Braganza, the queen of Charles the Second. It was

valued at first as securing for our fleets a safe entrance into the Mediterranean, but was presently besieged by the Moors. As an officer of its garrison the young Churchill had the opportunity of acquiring some knowledge of siege operations; and he was one on whom no such opportunities were thrown away. He soon had others still more valuable. His regiment was recalled to England to form part of the brigade which in 1672 was sent to Germany to join the French army under the great Turenne, in the war which Louis XIV. was waging with the Empire. And service under that illustrious officer, the greatest general that his country at that time had ever produced, was a school for every variety of military operation,—for caution when on the defensive, for energy in attack, for skill in combination, fertility of resource in every difficulty; few generals having had such difficulties to encounter as Turenne, since his force was rarely a third of that arrayed against him; fewer still having been so uniformly successful; and Turenne's successors learnt to their cost how apt a pupil of their great master Churchill had been. Even in his subordinate rank he found more than one opportunity of distinguishing himself. Turenne on one occasion contrasting his skill and intrepidity with the want of those qualities displayed by one of his own officers, and on another doing him the unusual honour of publicly thanking him at the head of the army for his brilliant accomplishment of one enterprise which he had confided to his execution. On the conclusion of the peace of Nimeguen he returned to England, where his merits, and the interest of his original patron, the Duke of York, obtained him rapid promotion. Before the King's death he had risen to the rank of major-general,

and had been ennobled by a Scotch peerage as Baron Churchill of Aymouth. It had a not less importance in its influence on his subsequent fortunes that he married Miss Sarah Jennings, who, as one of the ladies of the Duchess of York, had attracted the notice of her second daughter, the Princess Anne; and the acquaintance thus begun gradually ripened into one of the most extraordinary friendships on record which, when the Princess became Queen, had no slight influence on her husband's fortunes.

During the last years of the reign of Charles II. he had no further opportunities of distinguishing himself. But the accession of James opened one to him, so far as any laurels were to be won by defeating the motley group who formed the army of the unhappy Monmouth. Such as there was, however, it was by him that they were gathered. For the nominal commander-in-chief, Lord Feversham, was a man of notorious incapacity; and the rout of Sedgemoor was universally admitted to be the work of Churchill alone. But he soon found that neither his former connexion with James as his page, nor this his present service, could procure him the continuance of the royal favour. That was only to be won by apostasy from Protestantism, and Churchill was unshaken in his religious convictions. This fidelity was proof against the royal displeasure; which, indeed, the King was compelled to smother in some degree, since he could find no officer of sufficient standing to supersede him in the command of his regiment who would be base enough to purchase it by the required apostasy. Yet it so happened that when circumstances called on him for action it was against the King, and not on his side, that he was compelled to range himself. Sedgemoor

had filled James with undue confidence; and, as if the popularity which the defeat of one insane insurrection had awakened in his favour had been so firmly rooted as to be proof against all provocation, he at once began to outrage the judgement and feelings of the whole nation by the most flagrant violation of all the laws to which the people were most strongly attached, sparing not even those judges who refused to disregard their oaths at his bidding, nor the prelates of the Church who refused to obey mandates justified neither by law nor precedent.

It was not to be wondered at that such a series of tyrannical measures prompted a body of nobles, jealous for the safety of their religion, and even for their privileges and rights as freemen, to seek the interposition of William, Prince of Orange, himself a member of the royal family as a grandson of Charles I., and having even a closer interest in the welfare of the kingdom as the husband of the Princess Mary, the king's elder daughter; nor that William should comply with the invitation they presented to him. Accordingly at the end of October 1688 he crossed over to England to aid those who had sought his countenance in procuring redress for the grievances which the kingdom had suffered from the disregard of the established laws, and security against any repetition of such acts as they complained of. He brought with him a small force of soldiers, sufficient as a guard to ensure his own safety, but too small to have the appearance of an invading army bent on conquest. For the invitation that had been conveyed to him differed in one material point from the declaration of his views which he published when he reached the English shore. The former had spoken openly of a

change in the Government, the latter, after enumerating the different grievances which afforded the nation just grounds of complaint, disavowed all project or idea of conquest; declared William's object to be confined to the securing of the meeting of a free and legal Parliament, to whose decision the settlement of all questions affecting the administration of the laws and the due maintenance of the constitution should be committed; and promised that, as soon as the objects thus desired should be attained, the troops whom he had brought with him should be sent back to Holland. Whether the announcement of a design and object so moderate really expressed the whole of William's purpose may probably be doubted, but James treated his arrival as that of an invading enemy bent on the conquest of the kingdom, and his own deposition and expulsion; and, instead of meeting him with at least a profession of willingness to enter into an amicable discussion of the matters mentioned in his declaration, at once put himself at the head of his army, reinforced it with regiments from Scotland and from Ireland also,—the latter, as it was taken for granted that they were all papists, being regarded with such disfavour by the whole country that their arrival was a source of weakness rather than of strength,—and prepared for war. William had landed in Torbay on the 5th of November, and after an unavoidable delay of a few days, had commenced his march towards London. James advanced towards Exeter, as if relying on the superiority of his numbers to crush the invader before he could obtain any assistance from those of whose demands he claimed to be the advocate; but he did not proceed beyond Salisbury, for by the time he reached that city he not

only learnt that men of rank and influence were flocking around William, but that many of the regiments which he had with him could not be trusted to fight for him. Some of their commanders were so connected with him that if they were unfriendly no one in the kingdom could be relied on. Lord Cornbury was the eldest son of the second Lord Clarendon, and as such the nephew of James's first wife. The Duke of Grafton was, next to the Duke of Portsmouth, the favourite son of his brother Charles; both these joined William, and, far more important than both, Churchill also quitted the camp, leaving behind as the explanation of his act a letter avowing that, though in any other cause he would ever be ready to risk fortune and life in defence of his royal master's rights, yet as a faithful Protestant he would not fight against one who came as the champion of Protestantism.

Lord Macaulay, in his brilliant, attractive, but not always trustworthy history, having selected the glorification of William III. for his chief object, and being unable to conceal from himself that, though his hero had no superior as a statesman in our foreign affairs, there were blots in his home policy as King of England which it was not easy to deny, nor even to extenuate, adopted the idea of making him appear whiter by blackening his greatest subject. And he seizes on his junction with William at this crisis as his first opportunity. He is forced to admit that "he believed implicitly in the religion which he had learned as a boy, and shuddered at the thought of formally abjuring it;"[1] that he had, as early as the winter of 1685, warned James ("gently whispered" is the phrase of the historian) that he "was going too far" in the

[1] II. 252.

open hostility he showed towards all who refused to gratify him by apostasy, in his striking such a man as Halifax, to whom he was so deeply indebted, out of the list of the Privy Council, and in conferring civil and military appointments on men who, as Roman Catholics, were disqualified for them by recent and most stringent law. But, nevertheless, in his narrative of these transactions he forgets all that he had admitted about the conscientious Protestantism that had dictated Churchill's conduct in withstanding all James's allurements and artifice; treachery and baseness are the only features which he can descry in his conduct. If he thought this the language of moderation it was probably dictated by the conviction that no incident contributed so greatly to William's success as Churchill's defection from James. For the force which the King had around him at Salisbury far outnumbered that which as yet was advancing under the standard of William; and it may reasonably be doubted whether, even with the advantage of Schomberg's skill, the Dutch who, with one English regiment, constituted William's whole force, could have made head against the royal army, under such a commander as Churchill, confidence in whose genius would probably have kept them steadfast in loyalty so long as he was at their head. Even had Churchill's conduct deserved all Macaulay's sneers and denunciation, it was natural that William should see it only on its bright side as a great service done to him; and, therefore, when in the subsequent summer his engagements with his continental allies bound him to send a brigade to join the army of the Prince of Waldeck in the Netherlands, it was under the command of Churchill, to whose Scotch barony the English earldom of Marlborough had now

been added, that he placed it. And it was a singular piece of the Earl's good fortune, that in the only action that took place, the whole brunt of the French attack fell on his brigade, which it repulsed with great slaughter, and the loss of several of their guns. Even Macaulay admits that its defeat was due to the valour and skill of the English general; and, though the action was in fact not more than a fierce skirmish, it was not without important value as proving (to quote the words of the historian) that "many years of inaction and vassalage" (he means to Tories) "did not appear to have enervated the courage of the nation."[1] When, in the spring of 1690, William crossed over to Ireland to conduct in person the campaign, which in the north of the island was terminated by the victory of the Boyne, he had left a council to assist Mary with their advice during his absence, of which Marlborough was one of the chief members; and in the deliberations which necessarily took place respecting the prosecution of the war, the Earl pointed out that, as after the battle of Beachy Head the French fleet had returned to its harbours to refit, the sea was open, and that an opportunity was thus offered for an expedition to recover Cork and Kinsale, the most important strongholds in the south, and, as such, both held by French garrisons. William approved of the design, and as, before the time for executing it, he himself had returned to London, he entrusted the command to the general who had proposed it. It was the middle of September before the weather allowed the expedition to sail; but, as soon as it reached the coast of Cork, though Marlborough's force only amounted to 5000 men, the contest may be said to have been

[1] Macaulay, C. xiv.

over; Cork itself was his first object, and that important city he at once attacked with such incessant assaults that on the third day the garrison surrendered. Without a moment's loss of time, he followed up that success by marching on Kinsale, the fortifications of which were stronger than those of the greater city. It was protected by two forts known as the Old and the New. The Old Fort it was comparatively easy to overcome. He scaled the walls and made prisoners of the garrison. The New Fort was far stronger; it was necessary to open trenches in the regular fashion, to erect batteries, and to dig mines. The French commander saw the hopelessness of resistance; he at once surrendered both the fort and the towns, with a large quantity of stores of all kinds; and in five weeks from the day on which he had sailed from Portsmouth, Marlborough presented himself to William at Kensington to report his success, which had secured the obedience of the whole of the southern counties. William did not exaggerate his merits when he declared that "no officer living, who had seen so little service, was so fit for great commands."

It is somewhat strange that, with such knowledge of Marlborough's military ability, when he himself, after the battle of Steinkirk, returned to England, he should have entrusted the command of the army he left behind him to any other officer. And stranger still, that he should have selected Count Solmes for so important a charge. For it was undeniable that at Steinkirk, Solmes, in order to save his Dutch regiments, had deliberately sacrificed Mackay's brigade with its general, who fell gloriously at the head of his men. But William, and England also, paid dearly for his partiality to his worthless countryman, since his still

more glaring misconduct at Landen contributed not a little to the loss of that battle. But this preference of Solmes throws a strong light on transactions in which Marlborough undoubtedly bore a share, and which Macaulay has diligently improved as the justification of his bitterest philippics against him. In the autumn of 1691 William had been warned that Marlborough, with some others in high places, was in communication with the Court which James was holding at St. Germains. The warning might have been thought to require some confirmation, since it came from some of the Jacobites themselves, who might not unfairly be thought capable of making any communications to William which might weaken or destroy his confidence in one who was undoubtedly the ablest of his subjects. But their statements were true. And Macaulay founds on the circumstance, not only bitter denunciations of Marlborough's treason, but an excuse for the favour which William showered so lavishly and exclusively on the Dutch. His excuse is that William might well trust the Dutch, because he found it impossible to trust the English whether in civil or military office. Unluckily for his argument, dates show that he is trying to mislead his readers by a transposition of cause and effect. It was not because of the treason of Marlborough and others that he showered honours and wealth upon his Dutch favourites; but it was his liberality to these last, carried at last to such preposterous lengths as subsequently called for the interference of Parliament, that provoked more than one of the chief English nobles into conduct which, it must be confessed, even the most unjust and uniform neglect could not justify, though it may in some degree account for. For Solmes was not the only foreigner,

nor the first, whom William had ostentatiously favoured at the expense of the legitimate chiefs of the nation. He had been scarcely two months on the throne before he conferred the earldom of Portland on a Dutch gentleman named Bentinck, who could not possibly as yet have done anything to entitle him to such preferment, and who indeed was not possessed of such ability as could enable him to render any conspicuous service. And, that it might not be a barren honour, he accompanied it with a gift of a large estate from the Crown lands, which he followed up by others so numerous and so rich as made him before the end of the reign probably the richest subject in the kingdom. Nor was he the only one of his countrymen so distinguished. Another of his Dutch followers, Keppel, was made Earl of Albemarle; a third, Ginkell, was made Earl of Athlone; both receiving ample estates to enable them to support their titles. In short, as in the reign of James all the marks of royal favour were reserved for Roman Catholics, so in the reign of William it was from the very beginning made equally apparent that no favour was to be expected by any but Dutchmen. And that this was the real cause of the conduct which Macaulay thus denounces is clear from the fact that Marlborough's design, as it was reported to William, was to carry an address through both Houses of Parliament requesting him to dismiss all foreigners from his service. There could be little doubt that such an address would find sufficient support, and that not only in the two Houses, but in the nation. For William's coldness to and neglect of all his new subjects, contrasted with the treatment of his own countrymen, who had no right whatever to be rewarded with honours and wealth in England, had excited

such universal discontent, that one of the ablest of his councillors, who had borne no part in these intrigues, declared that William had become so unpopular that, if James would only give the Protestants in the kingdom security for their own form of worship, he could not be kept out of the kingdom six months. It is remarkable that, though others were equally implicated, William's fury was spent on Marlborough alone. He was deprived of his military commands, his name was struck out of the list of the Privy Council, and forbidden to appear in the royal presence; and the Princess Anne was compelled to dismiss his wife from the post she held as the head of her household.

There is no doubt that for some time he continued to keep up his communications with the Jacobites, though not in such a way as to do them any service or the government any injury; his motive seems to have been, in case James should recover his crown, to be able to plead for pardon, on the ground of such communications, which nevertheless were always limited to informing the agents of facts which they knew before. And this was undeniably the case with the information which he sent to Paris of the projected attack on Brest. Lord Macaulay's language shows how far he departs from the historian's duty of impartiality, when he denounces his conduct as "the basest of all the hundred villainies of Marlborough." The facts are these. In the summer of 1694 a squadron under the Earl of Berkeley, having on board a small land force under General Talmash, was sent to attack Brest. But the French were on their guard, the attack failed, and Talmash was killed. Many years afterwards, when the secret papers of King James were discovered, a letter from Marlborough was

found among them, giving notice of the intended expedition. But it was not written till too late to be of any use to the French or of any injury to the assailing force. For the first words of his letter announce that the expedition "sails *to-morrow*"; and in the seventeenth century communications of any kind travelled so slowly that a letter from London to Paris, and orders founded on it, and despatched in consequence from Paris to Brest, could hardly reach their destination in less than a week. Moreover, throughout the preceding autumn and winter the utmost skill of the great French engineer, Marshal Vauban, had been exerted in fortifying Brest; for, with something less than his usual prudence, William, many months before, had publicly promised the Parliament to make descents on the French strongholds on the northern coast; and, as Brest was by far the most important harbour in that district, it was naturally the place which the French Government expected to be the first object of attack, and which, therefore, they made it their first care to put in a state of thorough defence. Indeed, Macaulay himself confesses that "the design had long been known at Versailles"; that the moment the English ships came within range "batteries opened on them a fire so murderous that several decks were soon cleared," and that "great bodies of foot and horse were discernible." To suppose that these preparations for defence were the result of intelligence sent from London the day before the expedition sailed is absurd. And the whole transaction shows that Marlborough's purpose was to keep the door open for pardon from and reconciliation with James, should he recover his kingdom, which for more reasons than one many shrewd observers regarded as far from impossible; but at the

same time to take care that the intelligence which he furnished should be of no service to James and no injury to William. It must be added that the moment that the news of the defeat of the attack and the death of Talmash reached London, Marlborough hastened to offer his services; but, though Lord Shrewsbury, the secretary of state, and who, as such, had in those days the management of the war department, urged his employment, William rejected the offer. The rejection was hardly politic, since, besides the advantage to be derived from Marlborough's unequalled capacity, his employment must have put an end to his dealings with the Jacobite court. But the suspicions of his loyalty still lingered in William's mind, perhaps not altogether unnaturally; and it was not till after the war had been terminated by the treaty of Ryswick that he was restored to the King's confidence. In 1698 William again crossed over to Holland, professedly to take in person the conduct of the negotiations which he was carrying on with the ministers of Louis relating to the Spanish Succession; but at least equally, to quote the admission of Macaulay himself, that "for some months he might be free from the annoyance of seeing English faces and hearing English words." Such a feeling on the part of an English sovereign requires no comment. But the necessity for providing for a judicious administration at home during his absence embracing, among other matters, the necessity of arranging an establishment for the youthful Duke of Gloucester, the only surviving child of the Princess Anne, and, as such, the eventual heir to the throne, prevailed over all other considerations, and Marlborough was not only restored to the Privy Council, and nominated one of the Lords

Justices; but was also selected for the most honourable and most important post of governor to the young prince: and, with an anxious care to remove all soreness on his part, his appointment was announced in the *Gazette* "in the fervid language of panegyric."[1]

These offices seemed to open to him a career as a statesman; but the re-establishment of peace appeared also to have cut off all prospect of distinguishing himself in the military profession for which his genius was even more suited; and it would have done so had not the incurable arrogance and innate perfidy of Louis at this time bereft him of all ordinary common sense. On concluding the peace of Ryswick he had pledged himself with the strongest oaths to withdraw all countenance from any attempt of the Jacobites to disturb William on his throne. On the signature of the Partition Treaties he had bound himself with equally solemn obligation to adhere to the arrangement that, on the death of the reigning monarch, the succession to the Spanish throne should devolve on the Archduke Charles, the second son of the Emperor of Germany. But Louis was not only false, but proud of his falsehood as a part of his prerogative. In a paper which he drew up for the guidance of his successor he actually so described it, and argued that the very stringency of the oaths by which he had bound himself to execute various treaties was a proof that no one expected him to keep them. And now, in accordance with the infamous principles thus shamelessly avowed, the moment that Charles II. of Spain died, he accepted his bequest of his dominions to the second son of the Dauphin, the Duke of Anjou; and

[1] Macaulay, v. 121.

the very day that James II. died at St. Germains, he proclaimed his son King of England by the title of James III. William would gladly have made his violation of the Partition treaty a ground for declaring war against him; but found that he could not carry the nation with him, since the English people were very indifferent to the question who should rule in Spain. But the proclamation of James III. was a very different matter. It was an insult to the whole nation of such a kind as to awaken the most righteous feelings of national pride. All classes were filled with indignation at the presumption of a foreign prince who should pretend to dictate to them who was to rule over them. William's own resolution was supported by the unanimous voice of all whether in or out of Parliament. Supplies of men and money to the full extent of his demands were enthusiastically voted; and preparations for a declaration of war and the commencement of hostilities were being pushed on with the utmost zeal and rapidity, when on the 8th of March William died, and the Princess Anne, the second daughter of James II., became Queen.

## CHAPTER II

THE change of sovereign made no difference in the eagerness of the nation to chastise the insolence of Louis. Though the immediate cause of William's death was an accidental fall from his horse while hunting, his health had long been failing, and, even when preparing for war, he was fully aware that his taking the field himself would be out of the question. There could be as little doubt who was the fittest man to take his place at the head of the army, and it soon became known that the last advice which he gave his successor was to entrust it and the conduct of the war to Marlborough. Even without such a recommendation the warm friendship which the Queen bore to Lady Marlborough would have secured his appointment, and, Anne's very first measure was to declare him Captain-General of her forces; and as she also gave the white staff of the Lord High Treasurer to his son-in-law, Earl Godolphin, he was able to feel entire confidence that his operations would never be crippled by want of supplies.

We may feel assured that if William had lived the arrangements which he would have made would not have differed greatly from these. We have seen the opinion which, as far back as 1690, he had expressed of Marlborough's fitness for high command;

and he had had too much personal experience of the necessities of war, and was too good a judge of the folly of doing things by halves, to allow his officers to be crippled in their operations by any niggardliness or slackness in keeping them fully supplied. It may even be that in one most important respect his death was a serious loss to Marlborough. The new Government of Holland, with a selfish wrongheadedness, accompanied the contingent which they furnished to his army by a commission of deputies, to whom they gave authority to decide on the extent of its co-operation with his movements; and they, exercising that authority with a folly equal to that of those ministers who had conferred it on them, more than once interfered with his well-considered plans for bringing the French to immediate action; snatching victory from his grasp, and thus, by the confession of the French marshals themselves, more than once saving them from severe defeat, if not from utter destruction.

But, however questionable was the value of our union with the Dutch, we had in the Emperor of Germany an ally whose importance could not be overrated; so admirable were the courage and skill of his general, the Prince Eugene, and so cordial and unbroken his friendship and co-operation with Marlborough. The moment that his appointment was made out the Earl was despatched to Holland to concert with the Dutch ministers and the Imperial ambassador at the Hague the military arrangements to be adopted for the opening of the coming campaign; and his proposals met so general an approval that, before the end of April he was able to return to England to report the cordial assent of the States, and also of the Emperor's ambassador at the Hague, to all

his designs, and on the 4th of May war was declared against France in Spain.

He lost no time. Before the middle of the month he again crossed over to Holland to assume the command. William had a small English brigade at Breda, which was being rapidly reinforced by fresh regiments which were sent over as rapidly as they could be got ready. But operations had already been commenced by a powerful division, which under the Prince of Saarbruck was besieging Kaysenworth, a small but strongly fortified town on the Lower Rhine which the French had seized in the preceding summer. Kaysenworth fell in the last week of June, when the Prince instantly joined Marlborough; so that at the beginning of July he found himself at the head of a well-appointed army of 80,000 men, and at liberty to commence active operations.

But at the very outset his plans were frustrated by the mischievous disposition of the Dutch deputies. The French commander, Marshal Tallard, was threatening Nimeguen; and Marlborough proposed to attack him at once, with, in his opinion, a certainty of defeating him; but they refused the co-operation of their own regiments as calculated to leave some of their own cities insufficiently protected; and, as they persisted in their opposition throughout the summer, they more than once saved the enemy from disasters, against which they could not have protected themselves.

It was not till the end of July that he obtained their consent to cross the Meuse, and by that time three precious weeks had been lost, and he gradually found himself compelled to relinquish the hope of bringing Tallard to action in the open field, and to

confine himself to the reduction of a few towns and fortresses, some of which were important from the strength of their works, and others from their position. The names of Venlo, Stevensweert, and Ruremond, all of which fell before his attacks in the course of the next two months, will hardly at this distance of time excite any great interest in the mind of the modern English reader, though they were proofs of the unceasing energy and skill of their assailant; but, when in October he crowned these successes by the reduction of Liège, the capture of that great city gave an appearance of brilliancy to the whole campaign which might have been expected to teach the Dutch the wisdom of trusting for the future to his judgement rather than to their own petulant timidity.

Yet he had hardly had possession of Liège more than a week when his career was nearly cut short by a singular accident. He designed to return to England for a conference with the Ministers, and with that object was proceeding down the Meuse with two large boats, accompanied by a cavalry escort; but in the darkness of the night the guard of cavalry lost its way, the boats got separated, he himself was in the smaller one in company with the Dutch deputies, and his boat was surprised and mastered by a far more powerful one, which, with a small body of French soldiers, had been lying concealed among the reeds. The Dutch deputies, by some means or other, had procured French passports; but he had thought such a precaution beneath him, and he would have been carried off as a prisoner had not one of his attendants had in his pocket a passport which some time before had been granted to his brother, General Churchill. The darkness screened his action as he slipped it into

the Earl's hand, as it also prevented his captors from discovering that he was not the person to whom it had been granted. They accepted the precious document, contented themselves with plundering the boat of whatever it contained of value, and left him to pursue his voyage to the Hague without further molestation.

The acclamations which he received from the citizens of the capital showed that their feelings were far from being in favour of the hindrances which the deputies had thrown in his way. And when he reached England, where the Queen had just opened her first Parliament, he was received with honour for which up to that time its records afforded no precedent. The elections had given the Tory party the ascendency in the House of Commons. The address to the Crown expressed their joy at "the wonderful success of Her Majesty's arms under his conduct." A public thanksgiving at St. Paul's was voted, which was attended by both Houses, and by the Queen herself, who showed her sense of the value of his exploits, and, it should perhaps be added, her partiality for his wife, by promoting him to the rank of Duke, and adding to it a grant of £5000 a year, to be charged on the receipts of the Post Office during her life. She desired to induce the Parliament to make the grant perpetual, and to entail it on all his posterity; but liberality so unprecedented, and, as it was asserted, so unconstitutional, met with such opposition from the Jacobite section of the House of Commons that he himself earnestly requested her to forbear to press it; and it was not till after Blenheim and Ramillies had silenced all opposition, and had left the whole nation at a loss to invent rewards adequate to express

their admiration of his genius, and their own gratitude for its fruits, that the grant was permanently attached to the dukedom.

He remained in England till the spring of the ensuing year, taking an occasional part in the debates, though probably more from a wish to gratify the Queen than from any great interest which he took in the measures discussed. But no discussion took place on a vote proposed by the Government to reinforce his army by 10,000 men, since Whigs and Tories alike took pride in his successes, and vied with one another in supplying him with the means of repeating and, as they hoped, surpassing them. His gratification at this proof of the confidence that all reposed in him was damped by the death of his only surviving son, who was carried off in February by the smallpox, when he was applying for a commission that he might serve under his father. But he had no time to indulge in unavailing grief. The return of spring was the signal for the commencement of a second campaign, and before the end of March he returned to the Continent to resume his command.

Louis had spent the winter in arranging a scheme of operations on a larger scale. He had concluded an alliance with the Elector of Bavaria, which seemed to open the prospect of a march upon Vienna itself, if he would only keep the English general occupied in the Netherlands. And with this view he put into the field no fewer than four armies, with the Marshals Villars, Villeroi, Tallard, Vauban, Marsin, and the Duc de Vendôme to command them, of whom Villeroi with nearly 60,000 men was sent to the Netherlands to keep Marlborough in check; while Villars, uniting with the Elector, should advance down the Danube,

where it was calculated that he would find Vienna at his mercy. Villars did indeed gain some important advantages. He attacked one imperial army and defeated it with great loss at Hochstedt, on ground destined to be the scene of a far more severe encounter with a widely different result the next year; but fortunately for the Emperor he found it so impossible to induce the Elector to enter into his scheme for the prosecution of his further designs that he resigned his command, and for that year Vienna was safe.

Marlborough's task promised to be easier, for Villeroi, who owed his marshal's staff and his command solely to Louis's personal favour, was a most incompetent officer, as the King found to his cost three years afterwards; and, had Marlborough been able to carry out his own designs for the campaign, he would have invaded France itself and have compelled Louis to bring back his marshals from the Rhine to protect Paris itself. But, as had happened in 1702, again his plans were frustrated by the imbecile interference of the Dutch deputies. It might have been expected that the achievement with which he opened the campaign would have inspired them with greater confidence in his judgement, for he commenced his operations by the reduction of the important and well-fortified town of Bonn in a fortnight, in spite of all the efforts of the Duke of Burgundy and Tallard to save it. He next fell back on the Meuse with the object of driving Villeroi from the line of that river and of attacking Antwerp; but that part of his scheme failed through the unskilfulness of the great Dutch engineer Cohorn, to whom he had entrusted its execution, and who, though but little inferior to Vauban himself in the

art of fortification, had but little experience or skill in the conduct of operations in the open field. With unskilful courage he revealed his object to the garrison by a premature attack before Marlborough was ready to support him, thus putting them on their guard, and giving Marshal Boufflers, one of the ablest of the French officers, time to arrive to their aid, and enabling Villeroi to unite with Boufflers. Had he been able to carry out his own designs he considered himself strong enough to give battle to them both united, but the incompetency of some of the Dutch generals to whom he had been forced to entrust a part of his contemplated operations, and their mutual jealousies of one another, baffled his best-laid schemes. And 1703 passed like 1702, without his being able to show any greater fruits than the reduction of a few more fortresses, of which Limburg was the chief; while his vigilance and rapidity of movement when they depended on himself alone had prevented the French marshals, in spite of their superiority of numbers, from obtaining the slightest advantage over him.

But 1704 was to be marked by more splendid and decisive action. An old proverb tells us that night is at its darkest just before the dawn. And rarely had more threatening dangers lowered over Vienna and the Empire than in the spring of that year. The Elector of Bavaria at the head of 45,000 men occupied Ulm, reduced Passau and Lintz, the keys of Upper Austria, making himself thus master of the Upper Danube; and was thus enabled not only to keep open his communications with the French on the Rhine, but to establish fresh ones with a large party of malcontents in Hungary, while Tallard with an equal force threatened the important provinces of Swabia and Franconia. The

emergency was great. If Vienna should fall into the power of its enemies all would be lost, and Vienna was nearly helpless. In the previous year Eugene had been in command in the north of Italy, but in the autumn the Emperor had recalled him to the capital to place him at the head of the council of war. The discharge of the duty thus imposed on him was beset with difficulties. The resources of the Empire had been greatly exhausted by the long Turkish war, and he found the treasury empty, the army deplorably weak in numbers, the frontier on every side destitute of fortresses, and such large arrears of pay due to the troops as made it very difficult to raise the different regiments to their proper strength. These deficiencies the Prince at once pointed out to the Emperor; and, as it was plain that England alone could supply the money which was indispensable, he obtained the royal permission to use his own discretion in negotiating with whatever Englishman he thought most likely to enter into his views.[1] It was natural that Marlborough should be the man whom he chose, and he repaired to Heilbron to meet him. They had never met, but each was well acquainted with the exploits of the other, and eager for the acquaintance. Marlborough had already formed his plan, and Eugene had too kindred a spirit not at once to appreciate its excellence and the certain prospect of success which it afforded.

In truth it was well for Europe that at so critical a moment England possessed a general sufficiently sagacious to appreciate the greatness of the danger; so fertile in strategical resource to devise the best mode

[1] Je lui disais qu'on ne faisait pas la guerre sans troupes et sans argent.—*Autobiography of Prince Eugene*, ann. 1703.

of encountering it, and endowed with a moral resoluteness of character that enabled him to carry out his plan in spite of every obstacle. The peril was imminent and manifest, since, if Vienna should fall into the power of the enemy, all further resistance would be hopeless. While it was equally clear that Austria was wholly unequal to withstand the united forces of France and Bavaria without assistance, and that his army was the only one which could afford the aid that was indispensable with the requisite promptitude. He proposed, therefore, to leave Holland to protect herself, a task for which her own army was quite sufficient since his own rescue of so many of her fortresses from the French, and to hasten with his entire army, and with all possible speed, to the Danube, to save the capital of the Empire. There was one great difficulty in the way of carrying out this scheme,—that of obtaining the sanction of the Dutch councillors, which was indispensable; but fortunately the Pensionary Heinsius, the magistrate who at that time had the greatest influence in most of the leading cities, was sufficiently sagacious to see the advantages, or, it may be said, the absolute necessity of adopting Marlborough's views, if the alliance were to be saved from instant dissolution; and his opinion prevailed. The requisite sanction was obtained; the English Parliament voted some pecuniary aid to the emperor, sending at the same time a strong reinforcement to his own army; and in the middle of May he commenced his march.

His advance was not unattended with difficulties, since it was of the utmost importance to conceal its object from the enemy as long as possible. It was also impeded by a long continuance of unusually bad

weather. But his mastery of all the resources of strategy perplexed the French marshals at least as greatly as it alarmed them.[1] At one time he seemed to design an attack on Mayence, which would also endanger Alsace. Presently he threw a bridge over the Rhine at Philipsburg, which, with the advance of a large park of artillery, seemed to indicate a design of besieging Landau, his movements deceiving Villeroi and Tallard so completely that they advanced to close quarters with one another in order to be able to protect either fortress. And both were astonished when, in the latter part of June, he crossed the Rhine and the Neckar, and showed that the Danube was the goal which he had in view. He reached it at Donauwerth on the first week of July, and found the bridge over the great river defended by the Bavarian Field Marshal, the Count d'Arco, who had established in its front an entrenched camp garrisoned by a strong division of 12,000 picked men. It was six o'clock in the evening when the English advanced guard came in sight, and D'Arco, making sure that men who had been marching all day would require a night's rest before attempting anything more, was leisurely making his preparations to meet the attack which he expected on the morrow, when, to his astonishment, Marlborough at once led on his foremost regiments to the assault, and after a desperate conflict, in which the Bavarians, with some French troops which were joined with them, made a most determined resistance, the indomitable English spirit prevailed. The camp was stormed, its tents and guns were taken, and great numbers who

[1] Voltaire's account is: "Marshal Villeroi had entirely lost sight of him, and only learnt where he was by hearing of his victory at Donauwerth."—*Siècle de Louis XIV.* c. 19.

escaped the sword or musket of the assailants were driven into the river and drowned. The loss of the conquerors was also heavy, but the victory made them masters of the whole district as far as Munich, and towards that city Marlborough at once pressed forward, hoping to terrify the Elector into a separate peace. Had not a message reached that prince from Tallard that he was hastening to support him, the Duke's anticipation might very possibly have been realised; but, on receiving it, the Elector hastened to meet his ally, while almost at the same time Eugene arrived at Marlborough's camp. Men of their character were not long in deciding on their course. Their forces when combined were but little inferior to the French and Bavarians, and they agreed on the wisdom, if not the necessity, of bringing the enemy to action before they could reach Vienna. When Eugene arrived Marlborough was besieging the fortified town of Ingoldstadt, but he at once decided on leaving the Prince of Baden with one small division to maintain the siege, and the two commanders with the rest of the united armies marched towards Hochstedt. As we have seen, that village had already been signalised by one battle, and they now prepared to make it the scene of a second, and their movements were so accurately calculated that, as they reached the ground from one side, they saw the enemy advancing towards it from the other.

It was the afternoon of the 11th of August, and the commanders of both armies spent the evening in making careful arrangements for the conflict of the next day. The two armies were not very unequal in strength, though the superiority, such as it was, was decidedly in favour of the French. The Duke and Prince had 40,000 infantry, 16,000 cavalry, with

between 50 and 60 guns. The French and Bavarians had about the same number of cavalry, but 4000 more infantry and 90[1] guns. But in spite of this inferiority Marlborough and Eugene were sanguine of the result of the battle, when they saw from the diligence with which Tallard was strengthening his position that he proposed to receive the attack instead of delivering it. For they both well knew how greatly the circumstance of being the assailing party encourages the soldier, and how, perhaps, in even a higher degree, the being confined to defensive operations discourages him.

The French army was drawn up about two miles in front of Hochstedt, perpendicular to the small river Leck which flows northwards towards the Danube; and its right extremity rested on another small village called Blenheim. The little hamlet of Oberglau was in their centre, and on their front was a deep marshy stream known as the Nebelbach. Tallard had adopted the unusual formation of composing nearly his whole centre of cavalry and massing his infantry on each flank, in and around Blenheim on one side, and resting on a range of hills called the Eich Berg on the other.[2]

[1] Voltaire states the French and Bavarian force as nearly (*à peu près*) 60,000 men; that of the Duke and Prince at only 52,000. Prince Eugene makes both armies considerably larger, but both equal, verifying a remark of Voltaire that in the narratives of battles the strength of both sides is commonly exaggerated, c. 19.

[2] Prince Eugene in his account of the battle points out a number of faults in these arrangements; and Voltaire, who regards Tallard's conduct in fighting at all as a great blunder, because, according to him, want of forage, etc., must have compelled Marlborough to retreat in a few days, in which Eugene agrees with him, adds that he had often discussed the details of the battle with Marshal Villars, who pronounced Tallard's placing his cavalry in the centre, and thus, by interposing it between his two grand divisions of infantry, disabling them from supporting one another, "an inexcusable blunder."

In the eyes of all military critics, such a disposition showed a great want of prudence, since it made the centre the weakest part of the line; and exposed the division around Blenheim to the danger of being cut off, if the centre should be broken, and Marlborough and Eugene were not men before whom such blunders could be committed with impunity. They were of course compelled in some degree to regulate their arrangements by those of the enemy, though they supported their cavalry, which, for this reason, they also had posted in their centre, with some strong regiments of infantry. In their line also were two little villages, the one called Weilheim, the other Unterglau, half a mile lower down the Nebelbach than Oberglau. Tallard was, however, so confident in his own strength and superiority, that, though at daybreak he heard the English trumpet-call, he felt confident that it was a signal for retreat, and sent off a despatch to the King to report that the enemy were showing signs of an intention to withdraw, that it was understood they were falling back towards Nördlingen; in which event he should cut them off from the Danube, and they would find themselves unable to hold their ground in Bavaria. Happy in his confidence of such a result of his operations he went to breakfast; but presently his meal was interrupted by the sound of heavy firing; and hastening in the direction from which it proceeded, he found to his great surprise that Eugene, who by great exertions had crossed the Nebelbach and two more petty rivulets, had brought not only his cavalry, but his guns also to the very front of the French position; while Marlborough had made equal progress by Unterglau. For a while the French resisted with more than usual steadiness; the carnage on both sides,

but especially at Blenheim, was terrible; for there the French had blocked all the approaches with stout stakes, and had lined the hedges and walls with musketry. Lord Cutts, the most intrepid of all captains, and from his apparent delight in facing fire, nicknamed "the Salamander," more than once led on his squadrons to the charge, but as often was he repulsed, till Marlborough himself came to his aid. He had broken the regiments around Unterglau, which they had set on fire in the vain hope of arresting his progress, and he now brought down an overpowering force to support his gallant lieutenant. On the extreme right his brother, General Churchill, with another division of cavalry and infantry had beaten back Marshal Marsin; Eugene had compelled the Elector to retreat; Tallard himself was taken prisoner. The division in Blenheim laid down their arms, and the battle was won. More than 10,000 prisoners and nearly 50 guns were the immediate trophies of the victory; but that was far from being the limit of the French loss, for their whole army was demoralised; thousands of those who escaped from the field deserted, and when, before the end of the month, Marsin, who on the capture of Tallard had succeeded to the command, joined Villeroi near Landau, 2500 infantry and cavalry were all that remained with the colours, and the greater part of the cavalry had lost their horses. No such defeat had fallen on the French since the battle of Pavia. The victorious commanders with reciprocal generosity give great part of the credit to each other, Eugene extolling the ready skill with which Marlborough changed his tactics with each change of circumstances,[1] while Marlborough repre-

[1] Eugene, *Mémoires*, p. 54.

sented to the ministers at home that, if Eugene's success had been as great as it deserved to be, that single day would have gone a great way towards making an end of the war.[1] In one respect the two, according to St. Simon, widely differed in their conduct;[2] Eugene, he says, treated his prisoners with great harshness, the Duke of Marlborough conducted himself to those who fell to his share, with the highest respect, complaisance, and politeness, and with a modesty perhaps even more admirable than his victory.

[1] Quoted by Coxe, c. 27.

[2] St. Simon, c. 18.

## CHAPTER III

AFTER giving their troops a short interval of well-deserved rest, the allied army returned towards the north, first repairing the bridges at Dillingen and one or two other places, which gave them the mastery of the Upper Danube, and as they proceeded on their march, capturing more than one important stronghold. The well-armed and garrisoned fortress of Landau and the great Electoral city of Treves were among those which fell into their hands; and, what was a still greater obstacle to any attempt that Louis might make to renew his attacks on the Empire, the Elector of Bavaria was compelled to purchase peace by a treaty which surrendered his most important fortresses, with the acquisitions which he had recently made in the Tyrol, to disband his army, and to place his entire dominions under an Austrian administration.

It was the first week in December before Marlborough returned to England, where, as may easily be supposed, he was received with all possible honours, and rewarded, as became the nation, with the most splendid liberality. An extensive estate in Oxfordshire, in which relics of the old royal palace of Woodstock were still to be seen, was settled on him and his heirs; and, as a further commemoration of his victory, a palace was ordered to be built in the park,

to bear the name of Blenheim, and to be held of the Crown on the tenure of the possessor presenting every year on the anniversary of the battle a standard emblazoned with three fleurs-de-lis, such as had been among the spoils of the field on that glorious day. The Emperor was equally zealous in the display of his gratitude towards one whom he regarded as the saviour of the Empire. Some technical difficulties prevented the immediate fulfilment of his designs in the Duke's favour; but in the course of the next year he created him a prince of the Empire with the lordship of Mindelheim, which he had erected into a principality for that purpose; presented him with his picture in a costly jewelled frame, and took more than one public opportunity of expressing a deep sense of his services, "the memory of which could never be erased from his own memory or from that of his family and posterity."

It was not the fault of Marlborough that the next year was barren of events worthy of particular record. He had resumed command in the first months of spring. He had not the valuable aid of Eugene, who had been transferred to Italy to make head against the ablest of all the French marshals, the Duc de Vendôme. But he was strong enough by himself, if the enemies in his own camp had not been more powerful than the French. More than once had he so outmanœuvred the enemy that, if he could have acted on his own judgement, he could have brought them to battle with a certainty of victory. But even Blenheim had not led the Dutch deputies to rate his military science as equal to their own; on every occasion they objected to his designs, and he was compelled to content himself with again proving his superiority over

the French marshals by driving them from positions which they conceived strong enough to arrest his progress; and by reducing one or two fortresses before their eyes. But 1706 was to tell another tale. The first months of the year had been occupied by him in visits to Vienna, the Emperor Leopold had died in 1705 and had been succeeded by his eldest son Joseph, and it was manifestly advisable for the Duke to explain his plans and anticipations to the new sovereign. From Vienna he proceeded to Berlin, and from thence to the courts of some of the minor princes to obtain their co-operation; so that it was the middle of May before he rejoined his army. The affairs of the alliance were at that moment in a state that required speedy success on his part; for Villars and Marsin had gained several advantages over the imperial and German commanders on the Upper Rhine, and were threatening the Palatinate, and more than one of the allies was the humble servant of events to whom any long continuance of reverses, even if trivial in themselves, was likely to form an excuse for making their peace with France. Marlborough, therefore, had political as well as military motives to stimulate him to prompt action, and fortunately Villeroi, who still commanded in the Netherlands, was in a humour to gratify him. His army had been raised to 80,000 men, a force by at least one-fifth superior to Marlborough's; and he was encamped between Namur and Liège, in a position which he regarded as so strong as to add greatly to his advantage if the Duke should be hardy enough to seek a battle. The army of the allies amounted to something over 60,000 men, but not above one-half of them were English troops; another portion came from Denmark, which the

Queen's marriage with one of her princes naturally rendered one of our most trusty allies. The remainder were Dutch, whose courage and steadiness exhibited a striking contrast to the pettish and unworthy conduct of their deputies. Villeroi had never enjoyed a high reputation as a soldier, but he was of an arrogant and boastful temper, and gave out that he was about to retrieve the honour of the army and the nation, which had been tarnished at Blenheim. He was so confident of success that, though he had been ordered to wait for a strong reinforcement with which Marsin had been sent to join him, he regarded his instructions rather as an affront, and was unwilling by waiting to allow any other commander to share with him the honour of the triumph of which he felt certain.[1] Accordingly, on the 21st of May 1706 he drew up his whole army in order of battle. The ground on which he was encamped was a tableland on the summit of a gentle slope, strengthened on its left, at its centre, and on its right, by three villages, Ouderkirk, Ramillies, and Tavières. It was a strong position if he had not thrown away its advantages by the faulty disposition of his forces. He posted his left wing behind a marsh which it was unable to cross; some of his regiments were composed chiefly of raw recruits, and, as such, not greatly to be relied on, and those he placed in the centre, where strength was of the greatest importance. The whole of his right wing consisted of cavalry, and those he drew up in two lines, placing the baggage between them, an ingenious arrangement which prevented either line from aiding or supporting the other. Ramillies in the centre he occupied with 10,000 of his choicest troops; but he

[1] St. Simon, vol. v. c. 6.

at the same time posted one strong corps in Tavières, which was separated from his extreme right by nearly three-quarters of a mile, and too far in advance for any effective co-operation with it.

Marlborough was not a man in whose presence such faults could be committed with impunity. He saw at once that the marsh in its front enabled him altogether to disregard Villeroi's left wing; but judged correctly that by making a demonstration as if it were to be the object of his first attack, he should induce the marshal to strengthen it still more, and thus to weaken the other divisions. Villeroi fell into the trap thus set for him, and instantly Marlborough fell with terrible impetuosity on his centre and right wing. For a time the centre made a gallant resistance; but the brunt of the conflict was on the right, for there was posted the French cavalry with the celebrated household brigade, the "Maison du Roi," whose prowess had decided many a battle, and whom a large series of such exploits had taught to regard themselves as invincible. The first onset seemed to their confidence an additional proof that they had not overrated their superiority. But Marlborough was not only a profound strategist but a tactician also whose resources rose with every emergency. He brought up a fresh division to support that which was being gradually beaten back. For a while the conflict was stubbornly contested. He himself was in most imminent danger. His horse was killed, and some of the enemy's dragoons who recognised him dashed forward in the hope of making him their prisoner, a fate from which he was only saved by the enthusiastic gallantry of his own men; but the French fire was so hot and well sustained around him that an aide-de-camp, who brought him a fresh horse, had his

head carried off by a cannon-ball while holding the stirrup for him to remount. He had not, however, trusted solely to this straightforward attack, even though conducted by himself, but had sent round another strong division to fall on the rear of the terrible household brigade while engaged with him in front. The surprise caused by these new foes proved irresistible. For the first time since their original embodiment the brigade was broken. He gave it no time to recover, but brought forward his whole line, and the defeat became a rout. The left wing, which had neither fired nor received a single shot, retreated to Louvain in good order, but the remainder of the army was scattered in every direction. Many regiments sought to save themselves by precipitate flight. Many laid down their arms and surrendered themselves as prisoners. The French themselves[1] reckoned their total loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners at not fewer than 20,000 men; and to this must be added that of nearly all the guns, with colours and standards almost too numerous to be counted. Ten years before the French in their exultation at the victories of Luxemburg had styled him the Upholsterer of Notre Dame,[2] and if his countrymen had given Marlborough the title of the Upholsterer of St. Paul's, the compliment would already have been at least as well deserved.

And the fruits of the victory were even more important than the victory itself. Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, and nearly all the cities between them and the French frontier submitted to the conquerors, while at Brussels the Estates of Brabant formally acknow-

[1] Voltaire, c. 20.

[2] Notre Dame is the great cathedral in Paris in which the colours captured in war were hung.

ledged the Archduke Charles as King of Spain. Ostend, which at the beginning of the preceding century had for three years resisted the utmost efforts of the Spanish generals till it was starved into capitulation by Spinola, was now taken in six weeks. When Ostend had yielded Menin and Ypres could not expect to make a sufficient defence; and for the rest of the year no French force could be collected which could attempt to withstand the progress of the great English general.

The year 1707 was as barren of results in the districts in which he commanded as 1705 had been. Louis had received Villeroi, for whom he seems to have had an especial regard, with even more than his usual courtesy. When the marshal so humbled presented himself at Versailles, the only allusion to his defeat which proceeded from the royal lips was, "My cousin, Fortune only favours the young. You and I are too old to conciliate her good graces." But the monarch's desire to spare his feelings did not blind him to his want of skill or induce him to trust him with another army. It was plain that none but his very ablest commanders could contend with Marlborough; and accordingly he transferred the Duc de Vendôme from the north of Italy, where he had been matched against Prince Eugene.

Vendôme was a very remarkable man, of great capacity, which was, however, occasionally obscured or neutralised by more than one defect. Eugene gave him a true character when he described him as "the able, the intrepid, the kind, the amiable, the generous; the warrior, acute at penetrating the projects of his enemies, but sometimes indiscreet in failing to conceal his own, the affable, the indolent Vendôme;"[1] and

[1] *Mémoires*, p. 45.

though more than once successful in profiting by his indolence, candidly confessing that more than once also Vendôme had baffled his designs; and comforting himself with the reflection that to hold his ground with a weaker force against such a commander was more glorious than to defeat any other.

The winter of 1707 Marlborough spent in England, where his presence in Parliament was very valuable during the discussions on the state of the war in Spain which occupied the early part of the session; and after they were terminated he passed over to Germany where his influence was required to induce the Elector of Hanover and some others of the smaller German princes to adhere to the alliance. It was, therefore, not till the beginning of May that he was able to return to the army. The transference of Vendôme to the Netherlands had also set Eugene free to rejoin him. But the slowness of all German movements was incurable, and the Prince was so long before he could obtain the supplies necessary to enable him to move his troops, that some time elapsed before Marlborough had the advantage of his assistance. He had need of all the aid he could obtain, for his army did not exceed 60,000[1] men, while Vendôme had 100,000. And that great commander, fully appreciating the brilliant qualities of his antagonist, had for once thrown off his habitual laziness, and was availing himself of his superiority in numbers with an activity such as he had hardly ever displayed before. With the object of impeding the arrival of reinforcements or supplies reaching Marlborough from home, he, in the beginning

[1] Voltaire states the English force at 80,000; but these are the numbers which Eugene gives, whose authority must be better for a battle in which he was concerned.

of July, surprised the important cities of Ghent and Bruges. The very next week he laid siege to Audenarde, a strongly-fortified town on the upper part of the Scheldt, commanding the whole of the surrounding district; and he was preparing to cover the siege by occupying Lessines on the Dender, so as to baffle any endeavour that might be made to succour Audenarde from that side. But Marlborough was at least as acute in divining the plans of his foe as Eugene had given Vendôme credit for being, and despatched Cadogan, one of his most enterprising generals, with a sufficient force to anticipate him. Cadogan lost not a moment. He marched all night, bridged the Dender at several points, and seized Lessines, where Marlborough joined him with his whole army the next day.

It was the 10th of July. The two armies were now in sight of each other, and it was evident that they were on their battlefield. It may well be supposed that it was with great joy that Marlborough welcomed Eugene, who now, in the very nick of time, arrived to help his old comrade. But he had arrived alone, "fearing," to quote his own words, "that there should be a battle without him."[1] In his eagerness to take a share in the coming conflict he had outstripped his army. But even then his presence was no slight encouragement to that which he found. There was more than mere compliment in the Duke's greeting of him that "his troops would be animated by the presence of so distinguished a commander," and Marlborough accordingly gave him what may be called a roving commission, to watch the progress of the battle, and to give orders to any officer or division that might seem to require them. Even with such a comrade it was an act of no little

[1] "Craignant qu'on ne s'y battît sans moi."—*Mémoires*, p. 76.

hardihood to resolve on engaging an army so greatly superior in numbers as that of the French. But Marlborough was free from one annoyance which had often deranged his best-laid plans, the interference of the Dutch deputies, since he had already explained them to the Council of the States, and, though not without some difficulty, had obtained their approval and sanction. What was even more in his favour, though he was not aware of it, Vendôme was hampered with a colleague. The Duke of Burgundy, the eventual heir to the French throne, had obtained permission to join the army, and an absurd custom had long been established that, whenever a Prince of the Royal Family was present, he must be the commander-in-chief, though he might never before have seen a regiment under arms, and though the general previously in command might be the most experienced soldier in the nation. Vendôme's position was strong; on a rising ground, difficult to assail on either flank, or by anything but a direct onset. The first movements were made by Cadogan with the vanguard, charged with the work of throwing a sufficient number of bridges over the Scheldt, a step of such importance that Vendôme would have risked a premature beginning of the battle to fall on him while thus occupied, had not the Duke of Burgundy at first interposed his prohibition, and when at length he withdrew it, sending forward one brigade to charge Cadogan before any other force was ready to support it. As Voltaire describes the battle, "These differences of opinion and contradictory orders of the Prince and Duke lost much time;" but Marlborough and Eugene had no such differences, and lost none. At first the heaviest part of the struggle fell upon the English cavalry, with whom the Electoral Prince of Hanover,

afterwards George II., was serving with a courage and vigour which attracted honourable notice; but presently the infantry led by the Duke of Argyll came up, and the battle raged all over the field, supported on both sides by every description of force. Eugene, though hardly recovered from dangerous wounds which he had received in his Italian campaign of the previous year, did not spare himself, but traversed the field, bringing up cavalry or infantry to any point where he thought they were most required. Marlborough's eye, too, was everywhere displaying his admirable tactical skill in changing his manœuvres with every change of circumstances. At one moment Eugene was so hard pressed by superior numbers that, as he describes his condition, he could not have held his ground if Marlborough had not sent him a strong reinforcement. The harmony of the two chiefs was perfect, founded on mutual friendship and admiration,[1] and their cordial co-operation secured, as it deserved, success. Our artillery too was more skilfully posted and better served than that of the French.

Vendôme also had never shown greater activity; it seemed as if the commanders on both sides regarded the battle as that which would be decisive of the war. He even for a moment laid aside the character of commander-in-chief, dismounting from his charger and, pike in hand, leading on one division to the charge. But in spite of his efforts the allies were steadily gaining ground, and the last hope of the French lay, as at Ramillies, in their magnificent Household Brigade.[2] They came on as dauntlessly as ever. Against their superior numbers, our cavalry could make but an

[1] "On s'aimait, on s'estimait."—*Mémoires d'Eugene*, p. 79.
[2] La Maison du Roi.

ineffectual stand, and it seemed as if they would be able to change the fortune of the day and to wrest the almost won victory from the allies; but luckily Eugene was at hand, and he instantly despatched a brigade of Prussian cavalry to make a circuit and fall on the rear of the conquering squadrons. As had been the case at Ramillies, the surprise was irresistible. The Household who, a moment before, had thought themselves masters of the field, suddenly found themselves attacked by enemies whom they had not seen, and surrounded in front and in rear. They were thrown into confusion. After a brief and irregular resistance they fled in utter disorder, and the battle was over. All that man could do to save the defeat becoming a rout Vendôme did, rallying some regiments of grenadiers, and taking up a position on the Ghent road so as to check the pursuit, in which he was aided by the failing light, for it was late in the evening when the battle began, and the sun had set before the last shot was fired;[1] even in its first trophies the victory was hardly inferior to those which had preceded it. The French confessed a loss in killed and wounded of above 6000 men; and, besides that, 7000 prisoners,[2] the greater part of their artillery, and the colours[3] of most of the regiments engaged fell into the hands of the conquerors, while its subsequent fruits were of even greater value.

Marlborough proposed to crown the victory by a grand strategical movement, no less than a march on Paris itself; but to Eugene, bold as he had always

[1] In a letter to Lord Godolphin, Marlborough says: "If it had pleased God that we had had one hour's daylight more, we had, in all likelihood, made an end of this war."

[2] The Duke of Berwick, who joined Vendôme a few days after the battle, calls them 9000.

[3] A letter of Marlborough's says ninety-five colours.

shown himself, such an advance appeared too hazardous while Lille was in the hands of the French, especially as it was known that since the battle the Duke of Berwick, a son of James II. and an officer of the highest military ability, had joined Vendôme, and had brought him a reinforcement which more than replaced his losses. Moreover, as if the sanction given to Marlborough's plans by the States had expired with the battle, the Dutch deputies conceived themselves again at liberty to resume their place in the councils of war. "Always meddling with everything, and always dying with fear," [1] there was little chance of their agreeing to any scheme which would seem in any degree to denude their country of its defenders, and accordingly it was resolved first to besiege Lille itself before undertaking any other operation. Lille was at this time reputed the strongest fortress in that region, if not in Europe. On it the great engineer Vauban had exhausted all the resources of his experienced genius. It was regarded with particular fondness by Louis as the earliest of his conquests, and he had entrusted it to Boufflers, one of the most distinguished of his marshals, with a picked garrison of 15,000 men. Even had he no external aid to hope for, it was evident that its reduction would be a most arduous undertaking; but Vendôme's army had again, by Berwick's junction, been raised to a great numerical superiority over that of the allies; and no sooner had the movements of Marlborough and Eugene given indications of their design, than he moved towards them, and proposed again to try the fortune of a pitched battle. But again he had to deal with his colleague the Duke of

[1] "Se mêlant toujours de tout, et toujours mourant de peur."—*Eugene*, p. 84.

Burgundy also; and the Prince refused to fight till he had sent an express to his grandfather to ascertain his opinion. Louis sent his answer by one of his ministers, M. de Chamillart, who owed his appointment to his skill[1] at billiards, and who was especially charged to smooth over the differences between the Prince and Duke. The Prince and the minister reconnoitred both armies (for the English were also in sight) from the belfry of Sedan, and the result of their deliberations was that there were to be no more battles. Eugene cannot restrain his surprise that they did not drive Vendôme out of his senses,[2] but zeal for the service and love for his country overcame his indignation, and, pitched battle or no pitched battle, he was a formidable adversary. Eugene had remarked among his great qualities his penetrating discernment of the plans of his enemies. The allied army was necessarily divided. The conduct of the siege itself was assigned to Eugene, while Marlborough took the command of the covering army to protect his operations. And this division of the allied army, though common to all sieges, seemed to offer to Vendôme an opportunity, even without the battle which he desired, of striking a blow which would deliver the great fortress from all danger. The desire to save his sovereign the loss of so important a place, and at the same time to recover any credit which he himself might have lost by his recent defeat, had for the time made him shake off his natural indolence, and the difficulties which Marlborough and Eugene had to surmount, and of which he was fully aware, were so great as to ensure the failure of their undertaking if he could baffle any

[1] St. Simon, c. xiii.

[2] "Je ne conçois pas comment Vendôme n'en devint pas fou: un autre, moins zélé, aurait tout envoyé au diable."—*Mémoires*, p. 85.

part of their plan. The investment of so strong a fortress could not even be commenced without a vast quantity of supplies and stores of all kinds, while his own possession of Ghent, giving him the command of the Scheldt, deprived the allies of water-carriage. Consequently everything that they required had to be brought by land from different quarters to Brussels, and from thence to Lille, which was sixty miles distant from the capital; and the number and variety of requisites was so enormous that one train alone covered fifteen miles of road, and took 10,000 horses to draw it. Another, confined to ammunition, was scarcely less; but the arrangements of Marlborough were so perfect, and the generals Cadogan and Webb were so skilful and resolute in carrying them out,—in one instance inflicting a severe defeat on the French general De la Mothe who attacked their escort with an army of 20,000 men,—that every train reached Eugene's camp in safety. And he was thus enabled to invest the city on all sides so thoroughly, that at last Boufflers found even his powder exhausted, and was forced to surrender the city, though by retreating into the citadel he still protracted the contest for some weeks. Even yet Vendôme would not relinquish the endeavour to save him, but sought to make a diversion in his favour by sending the Elector of Bavaria with 15,000 men to threaten Brussels. The attempt only brought on himself a fresh disaster. Marlborough outmanœuvred him, and falling on the Bavarian Prince before he was aware of his approach, defeated him with heavy loss, This last blow was decisive; and in the beginning of December the brave Boufflers, having no further chance of escape, surrendered the citadel also. But even this great achievement was not the only fruit of the

victory of Audenarde, for, before he withdrew the army into winter quarters, Marlborough recovered Ghent, Bruges, and all the smaller fortresses of the district which had hitherto been in the hands of the French.

## CHAPTER IV

THESE incessant defeats of one marshal after another, unchequered by a single success, lowered even Louis's pride, so that he condescended to make overtures for peace, authorising his diplomatists to make great concessions. In the opinion of Marlborough, who was appointed to negotiate with them, they were such as the allies would have been wise to accept; but the Dutch statesmen, who might well have been contented with the mischief they had done by interfering with his military arrangements, now interposed to prevent the termination of the war by insisting on the restitution of some of the Netherlands fortresses which former treaties had secured to the French. Once more, therefore, preparations for a campaign were made on both sides, and Louis resolved to try whether Marshal Villars might not have better fortune than had attended Tallard, Villeroi, Vendôme, or Boufflers. Villars was undoubtedly a commander of great ability and courage, though his exaggerated boastfulness might have led to doubts of it, and there were one or two awkward stories of his having tried to rob other commanders of the praise due to them by assuming the credit of successes which they had gained after he had failed. But he was held in especial favour by Madame de Maintenon, which was quite sufficient to cover greater faults than

could be laid to his charge. And it was certain that in all his campaigns—and he had been constantly employed for many years—he had never sustained a defeat. The early months of the year had been so taken up with negotiations that July had arrived before the commanders on either side took the field; but when they did, Marlborough and Eugene lost no time. They had never before had such a powerful army, exceeding, as it did, 100,000 men, while that of Villars was somewhat larger. And he endeavoured to avail himself of his superiority in a manner characteristic of his boastful disposition. He took up a position in advance of the French frontier in which he entrenched himself so strongly that he pronounced his lines to be impregnable, and then sent a bragging challenge to Marlborough and Eugene to come and attack him, offering, if they were afraid, to level a part of his entrenchments to enable them to approach him. They, however, declined to allow him to arrange their plans for them, and preferred laying siege to Tournai, a fortress for its size scarcely weaker than Lille. Several years before even Condé had pronounced it impregnable, and Villars apparently thought he could trust its safety to its own strength and to the skill of M. de Surville its governor. In truth it was no easy prey, for every approach to the walls was honeycombed with mines; but Marlborough and Eugene together were irresistible; by their incessant and well-directed fire they compelled its surrender in the first week of September, and the moment it fell they proceeded to invest Mons, another fortress of the first class, though while they were occupied before Tournai, Villars found time to entrench a fresh position between the two, which he pronounced stronger than his former one. But the allies out-

manœuvred him, turning it at a point which he had apparently overlooked, and establishing themselves between Mons and the frontier so as to invest it on all sides. Villars now saw that he must fight on ground not of his own choosing if he would save that important city. He had just received the valuable aid of Boufflers, who, with a patriotic disregard of his superior rank as the senior officer, had volunteered to join the army and to serve under him. Even before he received such valuable aid, Villars was eager for a battle. On quitting Paris he had promised the King such a victory that the English should never see the Scheldt again,[1] but should be forced to yield up every town and stronghold which they had won since the outbreak of the war. And to make good his boast he had taken up a new and singularly strong position in front of the village of Malplaquet. Judgement in choosing his ground was, in Eugene's opinion, a point of generalship in which he especially excelled; and both the Prince and Duke were fully aware of the advantage it gave him. But they had both faith in one another and in their troops, and would fain have commenced the attack the moment that they came in sight of the enemy, had it not been for the cowardly interference of the Dutch deputies, who insisted on waiting for some reinforcements from the garrison of Tournai. It was true that Villars had some superiority in the number of men; but, on the other hand, the artillery of the allies outnumbered his so as pretty fairly to equalise the strength of the two armies. However, the opposition of the Dutch could not be got over, and thus two days were wasted, the loss of which was dearly paid for by the lives of thousands of

[1] Eugene, *Mémoires*.

British soldiers. For with consummate skill and energy Villars had employed them in the construction of works to strengthen his position in every direction, till it rather resembled a regular fortress than an occasional encampment. On the evening of the 10th of September the division from Tournai arrived, and the next morning the allies attacked the marshal on every part of his lines at once. Both sides fought with a valour that was never surpassed. The Prince of Orange led on his Dutch division with such brilliant energy that he even planted a standard on the entrenchment in front; but it was only a short-lived success, and he was at last beaten back with the loss of more than half his numbers. Eugene's cavalry failed to hold its ground before the terrible Household brigade till that in its turn was driven to retreat before the heavy cannonade of our batteries, and the support thus given him enabled the Prince to rally his squadrons for an attack on the French left wing, which his charge pierced, and scattered in great disorder; and its defeat left the centre (to use the military term) "in the air." That had been the strongest point of the French line, and up to this time it had successfully resisted all Marlborough's efforts; but now that it was uncovered by the disaster of the left, it could hold out no longer. One more effort was all that was needed, and that was decisive; its steadiness had been Villars's last hope; but at last that too yielded to the British charge, and the battle was won. The slaughter on both sides exceeded anything known in the history of recent wars. Eugene, in his *Mémoires*, estimates the loss of each army at 20,000 men; and in that respect it might have almost been regarded as a drawn battle; but the allies took

2000 prisoners and above 20 guns. Nor were the conquerors without a still more splendid trophy; the surrender of Mons was a necessary result of Villars's defeat, and that gave the battle the undeniable character of a decisive victory.

It was the last great battle of the war in the north. In the early part of the next year the allies reduced Douai and two or three other towns of no great importance; but at the beginning of 1711 Eugene was recalled to the Rhine, and his departure left Marlborough far inferior in numbers to Villars. But the Frenchman had been in some degree cured of his boasting by the issue of Malplaquet, and, instead of trying to profit by this reduction of the Duke's strength by another conflict in the field, he was contented with an endeavour to bar his advance towards the frontier by a fresh set of lines which he had designed with consummate skill, and had fortified with such resources of engineering art, and such an amount of heavy guns, that he wrote to the King to assure him that Marlborough would now find his *ne plus ultra*. So indeed he would if he had attempted to carry them by assault; but he had quite as keen an eye for military ground as Villars himself, and in the first week of August, while the Frenchman was reposing in his fancied security, Marlborough taught him that there were more ways than one of gaining his end. In the dead of night he sent Cadogan forward with 12,000 men to cross the French lines at a point where Villars had trusted the Sensee, a small but deep river, to prove a sufficient defence, while at the same time he himself with 25,000 more made good his passage over the Scarpe at Vitry, moving with such rapidity and secrecy that he nearly made a prisoner of Villars himself. At daybreak he brought up the

rest of his army, and thus without firing a single shot placed his entire army between Villars and Paris. To mark the completeness of his success by a visible trophy he proceeded to invest the strong fortress of Bouchain. Villars, equally eager to prevent his having such a prize to show, exhausted all his skill to harass him, seeking even to force him to another battle; but Marlborough outmanœuvred him at every point, and in little more than a month took the town before his face. And he was preparing to match its capture by the reduction of Quesnoi also when operations on both sides were stopped by the intelligence that the preliminaries of peace were signed, on which he gave up the command of the army to the Duke of Ormond and returned to England.

It might have been expected that a man who by such a series of unparalleled victories had raised England to a height of military glory that no other nation in modern times had ever reached, would have been received with one unanimous acclamation by the whole nation. But it was a very different reception with which he met. There is scarcely any period of our parliamentary history that affords a more discreditable picture of party faction and intrigue than the reign of Queen Anne. From the very commencement of the war Marlborough, since his victories were one great support of the Ministry, had been the object of attack by the Opposition, who carried their injustice so far that they even affected to place Sir G. Rooke's victory at Malaga on a level with, if not superior to, Blenheim. Malaga had indeed been a very gallantly-won triumph over a greatly superior fleet of the enemy; but to compare the two was as absurd as it would be to class Sir R. Calder's action in 1805 with Salamanca or Waterloo.

And the strife of parties had been growing more bitter every year, as the Opposition, led by St. John, the greatest orator in either House of Parliament, saw their chances of success improve. They were greatly assisted by the intemperate arrogance of Marlborough's Duchess, who had carried it so far as even to insult the Queen at a personal interview, and to threaten to publish all the letters she had received from Her Majesty. It was not strange that Anne should have dismissed her from her posts about the Court; but the Opposition leaders aimed higher, and could not be content without the disgrace of her husband also. He had hardly landed before they trumped up charges against him of having received perquisites from the contractors for bread and other supplies for the army, with other sums of money also, which in fact had, as they asserted, been bribes, and with appropriation for his own purposes of money that ought to have gone into the public chest. He proved distinctly that of these moneys some had been received in exactly the same manner in the late reign by the Prince of Waldeck, and by King William himself; that the receipt of others had been sanctioned by an express warrant of the Queen; and he moreover alleged that all those sums, and more too, had been expended by him in procuring information of the plans and movements of the enemy, which had greatly contributed to his successes in the war. No proofs of his innocence could, however, avail him. The rancour of his foes had shown itself in working on the Queen, the moment the charges were made, to dismiss him from all his employments on the pretence that the investigation into them would be facilitated by his removal; and a committee of the House of Commons declared them all fully proved. Not content with that, they

attacked others whom they regarded as his partisans, and on a somewhat similar accusation they committed to the Tower Mr. Walpole, who had been Secretary at War for the last three years, and expelled him from the House of Commons.

How utterly baseless all these votes were was sufficiently proved by the subsequent career of Walpole, to whose eventual appointment to higher offices they were never alleged as an impediment, and who in the two next reigns as Prime Minister conducted the government of the nation for above twenty years with a sagacity and firmness which contributed not a little to the secure establishment of the Brunswick dynasty on the throne. But he was in the prime of life. Marlborough was an older man, and his constitution had been impaired by the continued fatigues of his long and severe warfare; and after taking a part in one or two discussions in the House of Lords on the orders which had been sent to the Duke of Ormond as commander-in-chief, and of which it was an easy task to show the inconsistency and impracticability, he proposed to retire altogether from public life. The remainder of the Queen's reign he spent in travelling on the Continent with the Duchess, but returned on the accession of George I., who showed his sense of the injurious treatment he had received from those who were the enemies, not only of the Duke, but of himself also, by replacing him in the post of Captain General, which he had formerly filled with so much glory. But his work was done. In 1716 he was struck down with an attack of paralysis, which, though Johnson's line,

> From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow,

is a poetical exaggeration, manifestly affected his mind.

Even from a second attack he partially recovered so far as to resume an occasional attendance in the House of Lords; but a third attack in June 1722 proved fatal, and on the 16th he died within a week of his seventy-second birthday.

His funeral presented such a spectacle as, up to that time, the kingdom had never seen. For some days his body lay in state at Marlborough House, and from thence it was borne in a magnificent procession to Westminster Abbey; all the most distinguished in the land, without respect of party, vying with one another in their eagerness to do all possible honour to the man who had done such great honour to the country and such service to Europe. But the Abbey was not to be his final resting-place. His widow not unnaturally desired for him a grave which, when her time should come, she might share with him, and with this view she had erected a mausoleum in the grounds of Blenheim, which was not fully completed when he died. To that he was eventually removed, and to this day his tomb forms one of the most magnificent ornaments of the park.

On his character it is not necessary to dilate. As a warrior his acts speak for themselves. In eight years of uninterrupted warfare he never lost a battle, never besieged a town or fortress which he did not take, and his successes were not won from ordinary men; but the commanders whom he defeated were the flower of the great French army, which before his time had proved so superior to all enemies that the vain-glorious Louis had looked on himself as already the arbiter, it might almost be said as the supreme master, of all Europe. But Marlborough dispelled those arrogant hopes. Tallard, Villeroi, Boufflers, Villars,

Vendôme, all yielded to his superior genius, though they form a band such as no preceding general had ever encountered; and though they received no slight assistance from the constant interference of the Dutch deputies with his plans. Nor were his talents confined to war. He was also eminently successful as a diplomatist, in which capacity he had to treat with allies of the most various character, some timorous, some needy or parsimonious, but all more or less requiring the utmost address and the most winning powers of persuasion to overcome their hesitation, and to secure their co-operation. That during the reign of William he in some degree coquetted with the Court of St. Germains has been made the ground of bitter accusation against him by Lord Macaulay, and to a certain extent the facts cannot be denied; but candour must admit that such conduct was not wholly without excuse, since during the earlier years of the reign the personal, and not wholly undeserved, unpopularity of William rendered the return of James by no means improbable; and it was certain that no man incurred the displeasure of James, a man who never forgave, equally with Marlborough, who would undoubtedly have been the very first victim if that misguided bigot had recovered his power in these kingdoms. And secondly, it must be remembered that, as has been shown above, such information as he occasionally did send to St. Germains was carefully so contrived as to be utterly useless. We have seen that the date of his letter announcing the intended attack upon Brest completely disproves Macaulay's accusation that it was the cause of the defeat and death of Talmash. To which it may be added that, though for a time he was regarded with severe displeasure by William, before that sovereign's

death he had completely regained his confidence. If, however, his conduct in this respect be admitted in some degree to tarnish his character as a loyal subject to the king, to whom he had sworn allegiance, and as a statesman of unswerving uprightness, we may fairly, in regarding his character as a whole, adopt the view of his enemy Bolingbroke, who, when after his death he was present in a company where some one was denouncing the Duke for covetousness and avarice, silenced his detractor by the remark that "he was so great a man that I" (the speaker) "forgot that he had that vice."

# LORD CLIVE

# CHAPTER I

THE German critic who, in the early part of this century, undertook the task of remodelling the early history of Rome began by denying the very existence of her first kings, whose deeds are immortalised in "Livy's pictured page" with such graphic liveliness and verisimilitude of description. To borrow a favourite phrase of Lord Macaulay, "every schoolboy knows" how the contest between the two brothers for the honour of founding and giving a name to the seven-hilled city, destined to be for a time the mistress of the civilised world, was settled by a majority of twelve eagles to six in favour of Romulus; how the conqueror was saved from the death of ordinary mortals by Mars, who sent his own horses down to earth to convey his favourite son aloft to the palaces brilliant with heavenly fire that crowned Olympus.[1] And how the celestial nymph, Egeria, with influence more tender but scarcely less powerful, visited his successor Numa in the valley of Aricia, to breathe into his receptive ear the wisdom which gave the new city those principles of civil and imperial polity which not only laid the foundation of her greatness for Rome herself, but which have had no small nor perishable share in animating and colouring the jurisprudence of modern

[1] "Arces igneas."—Horace.

Europe. But in the eyes of the learned German Livy's tale was an allegory. Romulus and Numa had no more real existence than Spenser's Red Cross Knight, or Bunyan's Christian and Faithful; their names were merely the expression of qualities such as are indispensable to the founders and first rulers of cities or kingdoms. "Romulus" meant "the strong man,"[1] as he must needs be who subdues or expels the natives of a district to find a home for his own followers, and to form the two into one body of subjects willingly submissive to his own authority; and similarly "Numa"[2] meant the "lawgiver," or "reign of law," to show that the first necessity of such a new state is the establishment of order.

Such allegorical interpretation of long-accepted traditions serves rather to display the ingenuity of the commentator than to win permanent acceptance. But the theory which Niebuhr inculcated with no little learning and plausibility has rarely been more strikingly illustrated than by the subject of our present sketch, and the not less illustrious man who succeeded him in the government of British India. Clive was the Romulus who, though not pointed out by the eagles of Jove, or by any other augury than that of his own genius, laid the foundations of our Eastern Empire on the field of Plassey; and Hastings was the Numa who, with unsurpassed wisdom, moulded into shape the subsequent government of the vast dominion which the valour of his predecessor had acquired.

Robert Clive was the eldest son of a Shropshire gentleman of ancient family, who derived his name from the manor of Clive, on which his ancestors had been settled as early as the reign of Henry II. He

[1] From ῥώμη, "strength." [2] νόμος, "law."

was born in 1725, at his father's place near the small town of Market Drayton, and was educated first at its grammar school, where, if we may trust anecdotes of his boyhood, which after he became famous were eagerly sought for, he was not so greatly distinguished for devotion to the more regular studies of the school, as for a spirit of adventure and a reckless courage which seemed almost to court danger for its own sake, as when he climbed the church steeple, and to the terror of the townspeople beneath showed himself perched on one of the topmost spouts. From Market Drayton he was sent to London to finish his education at Merchant Taylors' school, where he established much the same character. But, in spite of his idleness, as no orthodox schoolmaster could fail to regard his freaks, one of his teachers saw in him as good promise of mental capacity as of bodily activity, and predicted that, "if ever opportunity should be given him for a display of his talents, few names would be greater than his."[1]

But the family estate was likely to prove but a scanty inheritance for one who had a numerous party of brothers and sisters to share it; and consequently, when he was eighteen years old, his father thought him fortunate in obtaining a writership, as appointments in the civil service of the East India Company were called; and in the summer of 1743, he sailed for Madras, which at that time was the Company's most important settlement. His first experiences of Indian life were not inviting. The climate did not agree with him; attacks of illness bred homesickness; he missed the companionship of friends of his own age; and for a time became such a prey to moody

[1] Malcolm, *Life of Clive*, i. 34.

melancholy, that he attempted his own life. Twice he put a pistol to his head and pulled the trigger, twice the weapon missed fire. He tried it a third time, but fortunately aiming no longer at his own head, but at the window, which was shattered by the bullet. He accepted the failure of his previous attempts as a good omen; which showed him, as he explained it to a friend, that "he was reserved for something." And it was not long before events occurred which turned his thoughts into a more active channel.

There are few more remarkable instances of what seemed irretrievable disaster proving an opening to the most brilliant prosperity and glory, than that afforded by the loss of his first employment, and the circumstances which caused it. The French, who regarded our settlements in Hindustan with a jealous eye, had at this time two governors of their own territories in the East, both men of great abilities, but of widely different characters. Dupleix, the Governor of their continental possessions, was a statesman of vast ambition, and of high statesmanlike capacity, but not ashamed to confess a regard for his personal safety which was not far removed from cowardice; a feeling which he disguised under a cloud of fine phrases, alleging that his mind was so fully and constantly occupied with thoughts and schemes of far-reaching greatness, that the noise of cannon disturbed the tranquillity of mind necessary to bring them to a successful issue. La Bourdonnais, the Governor of the Isle of Bourbon and the Mauritius, and also an admiral of the French navy, resembled him in the ambition of extending the power of his nation, but "lacked something of the instinct" which kept his brother ruler out

of danger. He conceived the idea of driving the English out of India altogether; and with this view led a squadron against Madras. It was but inadequately garrisoned; indeed the entire force of English soldiers in the settlement scarcely exceeded 600 men; and its commander, Major Lawrence, had recently gone to England on leave. Madras capitulated; the inhabitants became prisoners, though with La Bourdonnais's promise of being admitted to ransom on easy terms. But Dupleix was even more jealous of his colleague than of the English. Asserting that, as he was the Governor of all the continental provinces, Madras, from the moment of its surrender, had passed under his jurisdiction, he annulled the capitulation, and the promise to accept a ransom for the prisoners, and even announced his intention to raze Madras to the ground. Whether he were to carry out that intention or not, it seemed clear that Clive's prospects were ruined. His employment was gone, and his liberty also. He was a prisoner. Danger, however, revived his old spirit of hardihood and enterprise, and he contrived to escape from the city to Fort St. David, a small stronghold a short distance to the south.

Necessity has often been called the mother of invention, and it now drove Clive into a new career more suitable to his disposition. To re-establish the civil arrangements of the Madras Government evidently required time; and, unable to wait, and perhaps not sorry to exchange work at a desk with a pen behind his ear, for exercise in a barrack-yard and a sword by his side, Clive obtained a commission as an ensign and became a soldier. Admiral Boscawen, who had recently come out as commander of the fleet on that station, endeavoured to retaliate on the French

by an attack on Pondicherry, a city some distance to the south of Madras, which Dupleix had made the seat of his government; and Clive was attached to the small land force which, at the Admiral's request, was sent to co-operate with the fleet. Though only in a subordinate rank he found or made more than one occasion for displaying his active gallantry.[1] But Pondicherry was strongly fortified, and held out till the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, which was concluded in 1748, put an end for a time to hostilities between the two nations.

But in a country such as India was at that time opportunities for military enterprise were never long wanting. A native prince who some years before had been deprived of the sovereignty of Tanjore by a rival, now invited the English commander to aid him in the recovery of his authority by the promise, if he should succeed, of making over to him the town of Devecotta, which, from its situation on the coast, at the mouth of the river Coleroon, offered great commercial advantages to the Company. Lawrence unhesitatingly accepted the offer, and as the first step was the reduction of Devecotta, he at once put in motion his whole force, amounting to 800 English and 1500 sepoys,[2] and at Clive's request gave him, whom he had promoted to a lieutenancy, the honourable but perilous duty of heading the storming party. He was in his right place at last. His attack was irresistible, though he himself had a narrow escape from being cut down; Devecotta was taken, and Tanjore recovered

[1] Malcolm, i. 48.

[2] "Sepoy," the name we have given to our native troops, is a corruption or mispronunciation of the Hindostanee word, "spahi," a soldier.

by its native prince. But every province in the whole country was from time to time the scene of similar events. And the death of the Nizam in 1748 raised up two claimants to the dignity of Viceroy of the Carnatic, whose subjection to the Nizam was indeed nominal, but little more. Of the two, Anaverdy Khan obtained our support, and it was a matter of course that his competitor, Chunda Sahib, should be upheld by Dupleix. Chunda's army, strengthened by 400 French troops, was so far superior in number and equipment to that of his rival, whose little force was composed entirely of native troops, that Anaverdy was defeated and slain; and his son Mahommed Ali, the inheritor of his claims, was forced to fly with the small remnant of his force to Trichinopoly; where he was immediately besieged by Chunda Sahib. That he should hold out long seemed impossible. Major Lawrence had gone to England on leave; and even had he been there the whole of his army would scarcely have been a match for the besiegers. The Governor of Fort St. David did make an attempt to relieve the beleaguered town, but the commander of the force, Captain Gingen, was so unequal to the conduct of the enterprise that he was repulsed, and returned in great discredit to Fort St. David. But out of his defeat Clive contrived to make an opening for himself. Lawrence, before he quitted the country, had appointed him commissary for supplying the European troops with provisions, and in the discharge of his duty he had accompanied Gingen on his ill-starred, ill-conducted expedition. He saw that that captain's retreat had clearly thrown away all chance of saving Trichinopoly by any similar movement; but he also conceived that some other means of obtaining that result might be

more successful. He was fit for more noble employment than the purveyance of beef and meal for a regiment. He was, as Lord Chatham afterwards characterised him, a heaven-born general; and perhaps none of his subsequent exploits was a more complete justification of this panegyric. Arcot, a city at no great distance from Madras, was the capital of the Carnatic; and the safety of his seat of government could hardly fail to be regarded by Chunda as an object of greater importance than the reduction of Trichinopoly. An attack on Arcot, therefore, might be expected to operate as an inducement to him to postpone (as he might fancy) the capture of the town of inferior value to the preservation of that of greater importance, and with this view Clive pressed on the Governor of Fort St. David, Mr. Saunders, the instant despatch of a force against Arcot as a diversion which could hardly fail to be effectual. A repetition of Gingen's attack on the force surrounding Trichinopoly would have been a stroke to be estimated by its success or its failure, and even if it had succeeded, which could hardly have been expected, would only have earned the praise of enterprising resolution and skill, while it would have incurred the blame of inexcusable rashness if repulsed. But the idea of saving one city by an attack on another a hundred miles off was a proof of strategical skill which, in a young officer who had as yet no military experience, can hardly be over-praised. Fortunately Mr. Saunders was a man qualified to appreciate the genius which had conceived it, and of judgement to decide that no one was so well qualified to succeed in the enterprise as he who had planned it. He ventured even to strip Madras and Fort St. David of the greater part of their garrisons

to give the force to be employed some appearance of respectability—though even then it only amounted to 200 English soldiers and 300 sepoys, with three guns —and he placed the whole under the command of Clive, who, on his return from Gingen's expedition, had been promoted to the rank of Captain.

Clive did not lose a moment; he left Madras on the 26th of August. As he advanced he learnt that Arcot had a well-appointed garrison of 1100 men; but nothing dismayed by the information he pressed on, and on the 31st reached the immediate neighbourhood of the city. He had a watchful enemy and formidable, if their resolution had only equalled their vigilance. The Governor's scouts brought him word that an English force was advancing[1] through a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain which they treated with the most perfect unconcern; and the mere report of such hardihood struck him with such terror that he did not even wait to be attacked, but at once abandoned the fort which was the protection of the city—for Arcot had no walls nor external defences for the 100,000 citizens whom it contained. Clive had taken Arcot without striking a blow, by the mere terror caused by his advance. In the fort itself he found considerable military stores, guns, ammunition, and provisions, but, as all the effects of other kinds which it contained were the property of merchants who had deposited them there for security, he restored them to the owners, a policy of moderation which, by the degree in which it conciliated the inhabitants generally, was of no slight assistance to him in his subsequent operations.

He had not only the energy of a young officer, but

[1] Orme, quoted by Malcolm.

also the prudence of a veteran commander. He did not imagine that the panic which had led the garrison to their precipitate retreat would last, but he expected that, when they had thrown it off, they would return to recover what they had abandoned. And the safest plan to defeat such an attempt seemed to be to endeavour to confirm their fears by not waiting to be attacked, but marching in pursuit of them. He found them drawn up in battle array near another fort six miles from the city; but they fled again the moment they saw the British uniforms. He returned to Arcot. Two days afterwards he sallied forth a second time, when he found them in nearly the same place; but in the meantime they had been reinforced with several hundred fresh troops of both kinds, with two guns, and were emboldened by this addition to their strength to make a stand against his attack. Their resolution, however, was short-lived, and rather increased their loss than averted it. While he attacked them in front with his main body, he detached a division of forty men to fall upon their flank, and the double onset threw them into utter disorder. They fled into the fort, and there at last they were safe. His want of battering cannon prevented him from pursuing his advantage further, and he returned to Arcot to make preparations against the siege which he had no doubt that Chunda would undertake for the recovery of his capital. At the end of another week he learnt that his anticipations were correct; that with that object Chunda had collected a force of 3000 men, and that he was already within three miles of the walls. He pursued again the plan of being the assailant himself, stormed Chunda's camp by night, and put his whole army to flight without having himself lost a single man.

But these repeated successes did not tempt him to imagine the hour of danger past, or to abate his energy in making arrangements to resist the more severe attack which he could not doubt was being prepared for him. The moment that he had mastered the fort he had sent to Madras for some more powerful guns and other military stores; and now, on hearing that the supply was on its way, he sent out a strong detachment as its escort which conducted it in safety into the city. It was not too soon. Chunda had learnt from these repeated defeats of his Arcot garrison that it would require a stronger force to ensure the defeat of the presumptuous Englishman; and by the last week of September he had collected one which he might well think irresistible by the handful of men whom Clive commanded. To 4000 men from the besiegers of Trichinopoly were added 2000 from Vellore, nearly 4000 from various other forts and districts, and, more to be relied on than all, 150 French soldiers whom Dupleix sent from Pondicherry, and the whole force of above 10,000 men was placed under the command of his son Rajah Sahib. The city itself was as defenceless as Clive had found it two months before. The Rajah entered it without resistance, fixing his own residence in the Viceroy's palace, and when before the end of October he received some heavy siege guns, he might have been excused for thinking himself irresistible. There had been more than one skirmish in which, though his loss greatly exceeded ours, he could better spare twenty men than Clive could afford to lose one. But the arrival of the artillery determined him to lose no time. He had had sufficient experience of English valour to induce him to desire to avoid any further encounter with it if he could obtain his end

by more peaceful means, such as hitherto had rarely failed in that country. On the 30th of October he sent a flag of truce to the fort to offer honourable terms to the garrison, now reduced to 120 English and 200 sepoys, and a large sum of money to Clive himself. If his offers were refused he threatened to storm the fort and put the garrison to the sword. Clive refused the bribe with disdain, told the messenger that the Rajah's father was an usurper, that his army was a rabble, and that as for his threats he would require better soldiers if he dared to measure them with British troops. The Rajah prepared to storm, and for some days kept up a heavy fire to destroy such defences as the garrison had to trust to, which in fact were only two stout gates; for the walls were in a ruinous condition, the parapet was low, several of the towers were decayed and too weak to bear more than a single gun; and, as the fort was a mile in circumference, the garrison was far too small to guard every assailable point. The 14th of November was a sacred festival, as the anniversary of the murder of two brothers, Hassan and Hussein, who were regarded by the Mahommedans as saints. It was an article of their belief that whoever fell in battle against the infidel in that holy week was instantly translated to Paradise; and the Rajah, to take advantage of the religious enthusiasm of the day, fixed on it for the final assault. At daybreak the storming party, their fanaticism being further stimulated with copious doses of bang,[1] advanced to the assault. The "forlorn hope" was a curious one. A team of elephants led the way, their foreheads being armed with stout iron plates to

[1] "Bang" is described by Malcolm as a plant which, where it does not stupefy, "excites to the most desperate excesses of rage."

enable them to charge the gates which, it was confidently expected, would fall before the impetuosity and weight of such huge assailants. As such they would have been irresistible; but Clive had the art of turning them into allies. As they rushed forward he met them with a shower of musket balls, and, maddened with the pain of their wounds, they turned back on their own human comrades, and trampled them under foot. Theirs, however, was not the only attack to which the Rajah trusted. A moat ran round the fort, which was fordable in one part, and that opposite the weakest part of the wall. Where it was not fordable it was neither too deep nor too wide to be crossed by a raft. Clive had but three serviceable guns. Two were mounted on a tower which commanded the weakest part of the moat. He himself took the direction of the other, which he planted in face of the raft. From the two-gun battery the garrison kept up so steady and well-directed a fire, aided by a continual and rapid discharge of musketry, that the stormers quailed before it and fell back in utter confusion, while Clive gave the body which crowded the raft no respite. One fortunate shot upset the raft itself, and those who were not struck down by the fire fell into the moat and were drowned. Beaten at every point, they drew off in the night, and the morning of the 15th saw Clive in undisturbed possession of his prize, and of a number of guns and mortars, with a vast quantity of ammunition, of no small value to the conqueror whose stores were nearly exhausted. The loss of the Rajah exceeded 400 men killed and wounded; that of Clive amounted to 54 English soldiers and 2 sepoys.

"Thus," to borrow the language of Mr. Orme, the eloquent historian of our earlier Indian conquests,

"ended this siege, maintained fifty days under every disadvantage of situation and force by a handful of men in their first campaign with a spirit worthy of the most veteran troops, and conducted by their young commander with indefatigable activity, unshaken constancy, and undaunted courage; and, notwithstanding he had at this time neither read books nor conversed with men capable of giving him much instruction in the military art, all the resources which he employed were such as are dictated by the best masters in the science of war."

Clive was not a man to think a thing done when aught remained to do. He lost no time in turning the success he had achieved and the impression it had made on his foes to account. A few days after the retreat of the besiegers he received an important reinforcement of 200 English troops and 700 sepoys, and another of a strong band of Mahratta cavalry, whom his late exploit had led to see in him an ally more worthy of their confidence than the French of Dupleix. And with this force, though even now it did not amount to 2000 men, he did not hesitate to march out to attack an army more than doubling his own in numbers. The fight was stubborn for a while, but in the end the steadiness of his English companies, splendidly seconded by the gallantry of the Mahratta cavalry, gained the victory, one of the prizes of which was the Rajah's military chest, another being 400 horses, which he shared with his new allies.

The uniform policy of the native chiefs, of the most powerful as well as the most insignificant, was to side with the strongest; and it was a natural result of these achievements that more than one of those who had hitherto adhered to the French now ranged themselves

on our side. But the spirit of the Rajah and his father was not yet wholly broken. By the first month of the next year, 1762, the Rajah had assembled another army of near 5000 men, 400 of whom were French, with a powerful train of artillery, with which he not only ravaged the territories of Mahommed Ali, who still held Trichinopoly, but even ventured to plunder some of the outlying settlements of the Madras Presidency, and at last approached near enough to threaten Fort George itself. All the force at the disposal of Mr. Saunders did not amount to 1700 men, with six small field-pieces; but with Clive for their commander, he did not fear that they would fail to be a match for the Rajah's greater host. The Rajah was of the same opinion. As Clive advanced he fell back, abandoning more than one strong position, till he reached a mango grove which seemed so advantageous as a station for his heavy guns that he thought its position would enable him to hold his ground. And so it might have proved had Clive been contented with a single attack on it in front; but a reconnaissance showed that the grove was open in the rear, and Clive acting on this knowledge, while he himself led the main body against the face of the Rajah's line, sent 600 of his best troops round the grove to take it in the rear. The enemy were too completely surprised by this unforeseen manœuvre to offer the slightest resistance. They fled in inextricable confusion; and none of his previous successes had equalled this. Three hundred of the Rajah's sepoys lay dead on the field with fifty French. Sixty French were taken prisoners, and nine of their guns also fell into the conqueror's hands. It had not been an entirely bloodless victory, for his own loss amounted to forty English and thirty sepoys. But

even at the cost of so many and such valuable lives the victory was cheaply purchased. It had established the superiority of the English over the French. A year or two before there was no native tribe or chieftain who doubted the superiority of the French soldiers to the English. Now there was not one who hesitated to acknowledge the English mastery. And to confirm the impression by a visible proof of the irretrievable overthrow of all the pretensions of the French Governor, Clive on his triumphant return to Fort St. David, passing by the city which Dupleix had boastfully entitled the city of his victory, and the stately pillar on which he had engraved a list of his successes, razed both to the ground. It was an act of profound policy which no one could misinterpret, proclaiming to all India that if it were fated that some European nation should eventually become the supreme power in the country, that nation would be not France, but England.

Clive had scarcely reached Fort St. David when Lawrence returned to reassume the command. But his return had no injurious effect on Clive's position, if indeed it may not have been strengthened by the admiration he openly expressed for all the younger officer's exploits and abilities. He was too honest and too patriotic a man to feel any jealousy of one who, though of inferior rank, had rivalled him in the confidence of the natives. His only feeling was that of deep gratification at the establishment of his nation's ascendency, and he expressed that feeling in the warmest terms. Clive's "uncommon success," he said, "some people were pleased to term fortunate and lucky. But, in his own opinion, from the knowledge he had of the gentleman, he deserved, and might expect from his conduct everything, as it fell out. A man of an undaunted

resolution, of a cool temper, and of a presence of mind which never left him in the greatest danger,—born a soldier, for without a military education of any sort, or much conversing with any of the profession, from his judgement and good sense, he led an army like an experienced officer and a brave soldier with a prudence that certainly warranted success."[1] And that this praise was sincere he showed by the cordiality and confidence with which he consulted him on all future operations. For there was still work to be done. The siege of Trichinopoly was still maintained, and it was evident that it would greatly counterbalance the credit of our successes at Arcot if his French allies should enable Chunda to establish himself in that important city. Yet it was plain that its relief would be difficult since the French division occupied a strong position which commanded the road by which alone we could reach the beleaguered city; and it might be doubted whether we had strength sufficient to overcome all the obstacles to our advance. In the next generation Nelson, while a captain, suggesting a movement to his admiral, admitted that "it might be called bold, but the boldest measures were the safest." And the counsel Clive now gave to his commander was dictated by the same spirit. He ventured to suggest a division of our army, so that while the advance towards the city should be entrusted to one portion, the other should operate on the French line of communication. Lawrence felt it was "risking the whole to gain the whole";[2] but he had such trust in Clive's soundness of judgement that he confidently relied on the success of the plan, provided Clive could have the execution of

[1] Col. Lawrence's narrative, quoted by Malcolm, i. 104.
[2] Malcolm, i. 110.

it; but he was the junior captain, and more than one of his seniors were officers of well-deserved reputation, who would have a reasonable ground of complaint if they were passed over and a younger man placed over their heads. But this difficulty (which no member of the profession could treat as slight) "was put an end to by the open declaration of the (Indian) allies,"[1] that they would not entrust the portion of their troops necessary to form "the corps to any other captain but him who had commanded at Arcot."

Under Clive's command, therefore, it was that in the first week of April 1752 his division advanced. It was a larger force than that which he had ever led before, consisting as it did of 400 English, 700 sepoys, 3000 Mahrattas, and 1000 Tanjore cavalry, with eight guns. He lost no time. The same day he crossed the Coleroon river and seized a pagoda which commanded the French line of communication. But he had hardly secured this advantage before he learnt that Dupleix had sent forward an additional French regiment, 700 strong, under M. d'Auteuil, whose skill he rated higher than that of M. Law, the commander of the force before Trichinopoly. Clive determined to intercept him before he could form a junction with his comrade. The terror of his name caused D'Auteuil to fall back in the hope of finding some more circuitous road by which he might join Law without a battle. And Clive had every reason to congratulate himself on the success which he had already in great part achieved, when all his plans were nearly disconcerted by an event against which no prudence could have guarded him. When he advanced against D'Auteuil he had left a small garrison in the

[1] Malcolm, i. 110.

pagoda, but an Irish officer persuaded the greater half of it to desert and join Law. Law, from a belief that Clive was still moving against D'Auteuil, was himself pressing forward under the idea that there was no force left in the English camp capable of opposing him. But Clive, on receiving intelligence of D'Auteuil's retreat, had returned, and, fatigued with his long and rapid march, was asleep in his tent, when he was suddenly awakened by a heavy fire of musketry, some balls of which penetrated the tent, "shattered a box that lay under his feet, and killed a servant who lay close to him.[1] Law had been guided through the approaches to the camp by the deserters who, speaking English as they did, easily deceived the sepoys on guard. He effected his entrance into the pagoda without opposition, putting to the sword the few soldiers who held it; and Clive himself was again in no little danger. However, he promptly rallied his troops, though, since he was as yet ignorant of the desertion which had caused the confusion, he imagined the sepoys, whose fire had so nearly proved fatal to him, to be his own men, and in this belief he went alone amongst them to restore order, when one of the body darting forward and taking him by surprise, gave him two severe wounds, and then fled into the pagoda. Clive was now undeceived; but, though severely hurt, he did not for a moment lose his presence of mind. He, still without any escort, had pursued his assailant to the pagoda gate, which he found in possession of the French; and, in fact, he was at the mercy of a corporal's guard. It was an embarrassing position, but he was equal to it. "With great composure" he instantly summoned them to surrender, telling them that they

[1] Orme, quoted by Malcolm, i. 117.

were surrounded by his whole army, and threatening them with instant death if they resisted. They escaped into the pagoda, and the struggle was not yet over, for it was a whole French company which now occupied it, and they made a desperate sally, joined by the deserters, who fought with the despair of men with halters round their necks, the Irish officer even taking deliberate aim at Clive himself, and killing a sergeant on whom he was leaning. But by this time a sufficient number of our men had come up to whom the French surrendered, while their sepoys flung away their arms and fled, but were pursued by Clive's Mahrattas, and mercilessly slaughtered.

Fortunately Clive's wounds, though painful at the moment, and causing him great weakness for a time, soon healed, and in little more than a week he was able to resume active operations. Chunda's camp was at no great distance from the pagoda, but Clive erected a six-gun battery on a mound which commanded it, and rendered it untenable; and Chunda himself fell into the hands of a squadron of Mahrattas who put him to death. Our ally Mahommed Ali was now in undisturbed possession of Trichinopoly; but there were still two strong forts, Chingliput and Covelong, the latter having no fewer than thirty guns mounted on the walls, while all the force which Clive had for its reduction scarcely amounted to 700 men, of whom 500 were newly-levied sepoys, and the rest recruits just landed, and hardly disciplined, with four guns. He was not long before he learnt how little service he could expect from such a force; one large body ran away in unanimous panic the moment that one of them was killed; of another, the sentry who had disappeared, was presently found at the bottom of a well to which he had fled for safety.

Yet even such a force as this he gradually shamed into courage. The commander of Chingliput sent a strong detachment to the aid of his comrade at Covelong; but Clive, by a skilfully-planned ambuscade, intercepted and routed it with great slaughter. Covelong fell, and Clive, without an hour's delay, turned his arms against Chingliput, which, strongly fortified though it was, its commander was glad to surrender on the condition of being allowed to withdraw his garrison with the honours of war.

This was the last of Clive's exploits in these campaigns. It is no slight addition to their merit that the more recent of them had been achieved while, besides the enemy, he had to contend with ill-health, which would have disabled any man of less indomitable resolution. His health was for the time completely broken, and as there appeared no further prospect of immediate service, he resolved to revisit England for its restoration. Before he sailed he adopted the wisest and surest of all remedies,—he took a wife, the sister of Mr. Maskelyne, a mathematician, and of deservedly high reputation, afterwards the Astronomer-Royal; and with her, in February 1753, he set sail for England.

He had no reason to complain of his reception at home. The Directors of the Company voted him a sword set with costly diamonds, a compliment which, with an honourable feeling of delicacy to his commander, Colonel Lawrence, he refused to accept unless a similar compliment were paid to that officer. He was presented at the levee, and received with marked honour by the King, who, as he himself had but one virtue, that of personal courage, was naturally inclined to regard with special favour a warrior of whom the

same quality was among the most conspicuous attributes. And general society eagerly endorsed the praises bestowed on him by the Company and the sovereign. His triumphs shone with the brighter lustre that they were compared with the defeats sustained in the Low Countries by the Duke of Cumberland whose not altogether undeserved unpopularity disposed the people to welcome with eager warmth any rival to him in military fame. Clive was extolled as having revived the fame won by the army under Marlborough. Nor was it without pleasure that it was seen that his campaigns had borne fruit for himself, in the acquisition of a considerable fortune, which enabled him to enjoy himself with luxury, to indulge a taste for show and gaiety, and even to obtain a seat in Parliament, of which, however, he was presently deprived by the decision of an Election Committee.

But the fortune acquired by his campaigns was not sufficient to sustain for any length of time the drain made upon it by such a variety of expenses; and at the end of a couple of years he began to contemplate a return to India. His views coincided with those of the Directors who could not yet think Bombay and Madras entirely safe while any considerable French force remained in any part of the Deccan. They gladly appointed him Governor of Fort St. David, with the reversion of succeeding Mr. Saunders at Madras, to the government of which that gentleman had been appointed at the end of 1753; and they prevailed on the authorities at the War Office to add to it the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the British army. As the ship in which he sailed touched at Bombay, he landed there, as affording the best starting-point from which

to commence operations against the French, which had been enjoined him by the instructions of the Directors. But he found that Mr. Saunders had recently concluded a treaty with M. Godeheu, the successor of Dupleix, and the only thing to be done on that side of the country was to join Admiral Watson, the commander of our fleet on that station, in an attack on Gheriah, a strongly-armed and well-garrisoned fortress, the residence of a pirate named Angria, from which he had long harassed our trade and that of every other nation whose ships frequented those waters. It was situated on a rocky promontory almost surrounded by the sea; but Clive undertook to bring his guns to bear upon it, and Watson was of a temper like his own, more inclined to think of what had to be done than of the difficulty of doing it. Angria did no trust wholly to his fortifications, though they were sufficiently formidable; every anchorage where ships could lie, and the isthmus by which alone a land force could approach, was commanded by 240 guns of large calibre; and the pirate had also a fleet, in numbers at least equal to our own, though not in size, but having on the other hand the advantage of a more accurate knowledge of the shoals and currents. Both on sea and on land the pirates resisted with all the courage of despair, but English courage was not less impetuous and more enduring than theirs. Watson sent one squadron to destroy their fleet; with another he himself battered the fort on his side, while Clive, who had made his way across the isthmus with a couple of companies and a few guns, cannonaded it on the side towards the land. And in little more than two hours the place was ours, and Clive marched in and hoisted British colours on the castle wall. Angria

himself escaped, but his family was captured with all his treasures and military stores, while our own loss did not exceed one or two men killed and fewer than twenty wounded. Before these operations had been commenced a discussion—it cannot be fairly called a dispute—had arisen between the officers of the two services, which calls for especial remark as an illustration and elucidation of Clive's character in money matters. At a later day, when his conduct was rigorously canvassed, his enemies made portions of the wealth which he had acquired a ground of bitter denunciation as proofs of a grasping covetousness untrammelled by any consideration of honesty. How little such an imputation was deserved his conduct on the question which now arose affords irresistible evidence. It was probable that the prize money to be derived from the capture of Angria's fortress and treasury would be considerable in amount; and, as the officers of the fleet formed a majority of the council of war which was assembled to deliberate on the measures to be adopted, they framed a scale according to which Clive, though commander-in-chief of the army, was to share not with Watson, or even with his second in command, Rear-Admiral Pocock, but only with the captains. The military officers not unnaturally resented this arrangement as an insult to their branch of the service, and Clive, in their behalf and in their name, presented to Watson a strong remonstrance against it. The admiral declared himself incompetent by his single authority to overrule a resolution adopted by the whole council, but proposed out of his own share to make that of Clive equal to that of the rear-admiral. But the moment that the principle of equality between the two services was

admitted. Clive disavowed all idea of profiting by the admiral's liberality; his sole object, as he explained it, had been to satisfy the soldiers that he had not sacrificed their rights or dignity by waiving his own claims, but nothing should induce him to enrich himself at the expense of his brother-commander and friend.

As nothing further remained to be done in the West, he proceeded to Fort St. David, where he took charge of the government on the 20th of June, the same day on which that tragedy took place at Calcutta his chastisement of which has immortalised his name.

As yet, as has been mentioned, Madras was the chief of our presidencies; but in natural advantages, in the fertility of its soil, and in the facility afforded by its great rivers for all transactions of commerce, Bengal was far superior to it. It was known throughout the whole country as the rich kingdom, the garden of Eden, and as such it was the province most in favour with the merchants of every European nation. Calcutta, with Fort William, near the mouth of the Hoogley, was the British settlement; a few miles higher up the river the French occupied Chandernagore; and higher still the Dutch merchants had established themselves at Chinsurah. But all these were held under the Sultan of Delhi, the Great Mogul, to whom each paid rent, though he did not exercise any authority over the province which had long been committed to a Viceroy; and he, though nominally a subordinate official, was in fact an independent prince. In the spring of 1796 the Viceroy Alwerdy Khan died, and was succeeded in his dignity and power by his grandson, Surajah Dowlah, a youth not yet twenty years of age, and of the most moderate capacity which no pains had been taken to improve by education.

He had been spoilt by tutors and flatterers till he had come to consider even a failure to anticipate his wishes as a crime. He was not perhaps wantonly cruel for the mere sake of cruelty, but he had learnt to regard the power of inflicting pain as an evidence and attribute of his dignity. Capricious in his likes and dislikes, he had adopted an especial hatred for the English, and since they had the reputation of being the wealthiest of the foreigners, he looked on them as the nation with which it would be most profitable to quarrel.

## CHAPTER II

To a prince with such a disposition it was easy to find a pretext for hostilities. He accused the English merchants who had settled in Calcutta of an intention of fortifying it. It would have been a very natural precaution to take. It was one which was quite within the rights that had been granted them by the famous Aurungzebe; and it would have been only to the credit of their prudence if they had begun to do so. But the charge was disproved.[1] Abandoning that plea, he next accused them of sheltering one of his subjects who had fled from his territory with a great treasure. They admitted his right to claim the fugitive, but explained that the treasure which he was asserted to have carried off had no existence. But no explanation that they gave could satisfy one who was bent on their destruction. They were the lamb of the old fable, and he was the wolf. At Cossimbazar, in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, was a large factory so built as to be apparently intended to be defensible against any sudden attack. He induced Mr. Watts, the chief director of it, to visit him, threw him into prison, and stormed the factory. It was only a prelude to an attack on the greater prize, Calcutta itself; and on the

[1] Malcolm, i. 147. Macaulay must be mistaken in saying that "they had begun to fortify it."

18th of June he brought a force against the outposts of the city, if indeed it could as yet deserve the name. It was utterly defenceless. The inhabitants saw no resource but in instant flight; and with such fragments of their possessions as they could collect, and were most portable, they hurried on board the vessels which were lying in the river. There were ships enough to have carried off all the English; but in the confusion caused by such disorderly flight the captains became infected with the panic and retreated down the stream. Signals to beg them to return were disregarded, and 140 of their countrymen were left to the mercy of one to whom the feeling was unknown. On the 20th his commander attacked Calcutta itself. It had no means of resistance for a single hour. The Governor, Mr. Drake, and the officer in command of the few soldiers who had formed the garrison, had deserted their duty, and had been the first to flee. Calcutta was taken, and Mr. Holwell, a merchant, who from his appearance seemed to the captors to be the leading man among the prisoners, was brought with his hands tied before the Nabob, who had entered the city in triumph to hold a sort of judgement-seat in the principal factory. It was now evening, his highness was fatigued, he postponed his decision on the treatment of his captives till the next day, and retired to rest.

To the greater number of those prisoners that next day never came; Surajah Dowlah had given no orders where they were to be kept; there was no regular prison in the city. The only place of confinement was a small dungeon, known as the Black Hole, described as being twenty feet square, with two small strongly-barred windows. And into this wretched room, too

well about to deserve its ill-omened name, one which in the sultry midsummer season would have been overcrowded with half-a-dozen persons, the whole body of prisoners were driven by their guards, who had even some difficulty in forcing in so great a number. The heat of the climate and the season, painful from the first moment, speedily became suffocating. "Some," as Mr. Cooke, one of the few survivors, reported,[1] "expired very soon after being put in. Others went mad, and, having lost their senses, died in a high delirium. All they could urge to the guards could not prevail upon them either to set them at liberty, or to separate them into different prisons, a favour which they desired, and offered money to obtain; but to no purpose. When they were released, at eight o'clock the next morning, only twenty-three came out alive."

It is not necessary to suppose that the Nabob had anticipated or desired such a result. As far as hope of gain can be supposed to have influenced him, it was clear that it was for his interest that his prisoners should live to pay a ransom for their liberty. But there was no justification for his original hostility, nor did he by any display of pity for their miserable fate seek to allay the general indignation which it had awakened in the breast of every Englishman in every part of India. So far indeed was he from being induced by what had happened to show mercy to the survivors, that one lady who was among them was at once sent off to his harem at Moorshedabad.

For a time he exulted in his success, announced it in a boastful despatch to the Mogul at Delhi, placed a garrison in Fort William, and, as a lasting memorial

[1] Quoted by Malcolm, i. 149.

of his triumph, changed the name of the captured city from Calcutta to Alinagore, "the Port of God."

He had no fear of any change of fortune. He believed that the English were rich, but he had no suspicion that they were powerful. England was but one European state among many, and he often described Europe as a mere province, the entire population of which did not amount to 10,000 men. But it was not long before he found that if he had underrated the English power, he had still more fatally mistaken the English spirit. Communications were often so slow in those days that it was not till the middle of August that the tale of the sad fate of the sufferers of the Black Hole reached Madras, where it at once awakened one unanimous resolution to avenge their deaths. Lawrence, who had lately been promoted to the rank of general, was out of health. But such confidence was felt in Clive that the inability of the general himself to undertake the command was hardly regretted. Clive had just entered on his government at Fort St. David, but an express was sent to summon him to Madras. He reached that city on the 24th, joyfully accepted the command of the expedition to recover Calcutta and inflict deserved chastisement on the wretched Nabob, and applied himself without delay to organise the force to be placed under his orders. For such a contest as lay before it it was lamentably small, and it was deprived of no unimportant part of the strength which he was entitled to expect by the sordid jealousy of the colonel of artillery, who, irritated by the rejection of his claim to a share of some booty which had been acquired and appropriated by the Company to defray the expense of the expedition of which it was the fruit, actually refused the use

of some guns which had been already embarked, and insisted on them, with a large quantity of ammunition and other stores, being landed before the expedition sailed. At last all Clive's arrangements were completed, and on the 16th of October he set sail. Five ships of the Royal Navy, under the command of Admiral Watson, and an equal number of vessels belonging to the Company, conveyed 900 English soldiers and 1500 sepoys, to whom the Governor of Bombay promised an addition of 500 more; but the winds were foul, the voyage was slow, and it was the 22nd of December before the leading ships anchored in the Hoogley, where in the small village of Fulda they found Major Kilpatrick, an officer of high reputation, with a small force of less than 100 men and four guns, who gladly placed himself under Clive's command. Without loss of time he commenced operations. Small as his force was, he had described it in a letter to the Directors a week before he sailed as "full of spirit and resentment for the insults and barbarities inflicted on so many British subjects," and ventured to promise that "the expedition would not end with the taking of Calcutta only, but that the Company's estate in those parts would be settled in a better and more lasting condition than ever." He took into consideration the difficulties with which he might meet from "the nature of the climate and country," to both of which he was a stranger. He was also not unaware that a renewal of war between England and France was expected in Europe; but, even if such an addition to his enemies should be made, he was inclined to welcome rather than to deprecate it, since in that event he "hoped to be able to dispossess the French of Chandernagore, and to leave Calcutta in a state of defence. Nothing should

be wanting on his part to answer the ends of an undertaking on which so very much depended." Such a spirit, determined, however small his means might be, to find it sufficient for the discharge of his duty to his superiors and his country, could not fail to succeed. The whole of his force had not yet arrived. Nearly a third of his men, with the greater part of his artillery, were in the *Kent* and *Marlborough*, two of Watson's squadron, which under their heavy extra load were still struggling with foul winds in their voyage across the bay. But without waiting for them he advanced towards Calcutta, the instant recovery of which was demanded by a regard for our national honour. On his road he captured Budge Budge, a small but strong fort. As he pushed on he was met and fiercely attacked by Monichund, the Nabob's Governor of Calcutta, with from 2000 to 3000 cavalry and infantry; but those he routed, and, as they fled up the river, Calcutta became the prize of this combat. Hoogley was a place of greater importance, being protected by the river on one side, and by a strong fort on the other. But Watson brought some of his smaller vessels, one of them, a twenty-gun sloop, under the walls, while Clive battered it from the opposite side. His guns were so small that it was little more than the appearance of a breach that they made, but, such as it was, it was sufficient for him, and he determined to storm it. They saved him the trouble. The garrison greatly outnumbered the stormers, but the moment they saw the English uniforms they fled out at the northward gate, and Hoogley too became ours without the loss of a single man.

But more important than all the other places in the district was the French settlement of Chander-

nagore, which neither its Governor nor the Nabob's ministers could doubt would be Clive's next object, and the reduction of which had been enjoined on him before he left Madras, since Calcutta could never be safe so long as it remained in French hands. At first they both endeavoured to ensure its safety by amusing Clive with negotiations and proposals of treaties; he did not refuse to treat with both, hoping probably that the progress of negotiations would bring out such differences between them as would weaken if it did not put an end to their alliance. And, if that was his calculation, he was not deceived in it, for the Nabob, as he never meant to keep faith with any one, was suspicious of every one, and presently conceived such jealousy of the French designs that he gave his formal sanction to Clive's scheme of driving them out of Chandernagore. Yet so inveterately faithless was he that at the same time that he was professing to favour the intended siege, he was carrying on intrigues with French agents, and, in the belief that Clive was ignorant of his double-dealing, sending out a force to join their garrison of Chandernagore, and supplying the Governor with money. Clive was rarely patient; but the sailor-like frankness of Watson was on this occasion more impatient than he. He addressed the Nabob a letter in which he warned him that the *Marlborough* and *Kent* would disembark the men on board in a few days; that he was about to send "for more ships and more men, and that he would kindle such a flame in the Nabob's country as all the water in the Ganges should not be able to extinguish." With such an admiral and such a general it was not easy to deal. Threatening as was their language, their actions were even more formidable, and Chander-

nagore, though infinitely stronger, shared the fate of Hoogley. The river was full of shoals and cross currents. It was to no purpose that the Governor sank several vessels to prevent our ships from passing if they should be hardy enough to make the attempt, and to detain them under the fire of their batteries. The English pilots with admirable skill threaded their way through shoals and wrecks and brought up Watson's own flagship, the *Kent*, 64, and the *Tiger*, 60, to which Pocock had shifted his flag, under the walls in defiance of 120 guns of large calibre with many heavy mortars, served by French artillerymen. In such hands the Governor flattered himself that they would sink the ships. But Watson had lined his topmasts and poop with sailors trained to the use of muskets; and they kept up so rapid and steady a fire on the town batteries that it drove the gunners from their pieces; while the heavy 24-pounders of the *Kent* and *Tiger*, to which no effectual resistance could any longer be offered, beat down the walls. On the landward side Clive had equal success. With great rapidity he had erected batteries which were not less effective, and in less than three hours the Governor surrendered. It was a prize well worth the winning. All the survivors of the garrison, which in the morning had amounted to 500 French soldiers and above 1000 natives, were taken prisoners, and all their artillery and stores of every description became the prize of the conqueror, as well as a large amount of treasure in gold and jewels.

It remained to deal with the Nabob himself. Chastisement for the tragedy of the Black Hole was still to be inflicted on him. And in that work Clive found an ally among Surajah's own officers. A prince

so faithless, suspicious, and tyrannical could only rule by fear; but fear, though impotent while confined to the populace, was formidable when it became the prompter of nobles, ministers, and generals. Meer Jaffier, his commander-in-chief, and Roydullah, his finance minister, with other subordinate officials, had received hints that they could not rely on the continuance of the favour which they had hitherto enjoyed. And in that country loss of favour too often led to loss of life. They resolved to anticipate the blow which they suspected to be preparing for them; and, through the agency of Omichund, a wealthy merchant who had occasional business transactions with Mr. Watts, an English trader of the highest consideration, and who had for some time been Resident at the Nabob's court,[1] Meer Jaffier opened a negotiation with Clive. He proposed that Clive should aid them to depose Surajah, and should confer his government on Meer Jaffier himself, who was to reward his co-operation with liberal grants to him and his army, and extensive privileges to the Company. Watts acted as the agent of Clive, who was naturally well pleased to find such unexpected facility for the successful execution of his projects offered to him by this conspiracy. He willingly authorised Watts to promise the conspirators his aid, and without delay prepared to carry out his promise. He was aware that the Nabob had an army at Cossimbazar, a town a few miles south of Moorshedabad, of which he did not know the exact strength, but in which Meer Jaffier commanded one strong division of the Nabob's army. And the conspiracy was to be carried out by his desertion of his chief, and his joining Clive with that division when the two armies should meet

[1] In one passage, i. 243, Malcolm calls Watts "Clive's secretary."

in battle. Such an arrangement it seemed could not fail of success. And he was preparing to put his army in motion when he suddenly learnt that all his hopes were in danger of being disconcerted. Omichund's sole object was gain, and his employment as Meer Jaffier's agent gave him claims on that officer, which he flattered himself would be gratefully acknowledged. But his avarice was so well known that no one could place confidence in him. Meer Jaffier began to distrust him, and communicated his suspicions to Clive. Clive wrote to Mr. Watts, "Tell Meer Jaffier to fear nothing; I will join him with 5000 men who never turned their backs. Assure him I will march day and night to his assistance, and will stand by him as long as I have a man left." Meer Jaffier's suspicions originated in all probability in his fears, but presently Mr. Watts, who had no such cause for alarm, began to share them; and meantime Omichund had the address to coax the Nabob into granting him a very large sum as compensation for losses which, as he alleged, he had sustained from the recovery of Calcutta by the British and other recent events, and into the promise of a further donation when he should have driven the English out of Bengal. He began to think that, unless he could come to a more distinct arrangement with Clive, he should find it more profitable to adhere to the Nabob than to aid in his betrayal, and he announced to Watts, who was at Moorshedabad, and therefore in the power of the Nabob, that unless Clive gave him a written promise of three hundred thousand pounds he would reveal the whole plot to the Nabob. Meer Jaffier and Roydullah were bewildered with perplexity and fear when Watts informed them of Omichund's demand and the threat by

which it was enforced. Their lives were at his mercy. Watts escaped from Moorshedabad to make his report to Clive. But in Clive Omichund found more than his match. Lord Macaulay, eloquent in praise of great deeds, especially when performed by men whom it suits him to honour, but at the same time too prone to put the worst colour on any of doubtful complexion, has apparently exaggerated the impropriety of Clive's conduct. He resolved to meet treachery by treachery. As he wrote to Mr. Watts, on hearing of Omichund's demands, he had at once hastened to Calcutta to consult Watson, and "at a committee held to consider the matter the admiral and the gentlemen agreed that Omichund was the greatest villain upon earth." But the mere conviction of his villainy did not present any solution of the difficulty in which all who had these dealings with him were placed. If Omichund should carry out his threats there was evidently no escape for Meer Jaffier. There was also, to all appearance, an end to all Clive's prospects of chastising Surajah, humbling the French, and establishing the supremacy of England in Bengal. The purest patriotism coincided with his desire to save Meer Jaffier, and was not the less admirable because combined with it there was probably an honest ambition to found renown for himself on the performance of such great service to his own country. Few men if any have ever been placed in a situation of greater perplexity. But after long deliberation the importance of the interests at stake overpowered every other consideration in Clive's mind. It was evident that there was no kind of force or compulsion that could be expected to move Omichund from his purpose. His tricks (as Clive expressed himself) could only be defeated by other tricks; "he must

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counterplot the scoundrel," and he therefore drew up "two forms of agreement, the one real the other fictitious. Omichund will be treated as he deserves. This you will acquaint Meer Jaffier with."[1] The agreement required the signature of the admiral also; but Watson, when it was sent to him for that purpose, "objected to sign it himself, though he gave the bearer[2] (a gentleman of the name of Lushington) leave to sign his name to it; and, acting on this permission, Clive did affix the admiral's name. He never made any secret of his having done so, and thought it warrantable in such a case." It is clear, therefore, that no forgery was committed either in a legal or moral point of view. Lord Macaulay has, however, made Clive's conduct the subject of severe censure, and in an elaborate paragraph, not more eloquent than wise and true, has enlarged on the imprudence as well as the impropriety of "opposing perfidy to perfidy"; and on the principle that "the most efficient weapon with which men can encounter falsehood is truth." But, if ever a disregard of this principle has been excusable, the case under consideration may be regarded as such. Clive, as he said, "had no interest in doing" what he did. Sincerity, or, in other words, a refusal to agree with Omichund's demand for a sum which there were no means of paying, would have sacrificed the life of Meer Jaffier and all the interests of England.

Whatever judgement may be formed on this point—and it must be admitted to be one which no casuistry

[1] His letter to Mr. Watts is quoted by Malcolm, i. 290. Wherever inverted commas are used, the words are Clive's.

[2] Clive's statement to the Committee of the House of Commons. Malcolm, i. 249.

can do more than palliate—the deed was done. Omichund was satisfied, and Clive at once put his army in motion to attack the Nabob. But it fell far short of the strength for which he had hoped. He had spoken of 5000 men. It amounted to no more than 1000 English and 2000 sepoys, with 8 guns; and when with this scanty force he reached Plassey, a village a few miles on the Calcutta side of Cossimbazar, where the Nabob was encamped, a reconnaissance showed that 35,000 infantry and 15,000 cavalry, with 40 guns, were in position and ready for battle. Still, if Meer Jaffier kept to his engagement, all might be well, but, through the faithlessness of a messenger whom he had sent to Clive with a letter, and who never delivered it, Clive saw reason to doubt his steadiness or his fidelity. And, if at the last moment he failed him, it might be questioned whether his little army, two-thirds of which were natives, could reasonably be expected to defeat nearly twenty times their own number. In a crisis so full of anxiety and of importance Clive did two things of all others the most foreign to his disposition and his habits. He shrank from responsibility and called a council of war. It was a proverb among the soldiers that a council of war never fights. It may not have come to his knowledge, and it may not have been his object to find in its resolutions a justification of retreat. However that may have been, this Council did not belie its character. It decided against fighting. What is stranger still is, that Clive himself voted with the majority which recommended inaction or retreat. But the decision which had been adopted, if in accordance with the dictates of prudence, was wholly at variance with his fearless spirit. In spite of it he himself was still commander-in-chief. All the evening

he pondered seriously on his duty. If the course preferred by the council of war was recommended by prudence, the advice of the minority was dictated by every consideration of his own personal honour and of the interests of his country. And these were guides whose voice was by far the most unmistakable and the most imperative. Before he retired to rest he had made up his mind, and issued orders that the army should prepare to cross the river the next morning and march to the attack. Of the battle which ensued, we may borrow the description from his report to the Directors of the Company,[1] which displays a degree of tactical skill on his part for which his previous campaigns had afforded no opportunity.

"The army crossed the river and marched straight for Plassey Grove, which it reached by one in the morning. At daybreak I discovered the Nabob's army marching towards me. They approached apace, and by six began to attack with a number of heavy cannon supported by their whole army, and continued to play on my men for several hours, during which the situation of our troops was of the utmost service, being lodged in a large grove with good mud banks. To succeed in an attempt on their cannon was next to impossible, as they were planted in a manner around us and at considerable distances from each other. We therefore remained quiet in our post in expectation of a successful attack on their camp at night. About noon the enemy drew off their artillery and retired to their camp, which was fortified with a good ditch and breastwork. I immediately sent a detachment accompanied by two field-pieces, to take possession of a tank with high banks, which was advanced about 300

[1] Quoted by Malcolm, i. 264.

yards above our grove, and from whence the enemy had considerably annoyed us with some cannon managed by Frenchmen. This motion brought them out a second time. But on finding them make no great effort to dislodge us, I proceeded to take possession of one or two more eminences lying very near an angle of their camp, from whence, and an adjacent eminence in their possession, they kept up a smart fire of musketry. They made several attempts to bring out their cannon, but an advanced field-piece played so warmly and so well upon them that they were always driven back. Their horse exposing themselves on this occasion many of them were killed, and among the rest four or five officers of the first distinction, by which the whole army being visibly dispirited and thrown into some confusion, I was encouraged to storm both the eminence and the angle of their camp, which were carried at the same instant with little or no loss, though the latter was defended (exclusive of blacks) by forty French, and two pieces of cannon, and the former by a large body of blacks, both foot and horse. On this, a general rout ensued, and I pursued them six miles, passing upwards of forty pieces of cannon which they had abandoned, with an infinite number of carts and carriages filled with baggage of all kinds." Surajah Dowlah escaped on a camel to Moorshedabad, and after sending away the bulk of his treasure and jewels, continued his flight, but not long afterwards fell into the hands of Meer Jaffier and was put to death.

Clive did not overrate the results of his victory when he asserted that it made us the masters of India. Meer Jaffier was not only loud but sincere in his expressions of gratitude; and the treaty which he concluded with the victor, among other clauses, under-

took that "the French factories and effects should be delivered up, and should never be permitted to settle in any of the provinces, and that sums amounting altogether to nearly two millions of money should be paid to the Company as compensation for the losses sustained by the capture of Calcutta in 1756"; while others conferred on the Company extensive grants of territory. Meer Jaffier was accepted by the Mogul as Surajah's successor, and was neither slow nor sparing in the rewards he showered on Clive himself, whom he regarded as his benefactor. He presented him with nearly 300,000 pounds of money, to which he presently added the quit-rent due to him from the Company for lands between Calcutta and the sea, amounting to £30,000 a year more, and conferred on him a high title of nobility, with the grade of Munsuhbar, a Commander in the Imperial Army,[1] distinctions of considerable importance in his eyes as increasing his consequence in the eyes of the natives. Nor were his merits and brilliant service unregarded or unhonoured at home, where the Directors appointed him Governor of Bengal. He was created an Irish baron, was received with marked distinction by the King, and was made the subject of more than one enthusiastic panegyric by Mr. Pitt as a "heaven-born general who, though he had never learnt the art of war, had defeated a numerous army with a handful of men."

All this glory had been achieved by the time Clive was thirty-two years of age. With the battle of Plassey his military career was terminated. Some acquisitions of territory were made in the course of the next two years by Colonel Forde and other officers under his direction, but without his taking any active

[1] Malcolm, i. 404.

part in the operations himself, which indeed his health forbade; and as soon as he had completed all the arrangements necessitated by the great addition that his victory had made to the dominions and power of the Company, he returned to England where again he was received with well-deserved acclamations. He was now a rich man; and it is pleasing to be able to state that he made no unselfish use of his wealth. Before he quitted India he settled an annuity of £500 a year on his old commander, Colonel Lawrence, who, as he probably considered, might have had the same chance as had fallen to his own lot had he not been prevented from availing himself of it by sickness. And on his return home his very first acts were to place his parents and all of his relations who were in moderate circumstances in a condition of comfortable independence.[1] He obtained a seat in Parliament. He bought an estate, built a fine house at Claremont, which has since become the property of the Queen, and lived in every respect in a style of considerable magnificence.

But he was not suffered to spend all his days in the home he had thus made for himself. Our affairs went on badly in India after his controlling hand was removed. Every department of the administration fell into disorder. Officials of all classes made large fortunes; but they made them by the oppression and plunder of the natives. Every law was set at defiance. No tale of injury, no complaint of any nature, could procure redress; and feuds arose even among the English themselves. The lower ranks of officials who had not the same opportunities of enriching themselves as their superiors were discontented and insubordinate.

[1] Malcolm, ii. 149.

The army was in a state little short of mutiny, and at last the complaints of misgovernment became so loud and so general that the Directors could not overlook them, and they saw no resource but that of entreating Clive to return to the country. Even before he quitted India he had given remarkable proofs of his possession of one of the most important qualifications for a ruler of men in his acute perception of character and ability, and that not confined to his own profession. We have seen how justly he estimated the military talent of Colonel Forde. In the civil service he showed even a more remarkable penetration and accuracy of judgement when he appointed as Resident at the court of the new Nabob the youthful Warren Hastings, who in after years abundantly justified his selection by the rare combination of unwearied energy, incorruptible integrity, and statesmanlike wisdom with which he governed and extended the Empire of which Clive had laid the foundation at Plassey.

He could not resist the appeal thus made to him. He felt something like a paternal interest in the welfare of the dominion he had created, and, at the beginning of 1765, he once more sailed for Calcutta with ample authority as Governor-General of India, and a firm resolution to employ it for the extinction of abuses of every kind. He was well aware how arduous was the task which he undertook, but he embarked on it with as noble a spirit as ever animated original legislator or reformer.[1] "The English name was sunk. He went to revive the departed and lost fame of the English nation; and he declared by that Great Being, who is the searcher of all hearts, and to whom we must be accountable if there be a hereafter, that he had come out with a mind

[1] His own words quoted by Malcolm.

superior to all corruption, and that he was determined to destroy these great and growing evils or to perish in the attempt." These were no mere words. With such as he they were a promise of resolute action. They showed that he did not underrate the difficulties of his work, nor the opposition he should have to encounter; and it must be remembered that, hard as such must always be to a reformer of abuses, it was especially difficult in his case, since it was wholly alien to his profession and to his experience. He had before him, as Lord Macaulay truly describes, a battle far harder than that of Plassey, and he had to fight it with new weapons, and without such forces as he was accustomed to command, and on which he could rely. He knew also that his foes would not only be numerous, but that they would, as it may be said, be those of his own household. Even in his own office there was probably not one official, high or low, whose hands were clean. It must be confessed that in many cases the offenders were not wholly without excuse; and that the Company itself was not free from blame, inasmuch as it fixed the salaries of even their highest officers at a rate which scarcely afforded a decent livelihood, and drove them to seek in illicit sources of gain the means of providing themselves with what in such a climate were necessaries to men of English constitutions. That evil he took on himself the responsibility of redressing, but malpractices which admitted of no such palliation he sternly repressed, and the improvement he made in their position gained the acquiescence of those who might have been most disposed to desire a continuance of the old system. But he had a harder task in dealing with the army. The military officers conceived, not perhaps wholly without reason, that they too had grievances, no relief

of which could be given but by measures which he could only recommend to the Directors, but which he himself had no power to adopt; and their discontent broke out in absolute mutiny. The greater part of them conspired to resign their commissions on the same day, on the calculation that, as he could not dispense with their services, he would be compelled to submit to their demands. They found to their cost that his fertility of resource was as irrepressible as his courage. Without a moment's delay he drew substitutes from the regiments at Madras. He gave commissions to many of the civil servants, and even to clerks in mercantile offices. The leaders in the mutiny he brought to court-martial, by whose sentence they were cashiered, while the younger officers, who had been drawn into the conspiracy by the influence of their seniors, were pardoned and restored to their rank.

Nor did he confine himself to these reforms. He placed the whole government of Bengal on a new footing. He made treaties with the Mogul and the new Nabob, the son of Meer Jaffier, who had died in the interval between his last departure from the country and his return, which recognised the Company as the real rulers of the provinces which they occupied, but in which they had hitherto been only the vassals or dependants of those princes; and, while he thus did lasting service to every servant of the Company, civil or military, and to the Company itself, he not only sought no advantages for himself, but divested himself of what belonged to him with splendid and humane liberality. Meer Jaffier had bequeathed to him a legacy amounting to above £60,000, and that large sum he now vested in the Company to provide a fund

for officers and soldiers who might become disabled in their service.

It was not to be wondered at if under such unremitting labours his health again broke down, and return to England was again indispensable for his recovery; and at the beginning of 1767 he quitted India for the last time. It is sad and shameful to be forced to relate that he met with an ungrateful return for the invaluable service he had rendered to India, and therefore to his own country also. But as before, when he accepted his mission in 1765, he had met with fierce hostility from those interested in the continuance of the abuses which he was undertaking to redress, that enmity was increased now by his success. They were able even to find advocates in the House of Commons to deny the effect or value of the reforms which he had introduced, and especially to denounce himself as having used his power chiefly for his own enrichment. That he had acquired great wealth was undeniable; not only was it admitted by himself, but he took credit, not undeserved, that it was not more. He was examined before a Committee of the House, and when he described to them the vast treasures which Meer Jaffier had placed at his disposal, he declared that he was "astonished at his own moderation"; while he affirmed, apparently with entire truth, that during his last visit to India he had not increased, but impaired his fortune. His defence of himself was straightforward, and ought to have been convincing; but he was conscious that he himself was not an orator, and that even truth often requires the aid of eloquence to enforce it; and with an insight into the abilities of others which rarely misled him, he had secured the aid of a great lawyer than whom no one was better able to set a client's case in a favour-

able light, Wedderburn, at a later day Lord Chancellor Loughborough. The Committee passed resolutions in general terms condemning the acquisition of large sums of money by the Company's servants, but refused to vote that Clive had abused his powers to make a profit for himself; and when Wedderburn closed the debate with a powerful speech enumerating Clive's splendid services, and moving a resolution that "he had rendered great and meritorious services to his country," the boldest of his detractors did not dare to raise a voice against it, and it was carried with absolute unanimity.

Unhappily he did not long enjoy his triumph. We have seen that even in his early manhood he was at times a prey to constitutional melancholy. It was now augmented by great bodily suffering, which his return home had failed to alleviate. At times it was almost intolerable. Opium, of which he had learned the use in the East, if it for a time relieved the bodily pain, aggravated the mental disorder, and in November 1774 this great soldier and statesman perished by his own hand.

Of all the great men to whom England owes her Indian Empire, none has left a more splendid or better deserved fame. His victory at Plassey laid the foundation of that Empire. His administration on his last visit was a glorious crown to that hitherto unequalled triumph, putting, as it did, the whole government of the country on a more honourable and firmer footing, and in some respects giving an example to his great pupil, Warren Hastings, the Numa worthy to succeed such a Romulus. He left two sons and two daughters. The eldest, the inheritor of his wealth and dignity, augmented the family honours by marriage with the heiress of the late Earl Powis, the head of the great Welsh race of

Herbert. The ancient earldom expired, but was renewed in his favour, apparently on the understanding that he should exchange the surname of Clive for that of Herbert. But the name and fame of the great warrior and statesman are preserved in the second title. The style of Lord Clive still embellishes the list of English nobles, and the present [1] representative of the house has inherited not only the wealth, but no small portion of the ability of his great ancestor; since in the House of Lords of the present day there are few whose opinions are of greater weight, and none whose character is in every respect held in higher esteem, than the Earl of Powis.

[1] This sentence was written before the death of the late Earl of Powis.

# WELLINGTON

# CHAPTER I

It can hardly be regarded without special thankfulness to the Great Ruler of the Universe that when a foreign conqueror of insatiable ambition, aided by the most splendid abilities, was exerting them with the most persevering enmity for the destruction of the freedom and independence of this country, He at the same time raised up for its defence a champion of at least equal genius and courage to foil all his efforts, and to overthrow his power, on whose well-earned glory not only his own country looks with undying pride, but in whom even the kingdoms of the continent recognised their deliverer.

Arthur Wellesley, the great man who is the subject of the present sketch, was the third son of the Earl of Mornington and his wife, a daughter of Lord Dungannon. Strange to say, the day of his birth is uncertain, but it took place at the end of March or the beginning of April 1769.[1] At the age of twelve

[1] After the battle of Waterloo, his mother, then in extreme old age, replied to a question asking when and where he was born, that he was born at Castle Dangan, Co. Meath, on the 1st of May. But his nurse, who also was still alive, said this was a mistake; for, though she was not sure of the day, she remembered that it was in March or April, and that it was in Merrion Square that he was born. As it is certain from the parish register that he was christened in Merrion Square Chapel on the 30th of April, the probability clearly is that his

years he was sent to Eton, then, as now, the first of all English schools; from which, at the end of about four years, since he was destined for the army, and there was as yet no military school in England, he was sent to Angers in France, where there was such an institution of deservedly high reputation. He remained there till 1787, when he obtained an ensign's commission in the 73rd, from which in the course of the next few years he exchanged for the sake of promotion into more than one other regiment, among which were two corps of dragoons, his period of service with which was of no small service to him in after life, from the practical knowledge which it gave him of the operations and manœuvres of cavalry. Promotion in those days was rapid; and he was only twenty-four when he purchased the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 33rd, in which regiment he continued till he became a major-general. He had also, as soon as he became of age, been elected one of the representatives of the family borough of Trim in Meath, and for a short time was placed on the staff, as one of the aides-de-camp of Lord Westmoreland, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, till the breaking out of the French revolutionary wars called him to active service. He had been fortunate in his choice of the regiment of which he had obtained the command, as in the spring of the next year, 1794, the 33rd was sent to Holland as part of the British Division which, under the command of the Duke of York, formed part of the army with which the Imperial General, Prince Coburg, was confronting the French generals in the Netherlands.

It was a service productive of no credit to any one

mother's memory had deceived her about the place as well as about the day.

engaged in it but himself. Prince Coburg was singularly devoid of the ability or knowledge of his profession required of a commander-in-chief, and greater talents than he possessed would have been embarrassed by the conduct of the Belgians, who, though it was for their defence that he had been sent to their country were so deeply tainted with the principles of the French revolutionists, that they were a hindrance rather than a support to his plans and operations. He was more than once completely defeated; and in one engagement the Duke of York was driven across the Meuse, his retreat being only saved from becoming a disastrous defeat by the admirable manner in which Colonel Wellesley handled his regiment in resisting more than one of the attacks of the French general Pichegru. As far as the British contingent was concerned the campaign was at an end. The Duke of York returned to England; and the duty of Sir David Dundas, who succeeded him, was confined to conducting the whole division back to our shores. The presence of mind and prompt skill which Wellesley had displayed on the Meuse procured the 33rd the distinction of being selected for the post of honour, that of covering the retreat as the rear-guard; and, though it was more than once attacked by greatly superior numbers, he, with the aid of the 42nd and 78th, beat the enemy off with heavy loss; and in the spring of 1795 returned in safety to England.

It had been a disheartening campaign, and one that seemed to show that, as far as this country was concerned, her share in the war would be confined to naval operations, and that there would be no further call on the army; and Wellesley was so fully impressed with this idea, that he became desirous to abandon his

profession if the interest of his brother could procure him an appointment in the Revenue Office, or in some other branch of the civil service. By a strange coincidence, Captain N. Buonaparte, an officer in the French artillery, at very nearly the same time, having been denounced to the authorities in Paris as disaffected to the Revolution, and fearing for his life, quitted his regiment and opened a bookseller's shop at Basle; but, not understanding his new trade, he lost all his money, and after a few months, finding a new government established in Paris, he returned to his regiment, his absence from which had apparently been unnoticed. The subsequent history of the world would have been very different if the two who, twenty years afterwards, terminated their military career on the field of Waterloo, had laid aside their swords at its very outset, and devoted themselves to the peaceful occupations of selling books or keeping ledgers.

Happily for England Lord Mornington's influence failed, and it was not long before he had the opportunity of promoting his brother's interest in the line for which his natural gifts more suitably marked him out. In the autumn of 1796 the 33rd was put under orders for India, and before the end of 1797 Lord Mornington succeeded Sir John Shore as Governor-General of India. He reached Calcutta at a time when there was need of a far stronger mind and hand than that of Sir John to steer our growing empire in the East through the difficulties which were threatening our other presidencies of Madras and Bombay. The great Hyder Ali was dead, but his son Tippoo Sahib had inherited his jealousy of us and his warlike disposition. His capital was Seringapatam; and more to the north the Mahratta chieftain Scindia was

threatening our allies the Peishwah and the Nizam, whose seats of government were Poonah and Hyderabad. Tippoo was the more formidable enemy. His father's campaigns had taught him that native troops unsupported could not contend with British regiments, and he had been for some time negotiating with the French Governor of the Mauritius for the aid of a force which should enable him to expel us from every part of the country; and, even before Lord Wellesley [1] reached Calcutta his ambassadors had returned from the Mauritius with a small body of French troops, who were to be speedily followed by a larger reinforcement. Lord Wellesley was a statesman, conscious of great abilities and capable of fully appreciating the importance of obtaining for his own country the supremacy in that which he had been sent out to govern, and, as he interpreted his duty, to extend. He knew, too, that such an end was not to be obtained by one who waited to be attacked, and wisely determined to take the bull by the horns; in the language of Falconbridge, to "threaten the threatener." [2] He began at once to prepare for war, and one of his first steps was to send the 33rd to Madras to strengthen the force in that presidency. The commander-in-chief, General Harris, at once sent it forward to Wallajahnuggur, near Vellore, with authority to Colonel Wellesley to take the command of the troops already assembled at that station till he himself should arrive, since he had sufficient civil employment to occupy him at Madras till the season for commencing operations.

[1] Lord Mornington had not yet received the promotion to the Marquisate of Wellesley, but he is so invariably mentioned by that title that it seems more convenient to speak of him by it from the first.

[2] *King John*, act iii. sc. 2.

Before the end of February 1799 the General reached headquarters, where an army, such as had never before been seen in the country, was awaiting his arrival. 4000 British troops were supported by 13,000 sepoys and 3000 native cavalry, and were joined a few days afterwards by 16,000 more belonging to the Nizam, and commanded by his Prime Minister, Meer Alum, whose first step displayed a modesty and good sense not very common among such high officials in that country. He felt that he had not the military experience that could enable him to do justice to the valour of his men, and requested the General's leave to resign the command of them to Colonel Wellesley, whose work at Wallajahnuggur, brief as it had been, had been sufficiently long to impress all classes with the highest opinion of his capacity. The General willingly complied with so reasonable a proposal; and as a portion of the Nizam's contingent was composed of battalions in the pay of the Company, he strengthened it further by the addition of Wellesley's own regiment.

General Harris wisely determined to open the campaign by striking at Tippoo's most vital part, his capital of Seringapatam, which had been so strongly fortified by his father and himself that they regarded it as impregnable; so that if he was threatened with any hostile attack, he was apt to meet the menace with the boastful question, "Who can take Seringapatam?" In personal bravery he was not inferior to his father; and as soon as he learnt the direction of the British advance he hastened to measure swords with his enemy. His first encounter, however, was with Wellesley, who, in a smart skirmish at Mallavelly, beat back his attack with heavy loss, which, however,

was probably, in his view, counterbalanced by his success in repelling an attack of the 33rd a few days afterwards. The very day that Harris came in front of the city he sent Wellesley forward to dislodge the enemy from a tope or grove outside the walls; but no time had been given to reconnoitre the ground, the night was pitch dark, the assailants missed their way and were compelled to retire with the loss of twelve of their body, who fell into Tippoo's hands, and were put to death by him with cruel tortures. But the Sultan's exultation in this success was short-lived, for Harris ordered a renewal of the attack the next morning, and with the advantage of daylight Wellesley mastered the position without difficulty, though not without danger to himself, being struck on the knee by a spent musket-ball, which, however, did him no injury.

Tippoo tried to avert his fate, or at all events to delay it, by proposing a negotiation, and made use of the delay thus obtained to strengthen his fortifications. But by that interval Harris profited more than he, as it gave time for him to be joined by a contingent from the Bombay army. After a few days' discussion the negotiations were broken off, and the siege operations were resumed and prosecuted with great vigour. Great part of the work fell on Wellesley's division; his success in carrying one of Tippoo's strongest forts enabled our batteries to be brought up nearer to the walls, and their fire was so effectual that in little more than a week the breach was pronounced practicable; on the 4th of May 1799 Seringapatam was stormed; Tippoo himself was slain, with the greater part of the garrison, who fought with admirable courage; Tippoo's sons and several French officers were

taken prisoners; and the booty which became the prize of the conquerors was enormous — 900 guns, vast quantities of military stores, with chests of gold and jewels of almost incalculable value. After such an exploit it was impossible for some hours to prevent the troops who had forced their way into the city from plundering the private citizens, but the next day Wellesley was appointed commander in the city, and his exertions speedily established order and discipline. It was a more difficult and delicate task which was imposed on him when, as the chief member of a commission appointed to frame arrangements for the government of the entire province of Mysore, he had charge of all public property of every description; to settle the allowance to be granted to Tippoo's family; to ascertain the amount of the revenue, and to make regulations for its collection. But he discharged these complicated duties with a financial skill and a judicious union of firmness and conciliation which won the approval of his superiors at Calcutta, at the same time that it satisfied all classes of the Mysoreans, and even compelled the contented acquiescence of the deposed princes. He remained in Mysore for three years, finding ample occupation in securing the faithful carrying out of his arrangements for the tranquillity of the province and in re-establishing strict discipline in the army, which in some of the regiments that had been longest in the country had been greatly relaxed. For he foresaw that the overthrow of Tippoo would not secure us from hostilities from other quarters, if indeed it did not stimulate them. The northern districts of that large triangular territory to which the name of Hindostan properly belongs, were possessed by a number of Mahratta chiefs, who viewed the extension

of our power with natural jealousy, sharpened by the hindrance which it presented to the predatory warfare which was one source of their wealth. Of these the most powerful were Scindia, whose dominion extended to Delhi, the native capital of all India; Holkar, whose territories bordered on his; and Bhoonsla, the Rajah of Berar. In former days they had been constantly at war with one another; each endeavouring to establish his supremacy over the entire Mahratta nation—an authority which properly belonged to an officer called the Peishwah, the chief magistrate of the Rajah of Sattara, whose seat of government was at Poonah, a city about 40 miles south-east of Bombay. But the present holder of that dignity was destitute of all ability, political or military, by which alone it could be supported; his weakness invited attacks; and in the autumn of 1802 Holkar inflicted a severe defeat on him and Scindia who had come to his assistance. The Peishwah in dismay fled to us for protection, purchasing our alliance with a cession of territory, and sending his general Goklah to consult with Wellesley on the means of saving himself from further disaster.

In the summer of the same year Wellesley had reached the rank of major-general, which qualified him for higher military command. And the promotion proved most fortunate and seasonable for our interests. He was at once given the command of a division whose first business was the restoration of the Peishwah to his capital which Holkar had been threatening ever since his victory; and, when he had accomplished that, his next was to protect our other ally, the Nizam, against whom Holkar had turned on the failure of his attempt on Poonah. His instructions were to avoid war

if possible, and, as the best chance of preserving peace appeared to lie in the intimidation of those inclined for war, his division was raised to a formidable strength. To 8000 infantry and 2000 cavalry was added a contingent of the Nizam's force, amounting to 8000 more, under the command of a British officer, Colonel Stevenson. But Wellesley's talents were not confined to his own profession; he had also great political sagacity and a thorough insight into the Mahratta character, and he had little doubt that their mutual interests would produce a reconciliation between Holkar and Scindia, and a consequent attack on himself with their united forces. War, therefore, in his expectation, was inevitable; but, if it were to come, it was desirable to avoid hastening its declaration, since all the rivers in that district are usually low and fordable till midsummer, and, while in that state, would give great advantage to enemies like the Mahrattas, whose armies consisted mainly of cavalry. But as soon as the rivers should rise the advantage derived from them would be transferred to himself, since there were no bridges, no boats large enough to convey horses, and the Mahrattas were unprovided with pontoons. It soon became plain that his suspicions of the reconciliation of Holkar and Scindia were well founded, and that Bhoonsla also was not unlikely to join them; and, as any longer delay on our part might give them an idea of vacillation, if not timidity, in our policy, at the beginning of July he received orders from the Governor-General to require from those chieftains an explicit declaration of their intentions, and authority to proceed to hostilities against them, if in his own judgement the evasive character of their answers should render such a measure advisable. He

wrote himself to Scindia, enumerating those parts of his conduct which gave us just cause of suspicion and complaint; requiring him at once to withdraw his troops from positions which could have no object but hostilities against our ally the Nizam, and giving him notice that, unless he complied with this demand, he should instantly commence operations against him. He required a positive and immediate answer. Scindia replied by evasions, which Holkar imitated, and which he easily saw through; and finally, in the second week of August, he declared war against them both, and put his troops in motion.

In numbers they were very inferior to the combined army against which he began to march, even if they had all been of good quality; but his own division of about 7000 infantry and 2000 cavalry were all that he could depend upon for steadiness in any severe conflict; yet even with them he felt no fear of the issue, and, as he pressed on, more than one success increased his confidence. On his path lay Ahmednuggur, a fortress of extraordinary strength, which, though often attacked, had never been taken, and which was held by a garrison of 1400 men. Twenty-four hours sufficed to deprive it of its maiden reputation. The same evening that he came in sight of it he stormed a strong pettah or outwork; and the next morning he erected batteries and opened such a fire on the fortress itself that at the end of two hours it surrendered. Without delay he pushed on, the Mahrattas retiring before him; while Stevenson and Colonel Woodington, whom he had detached to alarm Bhoonsla by threatening his capital, Nagpore, conducted their operations also with great skill, capturing one or two strongholds, the possession of which enabled

them to harass the enemies' communications. Moving in parallel lines to the main army, Stevenson rejoined it on the 21st of September; and Wellesley, being now within a few miles of Scindia's camp, decided on attacking him on the 24th, though he was compelled again to detach Stevenson to occupy another road which, though less direct, might enable Scindia to escape. Scindia's main body, in which all his infantry were included, was posted in front of Assaye, a village on the Juah river, and between that and another river, the Kaitna, which Wellesley's native scouts assured him was passable at no point in the neighbourhood. But in all his campaigns he never trusted to information from others when he could reconnoitre for himself; and now, riding towards the Kaitna, he perceived that one village on its northern bank was faced by another on the opposite side, which, as it at once struck him, could never have been the case if the two had no means of communication. A mile or two above those villages the Juah and Kaitna united, the ground between them thus forming a narrow triangle, and affording a battlefield which his own army would be sufficient to occupy, and which, as both his flanks would be covered by the two rivers, would prevent the enemy from profiting by their superiority in numbers. And he needed all the support that such a position afforded, since he had scarcely a sixth of the force which he was preparing to encounter. 40,000 cavalry, 14,000 infantry, with 250 guns, were clearly visible; yet his fear was lest they should escape him by retreating, rather than that they should beat him if they stood their ground. His conjecture as to the existence of a ford between the two villages proved correct; and on the morning

of the 24th he led his army across it; and, with his infantry in two lines and his cavalry in reserve, advanced to the attack. His guns were very few, and the Mahratta artillery was so admirably served by French officers that the few he had were disabled in a few minutes, and he began almost to doubt for a moment whether his troops would face it. But the undaunted British infantry never quailed, and the sepoys proved themselves worthy comrades; in his own words, they astonished him. Scindia's cavalry made a vain attempt to check their resolute advance; but Wellesley hurled the British dragoons against them as they charged, when the Mahratta impetuosity proved no match for the British disciplined vigour and steadiness. For a long time their infantry made a gallant resistance, proving themselves in his judgement far superior to the battalions in which Tippoo had formerly placed such confidence; but at last they too gave way, and the victory was complete. The use he had been compelled to make of his cavalry prevented him from employing them in pursuit of the enemy in their retreat, so that he took no prisoners; but his trophies were 100 guns and vast quantities of ammunition, military stores, and baggage. Nor was this the full extent of Scindia's loss; great numbers of his men deserted; so that it was no exaggeration on his part to say that while the battle was the most severe that had ever been fought in India, he believed that equal advantages had never been gained by any victory.

But one lesson, severe as it had been, was not enough for Scindia. He made a treaty of alliance with Bhoonsla, and, again assuming a tone of defiance, in the last week of November drew up his army with

that of his brother-chief on a plain in front of Argaum, a village on the river Taptee, 70 or 80 miles west of Nagpore, where the more open ground would enable him to derive that advantage from his numbers which the character of the ground at Assaye had denied him. His superiority of that kind was, however, far less than he had enjoyed on the former occasion. The combined Mahratta armies scarcely exceeded 40,000 men, while Wellesley, who had now Stevenson's division joined with his own, had 18,000. It was in the afternoon of the 29th of November that he came in sight of them, and, though since daybreak he had marched 26 miles, he decided on attacking them at once, lest they should elude him by a retreat under the cover of night. The battle did not begin very prosperously for us, for some of the sepoy regiments, whose steadiness at Assaye had won his enthusiastic praise, were now struck with a sudden panic at the very commencement of the action. Had he not himself been at hand all would have been lost; but, as in all his battles he was always present wherever the crisis was most important or the danger most imminent, so was he present now; he rallied the flying battalions, brought them back into line, and re-established the battle. For a while the contest was fierce, but not stubborn as it had been at Assaye. After the repulse of a few fiery charges Scindia's whole army began to give way; and the energy with which Wellesley pressed them with his cavalry soon converted their disorder into a rout. Night saved them from utter destruction, but they left behind 38 guns, their ammunition and baggage, and again were further weakened by desertion on a large scale, as had happened after Assaye. In that battle our loss had been

very heavy, but on this occasion it was very slight; so that there was no alloy to our triumph, which he crowned a week or two later by the capture of Gawilghur, a fort of no small importance as containing Bhoonsla's chief magazines. These two victories, with others which General Lake had gained more to the northward at Delhi and Agra, terminated the war. One after another the defeated chieftains sued for peace, which Wellesley, who had been invested by the Governor-General with full political powers for such a purpose, granted them in terms more liberal than they could have expected, and certainly than they deserved. But in his eyes it was not desirable in the interests of the Company itself that it should become the sole master of the whole country; it was preferable that there should be still some native governments strong enough to support themselves in ordinary cases; and even after his own death the wisdom of his policy was proved, when, in the fearful mutiny which in 1857 for a while seemed to threaten the very foundations of our power, the heirs of some of the chieftains whom he now thus treated with indulgence, proved faithful and invaluable allies in bringing back their countrymen to their allegiance. He was justified in the view which he took of the result of the war as a whole, which he truly described as having left the British Government in a most "glorious situation, as the sovereigns of a great part of India, the protectors of the principal powers, and the mediator, by treaty, of the disputes of all."

He began to think of returning home. The climate did not agree with him; more than once he had been attacked by fever, and at this moment he was suffering so severely from lumbago that he could not sit on his

horse. But he had many arrangements to make, since the political authority under which he had concluded the various treaties imposed on him likewise the duty of framing a great variety of regulations necessary for the execution of their provisions. But by the end of 1804 he had settled everything, and in March 1805 he set sail for England. His services had not been unnoticed or unrewarded by the Government at home. He was appointed Colonel of his old regiment the 33rd. The King himself had singled him out for especial honour, conferring on him the great military knighthood of the Bath, though the number, which at that time was limited, was full. And, heightened as his feelings towards his sovereign always were, he was perhaps hardly less gratified at the marks of grateful respect which he received from those he was leaving behind him. The inhabitants of Bombay and Calcutta presented him with unanimous addresses, attributing "the auspicious conclusion of a rapid and glorious war very mainly to his eminent virtues and exalted talents"; to which those of Bombay added the appropriate gift of a superb sword; while the officers of the army who had served under him presented him with a service of plate "as a pledge of their respect and esteem, and an expression of their high idea of the gallantry and enterprise that so eminently distinguished him." The European inhabitants were joined by the native officers in begging him to allow his picture to be placed in the large room of their Exchange. And the native citizens of Seringapatam, who had never enjoyed such tranquillity and security under their own chiefs as under his government, presented him with an address of thankfulness "to the preserving God who had brought him back in

safety" after his campaigns, and especially recognising how, "even during his absence in the midst of battle and victory, his care for their prosperity had been extended to them in as ample a manner as if no other object had occupied his mind."

## CHAPTER II

In the middle of September he reached England, and, as there seemed no likelihood of any opportunity of active service opening for him, he obtained a seat in Parliament as member for Rye, in which it so happened that his presence was very useful, since a Mr. Paull, who had been a tailor, but who had recently been returned for Westminster, brought forward a series of resolutions impeaching Lord Wellesley's administration as Governor-General of India, and he was able to defend him as no one else in the House could have done by the lucid account he gave of all his measures, his general policy, and its results. At the same time, though such can hardly be called active employment, he was not left free from professional duty; but in the course of the winter was sent to Hastings to command a brigade of infantry which was still kept up on the Sussex coast, though the battle of Trafalgar had for ever dispelled all fears of a French invasion. And while thus employed he laboured with his usual assiduity in perfecting the brigade in everything that related to its discipline and quickness in executing manœuvres. It was not long before events occurred which rendered the diligence he displayed in this work of the greatest value. But, at the moment, the care he bestowed on it called forth the comments

of some of his friends, who could not conceal their surprise at seeing one who had led armies to victory now directing his whole attention to the training of a handful of men who had no enemy to contend with. But his reply was eminently characteristic, indicating as it did the principle which throughout his whole life was the guiding rule of his conduct. "The fact is, I am *nimnuck-wallah*, as we say in the East; that is, I have eaten the King's salt, and therefore I conceive it to be my duty to serve with unhesitating zeal and cheerfulness when and wherever the King or his Government may think proper to employ me."

But it was not long before the Government found other employment for him. In his defence of his brother he had shown so complete a mastery of most minute and complicated details as induced the Duke of Portland's ministry, which in 1807 succeeded that of Lord Grenville, to send him to Ireland as Chief Secretary. He at once applied himself to the duties of that office with the same energy with which he had drilled his brigade in Sussex; and, short as his stay in Ireland was, he found time to give one important specimen of his talent for administration and organisation by the establishment of a city police in Dublin, which at a later period afforded a model for his colleague, Sir Robert Peel, for the introduction of a similar force into London and almost every town in the United Kingdom. But, as if the various authorities had a feeling that wherever any work of importance of any kind was to be done he was the man to do it, he had hardly been two months in Dublin before the War Office claimed his services and sent him as second in command to Lord Cathcart in the expedition to Denmark, which was prompted by the

communication to the ministry of the secret articles of the treaty which had just been concluded at Tilsit between the two Emperors of France and Russia. As it seemed probable that the Danes would refuse compliance with the demand which a due regard for our own national interests compelled us to make, the naval and military armament despatched to their shores was wisely made so powerful as to involve no dishonour if they should yield to it. Seventeen sail of the line, with a fair proportion of frigates, conveyed 20,000 infantry, a force to which it was obvious the entire resources of Denmark would be unequal. But the forebodings of our ministers were realised; the Prince Royal conceived that his honour bound him to resist a demand which was not denied to be unprecedented (as indeed the circumstances which had led to it also were), and the British commanders were consequently compelled to enforce compliance by hostile measures. 10,000 men were placed by Lord Cathcart under Wellesley's command, to which the Danish army, which, though slightly superior in numbers, consisted chiefly of half-disciplined militia, could make but a feeble resistance. Over such a foe victory was easy; though the movements of Wellesley had displayed such unusual skill that the very rare compliment was paid him, on the return of the expedition, of having his name also, though only second in command, included in the vote of thanks with which Parliament expressed its sense of the service that had been so successfully performed.

Denmark, however, was not the only country on whose alliance, or, as it would be more correct to say, subjection, Napoleon was determined; and before the end of the same year Junot, one of his most esteemed

marshals, invaded Portugal. The sovereign of that country was as unable to resist the French army as the Danes had been to withstand ours; but he had a resource which the Danish prince had not. He had a dominion in Brazil of greater extent than his European territory, and one also more safe from French usurpation; and to Brazil accordingly he and his family retired, while in the first months of the next year Murat invaded Spain also, and occupied Madrid. It was evident that the French Emperor aimed at making himself master of the whole Peninsula. And such a project could not be regarded by English statesmen with indifference; while the condition of Portugal seemed to make our interference a duty of positive obligation. With Spain we had never been on terms of friendship, but we were connected with Portugal by more than one ancient treaty. In the seventeenth century she had sent us a queen; and now, though deserted by its native princes, the Portuguese people earnestly and unanimously implored our assistance. With equal solicitude the Spaniards also looked to our aid as their only prospect of deliverance. The different provinces of the kingdom and the Supreme Junta sent envoys to London to plead for the succour which we alone could give; and Mr. Canning, the minister by whom at that time our foreign policy was mainly directed, saw in the state of affairs of the two kingdoms an opportunity of interposing a check to the aggressive and lawless ambition of the common enemy of which no other country of the continent was in a position to avail itself. It happened most fortunately that the ministry of Lord Grenville, in the spring of 1807, had collected an army at Cork for an expedition to South America; that of the Duke of Portland, which had succeeded it, and

was now in office, had relinquished so absurd a project of distant conquest, but had not yet broken up the army which was to have been employed on it, and which it was at once resolved to send to Portugal. The command was offered to Wellesley, who gladly accepted it, and who, after a short visit to Cork to examine the condition of the troops, and to make the necessary arrangements with the commanding officers, sailed in a fast frigate, in advance of the troops, to ascertain the precise condition of affairs in the two kingdoms, the position of the various French armies, and the most suitable place for landing his army when it should arrive. The regiments at Cork amounted to about 10,000 men, to which on his arrival he was to add a division under General Spencer which was already in Portugal; and he had hardly sailed before intelligence reached the ministers which led them to rate the French force in the Peninsula so much higher than they had previously suspected that they at once sent him off a reinforcement of 5000 men, proposing to follow it with another of 10,000 with as little delay as possible.

If he had been guided by the wishes of the Portuguese themselves, he would have selected Vigo or Oporto as the place of landing for his army; but Sir Charles Cotton, our admiral on the station, recommended Figuiera at the mouth of the Mondego; and, as that suggestion coincided more nearly with his instructions to attack the French troops in the Tagus, he decided in its favour; and there he awaited his army, which arrived on the last day of July, and began to disembark the next morning. He had learnt that Junot was occupying Lisbon with 13,000 or 14,000 men, and that he had 3000 more at or near Almeida;

but, though that was a far larger number than he as yet had with him, he was not alarmed at the Marshal's superiority. He had one quality, indispensable, it may perhaps be said natural, to all doers of great deeds, a firm confidence in his own success. As he said to one of his friends a few days before he sailed, he had studied the tactics of Napoleon and his marshals, and he was satisfied that their system of attack in column was wrong; it had succeeded hitherto because those against whom it had been directed had been perplexed by it, and rendered nervous, so as to be half beaten before the battle commenced; but it would not do against steady troops.[1] It was tantamount to an assertion that the British infantry were the best in the world; such, indeed, he who had seen them face the batteries of Assaye and Argaum had good reason to think them; and such he made all Europe, and even the French marshals themselves confess them to be before the war on which he and they were about to enter was terminated.

A despatch which had met him at Corunna had informed him that he was to be superseded in the command. Apparently the large additions to his original force on which the ministers had decided had led them to think it too large for a major-general; and he was informed that Sir Hew Dalrymple, the Governor of Gibraltar, was to join him as commander-in-chief, with another lieutenant-general, Sir Henry Burrard, as second in command; but till they should arrive he was to carry out the orders he had originally received without waiting for either of them. He lost no time. It was the 8th of August before the disembarkation was completed; but even while it was

[1] Croker's *Journals*, i. 62.

proceeding he had been active in forwarding all necessary arrangements for instant action. In conjunction with the Admiral he had issued a proclamation to the Portuguese people urging them to co-operate zealously with an army which had only come among them for their own deliverance; and, as he found two or three of their regiments in the neighbourhood, he had busied himself in improving their equipment, and suggesting to their officers measures for the improvement of their organisation and discipline; and on the 9th the advanced guard began its march towards Lisbon, the main body following on the next day. The junction of Spencer's division had raised his force to about 12,000 men, of whom, however, only 200 were cavalry. His advance was retarded by the deficiency of his commissariat and the neglect of the Portuguese to fulfil their promises of supplying him with meat and with forage for the horses; but he moved by the coast road so as to keep up his communication with a squadron of store ships, and to be, as far as possible, independent of the resources of the country itself, or of the punctuality of the natives, on which even the few days he had been among them had shown him that he could place no reliance.

Junot, the general in command of the French army in Lisbon, was an active and experienced officer; and as, the moment that he heard of the arrival of an army on the coast, he never doubted that Lisbon would be the first object of its commander, he at once began to take steps to bar his progress. His second and third in command, the Generals Laborde and Loison, were also men of well-earned reputation, and he sent Laborde forward with 3000 infantry, 600 cavalry, and a proportionate number of guns, despatching

orders at the same time to Loison, who was on the south side of the Tagus, but at no great distance, with 8000 more, to join Laborde, that their united forces might give battle to the English general, whom with cool effrontery he termed the invader. Laborde hastened to obey his orders, but he thought it superfluous to wait for Loison, as he had received reinforcements which nearly doubled his original numbers; and, though he was aware that in that respect he should be inferior to the force which he suspected Wellesley had with him, he trusted that his knowledge of the country would enable him to find a position of such natural strength as might counterbalance that inequality. Roliça afforded him just such ground as he wanted, situated as it is on a ridge of hills almost at the end of a narrow valley, on one corner of which he drew up his troops, while other hills covered both his flanks. It was a strong position, but not so formidable as to make Wellesley doubt his ability to overcome the difficulties it presented. According to his custom he reconnoitred it carefully, and the next morning attacked it in front with his main body, while he sent detachments to turn both Laborde's flanks. His plan succeeded in every point; Laborde was compelled to retreat and to fall back on a second line of heights almost equally defensible, on which, indeed, he had partly relied, as affording a second position, in which, if he should be driven from his first, he might still be able to make a stand. But Wellesley renewed his attack on the new position with exactly the same tactics which had proved successful against the former one, and with the same result, though Laborde, having no third position on which to fall back, made a stouter resistance than before. But nothing could withstand

the British infantry, and at last he was forced to retreat, leaving behind him three guns, and having sustained a far heavier loss in killed and wounded than he had inflicted on his conquerors.

Laborde retreated towards Lisbon, and Wellesley would have at once pursued him to bring on a second action had not an important reinforcement of 2500 men arrived on the coast, on hearing of which he halted to cover their disembarkation, and that of another of 1500 more which came in a few hours later; and when these had all landed he, finding himself now at the head of 16,000 men, resolved to press on towards Lisbon and bring Junot to a decisive battle.

Junot at the same time was moving to meet him. On hearing the result of Roliça he had quitted Lisbon, marching northwards; and thus, on the evening of the 20th, the two armies found themselves in the neighbourhood of one another at Vimeiro, a village in the valley formed by the small river Maceira. Wellesley, taking it for granted that Junot must have left some of his regiments at Lisbon to overawe the citizens, expected to find him, though stronger in cavalry, yet on the whole weaker in numbers than himself. He had also placed no little reliance on the confidence which an army derives from being the assailant, and accordingly he resolved to attack him the next morning; but he had hardly begun to draw up the necessary instructions to the colonels of the various regiments when Sir Harry Burrard arrived in the bay. He at once went on board the ship to explain his preparations for the intended battle, but was met by a positive prohibition of such a step. He earnestly remonstrated against such an order, pointing out that if he did not attack him Junot would in all probability attack us;

but all his arguments were wasted on a man cautious, if not timid, in disposition, and one who had never seen a battle in his life, much less commanded in one. He adhered to his decision, and nothing remained for Wellesley to do but to make arrangements to defend himself from the attack which, whatever might have been Junot's previous plans, our own inaction would be a sufficient encouragement to him to make on our position.

In front of Vimeiro rises a gentle ridge of hills, crowned with a small plain of level ground. On this table-land he posted two brigades of infantry with six guns, and another ridge nearer the shore he occupied with the rest of his infantry with eight more guns. The cavalry, which did not amount to 400 men, he placed behind the village as a reserve. The morning was not far advanced when the leading French regiments came in sight. Their onset was made with their usual impetuosity, but was received by our men with their habitual steadiness. Our musketry played on their front, our batteries on their flanks, thinning their numbers and not a little damping their ardour; but still they pressed on till they were met by the British bayonets, and found their charge met by another still more resolute than their own. For a moment, but only for a moment, they struggled with the fiery valour of their nation; but it was only a brief effort that they had now the heart to make, and they were driven down the hill, leaving behind them many prisoners and seven guns, and in that part of the field the battle was won. Other attacks led by Laborde and Loison met with similar repulses, losing more prisoners and six more guns; the only disaster we sustained in any quarter falling on some squadrons of cavalry, which, though gallantly led by Colonel Taylor, were over-

powered by the vastly superior numbers of the French horse. One of the French commanders, General Brenier, made a gallant attempt to retrieve the fortune of the day, but his exertions only led to the defeat of his column and his own capture. For one on a small scale our victory could hardly have been more complete. Two thousand French had fallen, several hundred were taken prisoners, and of their twenty-one guns they had lost thirteen. What was more, it had been won by only a portion of our force, and Wellesley saw that it had placed the whole French army at his mercy. With his main body he prepared to pursue the retreating army in front, while General Hill, with some brigades which had not been engaged, should move round, seize a position at Torres Vedras in Junot's rear, which would cut him off from Lisbon, and drive him across the Spanish frontier, if, as did not seem impossible, it did not compel him to surrender. Whether it did so or not, it seemed clear that the result of these operations must be to deliver the whole of Portugal from French occupation.

But from disasters which no skill or gallantry of Junot's could have averted Sir Harry Burrard saved him. As he had forbidden Wellesley's designed attack in the morning, so in the evening he forbade his pursuit of the enemy, defeated and demoralised as they manifestly were, and insisted on waiting for reinforcements; though the victory, the decisive character of which he could not deny, gave ample proof that Wellesley was, as he claimed to be, strong enough already to overpower any resistance which the French could have the heart to make. His authority, however, was of but short duration. He had superseded Wellesley on the evening of the 20th, and on the evening of the 21st Sir Hew

Dalrymple arrived and superseded him. But in one respect the change was worse for Wellesley; Sir Harry had done him the justice of recognising the importance of his victory, and the superiority of the skill which had achieved it; but Sir Hew treated the advantage that had been gained as slight and unimportant, and Wellesley's arrangements as marked by an improvident rashness which had not deserved the success it had met with. The only point on which he agreed with Wellesley was the propriety of marching towards Lisbon; but the next morning, before the troops could be put in motion, General Kellerman arrived at our headquarters to propose an armistice, with a view to concluding a convention for the evacuation of Portugal by all the French troops in the country.

The suspension was granted, and the agreement suggested was, after some weeks' discussion, carried out by what has since been called the Convention of Cintra—an absurd title, since it was signed at Lisbon from which Cintra is many miles distant. We need not occupy our pages with any examination of its details, of many of which Wellesley greatly disapproved; but his two superiors disregarded his suggestions for the improvement of some of the clauses, and his remonstrances against others; and finally signed it without even paying him the courtesy of acquainting him with its provisions. But his dissatisfaction was not to be compared with the indignation with which the convention was received by all classes and parties at home. It was not till the last day of the month that the Convention was signed; and, in the meantime, before intelligence of such a step being in contemplation reached England, Wellesley's merit had been

universally acknowledged. The generals who had served under his command presented him with a magnificent piece of plate. The Secretary of State wrote to express the King's high appreciation of his conduct in both the battles, and the King signified to the ministers his intention of raising him to the peerage as Viscount Vimeiro. But in a moment this feeling was changed even towards Wellesley by the news of the Convention. In it, as we have seen, he had had no share whatever; but by the desire of Sir Hew he had signed the armistice with Kellerman; since, as that General was not commander-in-chief but only a subordinate general, it would not have been in accordance with military etiquette for it to be signed on our part by an officer of higher rank than he, and the arrival of Sir Harry and Sir Hew had reduced Wellesley also to the rank of a subordinate general. But a nation rarely makes nice distinctions; the people in general confounded the armistice with the Convention; and one universal clamour arose for an investigation into the transaction; those who took the chief part in raising it not waiting for any information as to the facts of the case, but prejudging it with one broad verdict that a victory had been obtained, that it had been followed by no such advantages as might easily have been secured, and that for the failure to obtain them every general who had any part in the business, whether armistice or Convention, was deserving of equal condemnation. Time, however, was in Wellesley's favour. The excitement was so great and so general that the ministers, with a view to calm it, appointed a Court of Inquiry, composed of seven generals; Sir Hew, Sir Harry, and Wellesley also appeared before them; the two superior

officers first giving in statements of their proceedings, which Wellesley followed with an account of his own, and comments on their statements, and especially on that of Sir Hew, and on that officer's criticisms on his movements before Vimeiro, and his conduct in the battle; and after sitting six weeks the court made their report, highly praising Wellesley's generalship as long as he had enjoyed the command; but, with respect to the other two, confining themselves to the expression of their opinion that the conclusion of "the Convention at that time had gained great advantages to the country of Portugal, to the army, the navy, and to the general service."

It was clear that the members had in their own minds drawn a wide distinction between his conduct and that of the other generals; and gradually the nation took the same view, to which official recognition was given by the ministers, who, on the meeting of Parliament in January of the next year, proposed a vote of thanks to him for the victories of Roliça and Vimeiro, and refused to take any notice of those who had so strangely been sent out to supersede him.

It would be foreign to our subject to dwell on the events which took place in the Peninsula in the course of the ensuing autumn and winter; on the vastness of the armies which Napoleon poured into Spain, or on the operations which led to the battle of Corunna, and the death of Sir John Moore in the hour of victory; though they were not without some indirect influence on Wellesley's subsequent fortunes. From his attendance in the Court of Inquiry he had returned to Dublin, to resume his duties as Irish Secretary, which, somewhat singularly, he had not been allowed to resign on taking the command of the army in the preceding

spring. But during the winter our ministry had been collecting information respecting both the Peninsular kingdoms; even in the brief campaign, if it could be so called, of Sir John Moore they saw advantages which outweighed the disasters of the retreat to which he had been driven, sufficient to induce them to conclude a treaty of alliance with Spain; and to accept the offer of the Portuguese Government to place the entire command of their army under a British general, who should have full control over the entire organisation of the kingdom. This was an arrangement of the highest importance, since, as the result of the deliberations of the Cabinet was a determination to maintain the war in the Peninsula, it was obvious that Portugal must be the base of our operations. Wellesley had furnished Lord Castlereagh, the Secretary for War, with an elaborate paper, in which he expressed the fullest confidence in the practicability of holding our ground in that country. He entered into details, with a careful estimate of the burden the maintenance of the war would impose on ourselves. Portugal would manifestly require pecuniary assistance, but would easily be able to furnish an army of 70,000 men, which, if placed entirely under the command of British officers, might soon be brought into a state of efficiency, and which, in conjunction with a British force of 30,000 more, would be able to offer a successful resistance to the greatest efforts Napoleon could make in that country. He even ventured to express a belief that the check which would be given him by its operations in Portugal would have a great effect on the fortunes of Spain, and might not improbably lead to the deliverance of that kingdom also.

## CHAPTER III

THE resolution to continue the war in Portugal having thus been taken, it seemed an almost necessary consequence that the command of the army to be employed in it should be again entrusted to Wellesley. Confidence in the result of a scheme goes a long way in rendering it successful; and the feeling which he had expressed so decidedly on paper derived no slight support in the eyes of the ministry from his exploits in the preceding year. During the winter he had risen to the rank of Lieutenant-General, so that no objection could now be made to him on the ground of military rank; and accordingly in the latter end of March he received the due notification of his appointment as commander-in-chief, while he also learnt that Major-General Beresford (probably in some degree on his own recommendation) had been offered and had accepted the command of the Portuguese army. He lost no time in making all necessary arrangements in England; resigned his office of Irish Secretary and his seat in Parliament; and on the 16th of April he set sail from Spithead, not to see England again for five years, which he was about to illustrate with the most splendid series of unbroken triumphs that were ever accomplished by the valour, virtue, and genius of a single man.

On the 22nd of April the *Surveillante* cast anchor in the Tagus. It is a day that should ever be regarded as memorable in the annals of the British army. Since the death of Sir John Moore the division which still remained in that country, about 10,000 strong, had been under the command of Sir John Cradock, who had just been appointed Governor of Gibraltar, and who was only waiting at Leiria for his arrival to hand the troops over to him before proceeding to his government.

Wellesley's arrival at Lisbon was hailed with the cordial and unanimous acclamation of the citizens—in this instance faithful representatives of the national feeling; the city was illuminated in his honour; the Regency, acting on behalf of the Sovereign, who was still in Brazil, appointed him Marshal-General of all the National Armies; and Beresford, who had already arrived, came up from the Portuguese headquarters to learn from him his plans for the campaign, as far as he was as yet able to form them.

A day or two were occupied in collecting information as to the position of the French armies. Those with which he was most immediately concerned were three in number. With 20,000 men Marshal Soult had overrun Galicia, crossed the Portuguese frontier, and seized Oporto. Since his advance Marshal Ney, with 20,000 more, had been maintaining the occupation of Galicia; while Marshal Victor, with 30,000 more, was threatening the Portuguese[1] province of Estremadura. And having mastered these details, and having learnt from Beresford the present amount and condition of the Portuguese troops already under

[1] Separated from this province by the Alentejo is a *Spanish* province of the same name.

arms, he at once proceeded to Leiria to take over the command from Cradock, and to decide on his operations. Leiria is a small town about 70 miles to the north of Lisbon, on the high-road from the capital to Oporto. And the question for his decision was, whether he should move towards the south to check Victor, or northwards against Soult. He received from Cradock about 20,000 English and German troops, and if he marched against Victor he could reckon on Beresford's co-operation with 16,000 Portuguese, of whose discipline and efficiency that general gave a good account. If he had been influenced solely by military considerations that movement would have seemed preferable, and the Junta of Spanish Estremadura, fearing for the safety of Seville and Cadiz, if Victor were unopposed, implored him to adopt it. But from a political point of view the importance of rescuing so wealthy and important a city as Oporto, and so rich and fertile a province as the Entre Douro e Minho from Soult, outweighed these considerations. He determined, therefore, to make the expulsion of Soult his first object. And detaching General Mackenzie with a strong division to watch Victor and guard the bridges on the Tagus with the main body of his army, consisting of 13,000 British troops, 3000 Germans, and 9000 Portuguese under Beresford, he, on the 1st of May, broke up from Leiria, and marched to the encounter with Soult, whom Napoleon esteemed among the most skilful of his marshals.

His advance was somewhat delayed by the necessity of avoiding to outstrip his supplies, which were being conducted from Lisbon by sea, and also by the condition of the horses of the artillery and of the regular cavalry, both of which were in very poor condition;

while he was also forced to wait for a supply of money from home, without which it was impossible for him to reckon on his movements. Such a variety of impediments detained him at Coimbra till the 9th, but from that day forward there were no more delays. He sent Beresford by an inland road to cross the Douro—the river on which Oporto stands—at Tamego, a town at some distance from the sea, so as to turn the French left. On the 10th he sent General Hill with a strong division in boats across a creek known as the Lake of Ovar, to fall on General Franceschi, who, with the main body of Soult's cavalry, some infantry and artillery, was posted in a village in the neighbourhood of the lake; and on General Merlet, who had another division a few miles in the rear. Hill, who was a skilful and energetic officer, was successful in both operations. That same day he routed Franceschi, taking several prisoners and all his guns. On the 11th he did the same by Merlet, driving both across the Douro, when the news they brought convinced Soult that his position at Oporto was no longer tenable. He at once began to call in his outlying detachments, intending to evacuate the city on the 13th, and to establish himself in the Spanish city of Salamanca. But it was Wellesley, and not he, who could fix the day for his retreat, and the English General was not disposed to allow him so much time. At daybreak on the 12th Wellesley marched with his whole army in pursuit of the two defeated generals, and while it was still early reached the Douro at a point opposite the upper end of Oporto, which, however, a hill occupied by a building known as "The Convent of Sarea" screened from the view of Soult's quarters in the city. Nearly opposite to the

convent was another large building called "The Seminary," open towards the river, and on the landward side only accessible by a single iron gate. There could be no more favourable landing-place for his army, if he could only contrive to reach it; but the Douro was rapid, deep, 300 yards wide, and had neither bridge nor ford for some distance. Beresford had already crossed the river near Tamego, and Sir Arthur now sent General Murray with a small body of cavalry and infantry to Avintas, where the river was fordable, about four miles above the convent, occupying himself in the meantime with posting a battery on the hill, to command the landing-place, if he should be able to reach it. While thus occupied, and pondering how this was to be accomplished, Colonel Waters found a small skiff, in which he rowed across the river, and presently returned with three or four large boats, which he had found concealed among the rushes under the bank. Murray had just reported his successful passage at Avintas, and now when Waters described the quality of the boats he had brought, "Let the men cross" was Wellesley's reply. With this brief order one of the most extraordinary operations recorded in the history of modern warfare was commenced, and a small boat-load of British infantry advanced to take possession of a city held by a French marshal with near 20,000 men. An officer of the 3rd, the Buffs, with 25 men, crossed in the first boat; similar parties in a second and third. But this last had hardly landed its passengers when they were perceived by the enemy, who at once made a fierce attack on the seminary. But Wellesley's battery on the convent hill swept the ground between that building and the city, protecting those who had landed from

any attempt to force an entrance at any point except at the gate. And there for a while the contest was stubborn. But Hill had crossed among the foremost, and took the command on that side. The citizens, exulting in their prospect of deliverance, brought over more boats, in which our regiments crossed in rapid succession; and the city was won. Murray's division was seen approaching from Avintas. Soult had no time to lose, but at once began to retreat with precipitation and in great disorder. He left behind him 58 guns, a large body of prisoners, 700 sick and wounded soldiers in the hospital, and the dinner which his cooks had just prepared for him, but to which Wellington and his staff presently sat down with appetites sharpened by the brilliant success of their hardy and well-conducted enterprise.

Soult's disasters were not yet ended. Arrangements necessitated by his recovery of Oporto detained Wellesley the next day, but on the 14th he marched in pursuit, and had not yet lost sight of the city when he learnt that while he was driving Soult out of Oporto Beresford had attacked Loison, who with 6000 men was occupying Amarante, a town on the river Tamaga, on the line of Soult's intended retreat, and of great military importance from possessing a bridge which afforded the only passage into the province of Tras os Montes. Soult saw his danger; he could no longer even retreat in the direction he had proposed to himself. He destroyed his remaining guns and his baggage, and taking his path over the mountains, he hastened almost without a halt till on the 15th he reached Braga, which afforded him a brief respite for the reorganisation of his and Loison's beaten forces. With as little delay as might be he hastened on to-

wards the Galician frontier; but Wellesley had not yet done with him. On the 16th he overtook his rear-guard at Salamanca; scattered that with heavy loss, which nothing but the night prevented from becoming entire destruction; drove his whole army over the mountains into Galicia; and then, and not till then, relinquished the chase, having in a single week inflicted on Soult the loss of at least one-fourth of his army, with all its artillery and equipments.

After giving his men a brief rest at Oporto he turned back to the south. Before he left England he had requested and received permission to extend his operations into Spain if he could make them consistent with the defence of Portugal, which was always to be his first object. And he now proposed to avail himself of that sanction by driving Victor from Spanish Estremadura, where his presence was a continual menace to the southern frontier of Portugal, and indeed to Lisbon itself. With this design he opened communications with Cuesta, one of the Spanish generals, who with an army of near 30,000 men was at no great distance on the northern side of the Tagus, in order to consult with him measures for a combined attack upon Victor. It was not very long before he learnt how little dependence was to be placed on the Spaniard's ability, or even on his promises. But before this unwelcome truth forced itself on his mind he had no slight vexation to encounter from other causes. In his original estimate of the support to be given by the Portuguese he had reckoned on their providing an army of 70,000 men; but he now learnt that no force of that amount could be looked for, at least at present. It was true that the peasantry hated the French, but not less true that they

hated military service more. They could hardly be induced to enlist, and even when they did it was often necessary to send the recruits in chains to Beresford's headquarters, lest they should desert on the way. What was worse still, the civil authorities at Lisbon constantly violated their engagements to furnish his own army with the supplies of provisions and other necessaries, without which he could not move. But harder to bear than these disappointments from Spaniards or Portuguese was the uneasiness given him by the conduct of his own troops. They had suffered severely on their march back from Oporto. The weather had been bad; the roads had been greatly broken up; the shoes of the infantry were worn out; their supplies had been scanty and irregular; on some days the whole army had even wanted bread. As long as they were in front of or in pursuit of the enemy, they bore these hardships gallantly,—their patriotic and professional ardour stood in place of food and shoe-leather,—but the moment such excitement was over they disregarded all rules of discipline, plundering the inhabitants, and thus creating in the districts through which they passed a bitter ill-feeling which not rarely showed itself in bloody retaliation. His indignation was excessive. He took at once the most energetic measures to repress such outrages; visiting even the officers of some regiments, whose conduct had been conspicuously bad, with stern reproofs, and threats of sending them home. Gradually his vigilance and strictness produced improvement; but it was slow. Evil habits, which the offenders regarded as justifiable military licenses, could not be eradicated in a moment; and, if we would form anything like an adequate idea of Wellesley's claim to the reputation of a great com-

mander, we must never leave out of sight the unequalled propriety of conduct to which he gradually brought the whole army, and which, in his last campaign in France, made the French themselves welcome its presence as a protection to be relied on rather than as an enemy to be dreaded.

From the day he took the command of the army he had regarded the defeat of Victor as an object of paramount importance for the safety of Portugal. Political considerations, as we have seen, had led to his decision to direct his first attack against Soult; but now that he had put an end for a time to all danger from that commander, he applied himself with eagerness to framing a plan for operations against his brother marshal. Since his defeat of Soult he had received a reinforcement which raised his effective force of British troops to 22,000, and he had had notice that 8000 more were on their way to join him. Beresford had about 15,000 more within reach, and Cuesta had 30,000 in Spanish Estremadura; while on the southern border of New Castile was another Spanish army under General Venegas. If the Spanish troops, of which as yet he had no experience, should prove efficient troops, he might well feel confident that he should be able to deal with Victor as satisfactorily as he had already dealt with Soult; perhaps even to advance upon Madrid.

But it was not long before he had reason to doubt whether Cuesta were not harder to contend with than either. He was incapable, arrogant, obstinate, and at the same time vacillating. At last, however, Wellesley's imperturbable temper and admirable address won from him an approval of his plan for their united operations. Want of supplies prevented him from

moving before the 27th of June; but on that morning he began his march towards Plasencia, a town at the northern extremity of Spanish Estremadura, with 18,000 infantry and artillery, 3000 cavalry, and 30 guns. On the 2d of July he crossed the Spanish frontier; on the 9th he reached Plasencia, where on the 10th he received a reinforcement of 2000 infantry and intelligence that General Crawford was hastening to joinh im with three more regiments—the 43rd, the 52nd, and the 95th—afterwards, and throughout all his campaigns till their very last battle, renowned as the light division. Had not King Joseph interfered with Victor's movements the two armies would have met each other at Plasencia; for Victor, tempted by the richness of the valley in which that town stands, had been marching to occupy it at the same time that, from the other side, Wellesley also was advancing towards it. But Joseph had been alarmed by a report that Venegas was proposing to attack Madrid, and for the safety of his capital had sent Victor orders to fall back to Talavera, a town on the Tagus, a few miles below its junction with the Alberche.

Wellesley had good intelligence of his movements, and consequently changed his own line of advance to pursue him. But before coming to close quarters with the enemy, he himself repaired to Cuesta's camp to consult him on the arrangements for the evidently approaching battle. The result of his interview with the Spaniard must have greatly damped his expectations of any great advantage from his co-operation; Cuesta did indeed make one or two promises, though with an air as if he were not likely to be careful about fulfilling them, as in fact he never did; but most of Wellesley's proposals he positively rejected. He did, indeed, at

last consent to a combined attack upon Victor at Talavera, and put his army in motion to join Wellesley's. But the line of march lay through a district in which the hills were so frequent and steep, and the roads so bad, that his progress was slow; and it was not till the evening of the 22nd of July that the two armies came in sight of the French outposts. And then Wellesley had further and more vexatious proofs of the impracticable character of his ally. The next day was spent in a vain attempt on his part to induce the Spaniard to attack the French rear-guard. In the evening, when Wellesley went to his tent for a fresh consultation, he had gone to bed. The next day he did, at Wellesley's entreaty, consent to join him in a reconnaissance of the French position, for which in the afternoon he arrived in a coach and six; but the carriage road had been rough, the day was hot, and shaken and perspiring he left his carriage and went to sleep under the shade of a spreading chestnut. In the meantime Victor had fallen back a short distance, and Cuesta professed a desire to pursue him at once; but the utter failure of the Spanish Government to keep their promise of furnishing our regiments with the necessary supplies made any advance on Wellesley's part impracticable till he should receive the means of feeding them. The delay, however, was not a profitless waste of time, since it enabled him to examine the ground in his front carefully, in order to find a favourable position to receive Victor's attack if he should make it, and if he himself should be left with his own army alone to encounter it, which he could hardly avoid anticipating as probable. He had learnt the folly of trusting the Spanish general. Of his army he had as yet no experience; but he was

now to learn that the soldiers were no better than their commander. On the morning of the 26th Victor attacked their advanced guard, which fled in confusion without firing a shot, and would have been destroyed had not Wellesley sent Sir John Sherbroke with a brigade to their support. Later in the afternoon a fresh attack was followed by a still more disorderly flight, 10,000 Spanish infantry and all the artillerymen abandoning their position and their guns, and being only saved from destruction by some squadrons of our cavalry which Wellesley sent to drive back the battalions which were pursuing them. Their misconduct had been so gross that at last it for a moment even shamed Cuesta himself, who exerted himself to rally the fugitives, and then continued to retreat in tolerable order to the position which Wellesley had marked out.

Talavera lies on the northern bank of the Tagus, and from its eastern side looks on a plain something under three miles in width, between the river and a ridge of steep hills; and on this plain Wellesley, to whom Cuesta left all the arrangements for the battle, now arranged the two armies. In the centre was a small rising ground, on which he had constructed a redoubt the day before. Between this redoubt and the river he placed the Spaniards, their front being partially protected by a plantation of olives, some ditches, and a short mud wall. The ground on the other side of the redoubt he occupied with his own troops, some of the divisions being drawn up in two lines, and others only in one, so as to occupy with his extreme left a height which commanded the whole position. The whole line extended about two miles, and was now held by about 34,000 Spaniards and 19,000 British

and Germans, with 30 guns; while in their front stood 40,000 French veterans, with 80 guns, led by two French Marshals, Victor and Jourdain. They had hardly taken up their grounds, when, on the evening of the 27th, the height on our left was fiercely attacked by Victor; but Hill was in command at that point, and he met the French column with a resolution equal to its own, and with more complete success. Though himself wounded, he repelled it with more loss than he sustained; Victor drew back his men, and the two armies rested in front of each other for the night.

At daybreak on the 28th the French Marshal began the work of the day with a renewal of the attack on Hill and his division, which was not more successful than that of the previous evening. And, when it had been repulsed, Victor gave his men some hours of rest, to arm themselves for the coming struggle by a plentiful dinner. Cuesta's divisions were equally well supplied; but our troops had no such fare. The scandalous neglect of the Spanish officials had left them destitute of all food but a few ounces of unground wheat for each man; but their confidence in their leader, and the prospect of battle and victory, supplied the want of more solid viands, and they awaited the enemy's third attack with the same coolness they had shown in repelling the others. In his arrangements Wellesley had provided not so much for any assistance from the Spaniards, on which their exploits of the preceding day had taught him to place no great reliance, as for their safety,—lest their rout, if they should be attacked, might disorder his own troops. In fact Victor perceived that their position was almost unassailable, and therefore it was upon our army alone that in the afternoon he concentrated his attack. The

first meeting of the two armies proved the soundness of Wellesley's opinion of the inferiority of the formation in column to that in line. The attack in column was the invariable system of Napoleon, and it was a matter of course that in column Victor now assailed General Campbell's brigade. Campbell received it in line; as it advanced he overlapped it on both sides with a deadly fire, and after a brief conflict drove it back in disorder, with the loss of 10 guns. Unfortunately all our divisions were not equally well in hand. General Anson, with a brigade of cavalry, inflicted a similar defeat on another column; but one dragoon regiment, flushed with victory, pursued the retreating foe with such inconsiderate and unskilful impetuosity as laid it at the mercy of two French regiments which Victor sent forward against them, and, overpowered by superiority of numbers, they were driven back with the loss of half their number. The officers of one regiment of Guards showed equal courage, but equal want of skill. With admirable gallantry they had repulsed another French column, led by General Lapisse; but, like the dragoons, they forgot the duty of holding their position with steadiness; they too rushed on in inconsiderate pursuit of the beaten foe, exposing their flank to the French cavalry and the French batteries; they too were beaten back with heavy loss; and their disaster might have been fatal to the whole army had not Wellesley seen their advance, and, foreseeing its inevitable consequence, brought up the 48th to their support. Under his eye they rallied, the advance of the 48th made the French waver in their turn, and without giving them a moment to recover he attacked them with the light cavalry, beat them back in disorder, and

the battle was gained. If he could have made the slightest use of the main body of the Spaniards he believed that the French army might have been destroyed. But though one or two of their regiments, with the Duque de Albuquerque in command of one division, had shown no want of discipline or courage, many had fled, as Wellesley reported, who had "neither been attacked nor threatened with attack, but who had been only frightened by the noise of their own fire." Their misconduct, however, only covered our troops with the greater glory. They had been attacked by more than double their own numbers; they had repulsed attack after attack; they had taken 20 guns, several hundred prisoners, and, though their own loss in killed and wounded had been heavy, it was far slighter than that which they had inflicted. So marvellous were the escapes of Wellesley himself that it might well be thought that Providence had watched over his safety. A cannon-ball cut off a bough from a tree close to his head, two bullets passed through his clothes, and one spent ball struck him on the shoulder.

It had been a splendid victory, and very important, not only for the encouragement it gave the army which had gained it, but for the effect it produced on the other nations of the continent. The great military critic, General Jomini, described it as one which "at once restored the reputation of the British army, which during a century had declined; and proved that the British infantry could dispute the palm with the best in Europe."

Wellesley's next idea was to profit by the result of his victory, which it was reasonable to suppose had discouraged the French as much as it had given con-

fidence to our own men, by advancing upon Madrid, when he learnt that Cuesta had been so alarmed by the intelligence of Soult having appeared in the neighbourhood of Banos as to abandon that important pass, the loss of which endangered all his communications with Portugal; and a few days afterwards that he had abandoned Talavera also, though the British hospitals, full of those who had been wounded in the late battle, had been committed to his care. And these movements of his ally compelled him to alter his own plans. Instead of an offensive advance on Madrid, he had now to provide for a safe retreat into Portugal. And even that was embarrassed, and more than once in some degree endangered, by Cuesta's inconstancy; changing his plans every day, and often omitting to give Wellesley notice of his movements, till at last he compelled him to renounce all idea of regulating his own proceedings by any of the Spaniard's proposals or promises; and on the 20th of August he finally broke up his camp, and retired towards the frontier of Portugal, making his headquarters for the winter at Badajoz, a town of great strength on the Guadiana, just within the Spanish territory; and there, till the opening of the next year, he gave his army the rest which it greatly needed, after its incessant exertions from the day when he began his march against Soult.

Jomini extolled his army. The Spanish Junta gave due praise and rewards to the General, conferring on him the rank of Captain-General, and presenting him, in the king's name, with some horses. The rank and the horses he accepted, but the pay of the rank he declined. It would have been strange if his own Government had been more remiss in recognition of his successes. Though several of our seamen

—Anson, Hawkes, Rodney, the two brothers Hood, Howe, St. Vincent, Duncan, Nelson, Collingwood—had won peerages by their heroism, a century had elapsed since any British general had been ennobled. But now his two brilliant exploits were rewarded by a double peerage. One of the last acts of George III., whose failing health was giving mournful warning of the cloud which was about to fall on him, was to sign the patents which created him Baron Douro and Viscount Wellington of Talavera, with a pension of £2000 a year to support the rank. And it is under the title of Wellington that he was henceforth known to the end of his days, and under which his memory will ever be regarded with national pride. Strange to say, there was one party in the nation not ashamed to show itself insensible to the honour of the General, and even of the country to which he and they belonged. Party rancour had scarcely ever been more bitter or more unscrupulous than in the five or six years which followed the death of Pitt. The same year that had witnessed Wellington's triumphs had also seen the break-up of the Portland Ministry; and the Whig leaders, apparently discontented at not being selected as its successors, vented their dissatisfaction on the General. In furious opposition to the vote of thanks with which the new ministers proposed to Parliament to make national acknowledgment of his services, Lord Grey, in the House of Lords, "denied that Talavera had any claim to be regarded as a victory." Mr. Ponsonby in the House of Commons condemned "his rashness and presumption in risking an unnecessary battle"; while Lord Milton even proposed to leave his name out of the vote of thanks which he consented to express to the rest of the army. And these displays

of their malignant folly and ingratitude encouraged Napoleon to reinforce his army in the Peninsula against the next campaign, flattering himself that if he could enable his marshals to inflict one defeat on the General who was the chief mark for their abuse, it would determine the whole nation to demand the abandonment of the contest, and the withdrawal of the British army from the Peninsula, and would thus leave both Spain and Portugal at his mercy.

## CHAPTER IV

BUT the increased efforts which Napoleon thus made did not abate Wellington's confidence in the ultimate result of the conflict. On the contrary, when the Ministry at home, which had naturally had their opinion of his skill and judgement confirmed and increased by the last campaign, consulted him on his plans and prospects for the future, he expressed his conviction that, though the French might for a time overrun Spain, he should still be able to defend Portugal. And therefore his advice was that they should aid Portugal with money, and reinforce his own army, so as to raise it to 30,000 men. They sent him the troops he asked for, which he reckoned would be sufficient for a campaign which, on his part, would be purely defensive, and he carried out the plan of campaign which he proposed. He placed great trust in time as a most valuable ally, believing that the greater the efforts which Napoleon might make, the less would he be able to continue them for any length of time. Henry IV. had said that a hostile army in Spain, if small, would be defeated; if large, would be starved; and the resources and character of the country were not greatly altered since his time; while Napoleon's system of making war support war, by drawing his supplies from the districts in which his armies

might be operating, would surely break down in Spain.

With these views he prepared for a year of apparent inaction; contenting himself with holding his ground without any aggressive movement, and directing his chief care to the creation of a means of defence, such as would enable him to keep his hold on Portugal, even if such numbers should be brought against him as should compel him to abandon more than one position by what might be called a series of retreats. The one object which was never to be lost sight of was the protection of Lisbon; and, after a careful examination of the ground between Leiria and the capital, he found a range of hills which could be made a barrier against the utmost efforts of the enemy. And he began to plan the works ever since known as the Lines of Torres Vedras. Torres Vedras was an ancient tower on the southern side of the river Zizandre. And from the mouth of that river a range of hills extended in a south-easterly direction, 29 miles to the village of Alhandra on the Tagus; the highest point of which, the Monte Agraça, commanded a view of all the adjacent country on both sides. The entire range he crowned with an unbroken series of fortifications. It was his first line. A few miles to the rear of it ran a somewhat shorter line from the mouth of the Santa Lorenza to the small town of Quintella on the Tagus, and that he covered in the same manner. Both lines presented the same general character, showing the indefatigable energy and the inexhaustible fertility of resources, combined with a foresight that left nothing unprovided for, in the General on whose high qualities for a time the interests not only of England but of Europe depended. The hills on both lines were

generally steep and rugged; but, wherever nature had made them less formidable, science supplied their deficiencies. In such places they were carefully scarped; every ravine, and those were numerous, where their precipitous depth did not make any addition to their difficulties superfluous, was blocked up by huge walls, or by still more enormous *abattis*, full-grown trees being dug up and piled on one another, with their roots and branches inextricably interlaced, forming an insurmountable barrier, while the entire length of both lines was covered by a chain of redoubts and forts, armed with above 600 guns. And as a further protection to the capital, in the event of any disaster befalling the army—for he knew the uncertainties of war, and was resolved, so far as in him lay, to leave no danger unprovided against—he urged the Government to send a squadron to the Tagus to give confidence to the citizens, and to prevent any French operation against the city from the left bank of the river.

While he was thus ensuring his means of defence, Napoleon was no less diligent in augmenting the forces on which he relied for making his exertions useless. During the entire spring division after division crossed the Pyrenees, till the entire number of his armies in the Peninsula fell but little short of 400,000 men, divided into five great armies—the Army of the Centre, the Army of Catalonia, the Army of the North, the Army of the South, and the Army of Portugal. And of these the latter, the strongest of all, consisting of nearly 100,000 of the choicest troops, was placed under the command of Masséna, Prince of Essling, whom he considered the ablest of all his marshals; and whom Wellington, agreeing with him on this point, always regarded as the most formidable of his antagonists.

Under these commanders the summer wore away without any striking event to mark it. Masséna could never make a movement which seemed intended as a preparation for attack that was not counter-manœuvred and baffled by Wellington, while some of his attempts laid him open to attacks in which Wellington made no doubt that he should have had the advantage if his aim had been merely to get materials for a flourishing despatch. But he, with a far-reaching foresight, was looking to the result of the whole war, the end of which might still be distant, not to that of a single campaign. As he explained his views and position to a relation of one of his officers, "England had only one army; he could not afford a victory in which his own loss might be considerable, even if that of the French were far heavier; he could only afford to fight where their loss should be great, and his own inconsiderable." And for such a conflict he did find one occasion before the end of the autumn. To his own defensive operations, he called on the Portuguese to add others on their part, which demanded an exercise of patriotic self-denial, such as no other people had ever been called upon for, but which was imitated with no unimportant results by the Russians two years afterwards. He required all the inhabitants of any district that might be invaded by the enemy at once to destroy everything that could be of service to the invader—their crops and their mills, their bridges and their boats, and even their houses, which, though left empty, might afford quarters to the enemy; and exerting his authority as Marshal-General of Portugal, he required the observance of the ancient laws of the kingdom, by which all men capable of bearing arms might be required to join the army.

He was so satisfied of the eventual success of his plan that he could not be tempted to depart from it even by the danger of so important a fortress as Ciudad Rodrigo, to which Masséna laid siege. The Governor Herrasti was a brave man, worthy, if any ever was, of sympathy in his difficulties; and the Junta addressed the English General by more than one urgent entreaty to save the town; but he resisted alike their solicitations and his own personal feeling for the gallant old veteran. Ciudad Rodrigo could not be saved without a battle in the plain, in which, even if victorious, he could not avoid heavy loss. And he left Ciudad Rodrigo to its fate. But he felt also that his resolution to avoid a battle might be carried too far, since it might be imputed by the Portuguese to a feeling of inferiority to the enemy, which boded ill for their eventual safety. And, as the arrogance of the French was not unlikely to imbue them with a similar notion, he resolved not to let the year pass by without giving them both one lesson that his inaction throughout the summer proceeded from no inability to resist even an enemy superior in numbers. A considerable portion of his army consisted of Portuguese regiments which, though Beresford had brought them to a high degree of discipline, had not as yet been proved in active conflict; and though in the last week of September General Hill joined him with his division, that reinforcement did not raise his numbers to more than 50,000 men, of whom scarcely half were British troops, while Masséna had about 60,000, and was even more superior in cavalry than in infantry. He had no doubt that the first indication he might give of a resolution to stand his ground would be regarded by Masséna as an invitation to attack him. And after

a careful examination of the surrounding district he found on the northern bank of the Mondego, in front of the town of Coimbra, a high and steep ridge, known as the Sierra de Busaco, which offered a position of such strength as to counterbalance his numerical weakness. It had also an especially favourable feature in a road which ran along the summit throughout its whole length, and afforded great facilities for manœuvring or moving regiments to any point where they might be required at any critical moment. On the crest of this elevation, on the morning of the 24th of September, he drew up his army, mingling the Portuguese with the British regiments; whose steadiness, on which he could thoroughly rely, would be no trifling encouragement to their less practised comrades, and distributing his artillery of 50 field-pieces at the most suitable parts of the whole line.

The whole French army was not yet united. Ney, who had recently arrived to aid his brother-marshal, was indeed in our front with the leading division of 40,000 men, and would have attacked us at once; but Masséna, who was as yet in the rear with the remainder, would not consent to such a step till he himself should arrive, when the strength of the collected divisions would, as he flattered himself, ensure him a decisive victory. It was the afternoon of the 26th before he joined Ney, and Wellington had made good use of the additional time afforded him by strengthening his position on more than one important point; while Ney had employed it less profitably in one or two forward movements, which led to other needless encounters with our outposts, in which he was in every case repulsed with considerable loss, and in which the Portuguese battalions which were engaged

behaved with a steadiness which won Wellington's warm praise, and gave favourable promise of their conduct on the approaching day of sterner trial.

Masséna reached the front with his division on the afternoon of the 26th, and at once prepared to attack Wellington the next morning. He felt that he had need of his superiority in numbers, for he saw at once that the British position had been chosen with such judgement that there was no point at which it could be turned, and that the only means of forcing it lay in straightforward attacks on different points at once. He had full confidence in his men, the greater part of whom were veterans who had borne their part in many a previous conflict; and the whole French army did not boast a leader of more unflinching courage than Ney, to whom he entrusted the chief attack. At daybreak, therefore, Ney advanced against the left British centre, held by Craufurd and Pack with the light division and a brigade of Portuguese; and at the same time Regnier, another leader of often-proved gallantry, attacked the right centre, which was under the command of Picton. Both led their troops up the hill with great celerity. Regnier, advancing where the hill was easier, for a moment threw the British ranks into some disorder; but Wellington, who was ever at the point of danger, wherever it might be, brought up in person two guns loaded with grape and two regiments from Hill's division, which charged the assailants in front, and after a brief struggle Regnier was driven down the hill with great slaughter. Ney had not even the brief gleam of hope that had been enjoyed by his comrade. The batteries before him and the musketry of the infantry poured an unceasing fire on him, under which hundreds of his men fell before they

reached the summit; and when they did reach it their overthrow was instantaneous and complete. Craufurd's light division had been concealed from Ney's sight by a slight falling of the ground, but now he at once led them forward with irresistible dash to the charge. The French, taken entirely by surprise, wavered for a moment, Craufurd's musketry poured on them in front and in flank, the whole column was beaten back and the battle was won. The loss of the French had been very heavy; their killed and wounded amounted to at least 6000 men; they left also 300 prisoners in our hands, with General Simon among the number; while Wellington's loss was not more than 1300, of whom an unusually small proportion were killed.

It was a most important victory, from the share which the Portuguese regiments had in it. It was the first time they had ever met the French in a pitched battle, and, standing as they had done in Craufurd's division, side by side with some of the choicest battalions in our army, they emulated their steadiness. Wellington judiciously gave them his warmest praise, saying in his despatch that they "had shown themselves worthy of contending in the same ranks with British soldiers." It was not his purpose to be drawn into any further engagement; he had done enough to show the quality of his men, and he now steadily withdrew to the lines of Torres Vedras. Masséna pressed on after him, never doubting that he should be able to drive him down to Lisbon, and probably to his ships, when on the 10th of October he came in front of the first line of fortifications, and found a barrier on his front which he at once judged to be almost impregnable. The most careful examina-

tion showed him no point at which it could be assailed. In one or two skirmishes between his advanced-guard and some of our regiments he sustained heavy loss; and he was driven to content himself with taking up a position in our front, and so making a show of blockading us, with a sort of vague hope that he might receive reinforcements sufficient to enable him to assume a more vigorous attitude. His divisions were of necessity so much separated that Wellington could more than once have attacked them with a certainty of success; but, as he had said, England had only one army—he had no men to spare. And he was confident that want of supplies must soon compel Masséna to retreat, and thus he should gain all the advantages of a second victory without risk. Masséna's expectations must have been very similar to his, but he held his ground till the middle of November; and those five weeks were to the British army weeks of holiday. The regiments got up athletic sports and games of football. Wellington himself had a pack of hounds which gave ample sport, and he even on one occasion made Admiral Berkeley's officers and the citizens of Lisbon partakers of the amusements. He had received instruction to invest Beresford with the Order of the Bath, which had rarely been more richly deserved, as was abundantly proved by the admirable conduct of his pupils, the Portuguese regiments, at Busaco. And he took the opportunity afforded by the ceremony of giving a splendid banquet to all the naval and military officers, and a ball to which the invitations included also all the principal citizens of the capital, and which he opened himself, dancing and entering into all the festivities of the evening with as much zest as the youngest ensign or midshipman.

After his defeat Mâsséna had fallen back to his previous position, where Wellington doubted not that he would remain as long as he could, partly to diminish the apparent importance of the late battle, and partly in the hope of obtaining reinforcements. But at last, on the 15th of November, he broke up his camp, and began to retreat, moving with such secrecy that it was not till the next day that Wellington could procure trustworthy information of the direction which he had taken. But the moment that he received it he entered on a vigorous pursuit of him, harassing his rear-guard with his cavalry, and taking many prisoners. But neither Masséna's retreat nor his pursuit was long continued. On the evening of the 17th Masséna halted at Santarem, a small town on high ground on the banks of the Tagus, about thirty miles from the lines, and one which furnished too strong a position to be attacked; while Wellington, who had now less occasion than ever to fight an unnecessary battle, halted his army also at Cartaxo, a village which commanded a sight of the French position. And thus the two armies were established in winter quarters, neither making any attempt to disturb the other.

Wellington was well aware that Masséna was expecting reinforcements of far greater strength than any which he could receive; and, thinking that if he should receive such an accession of strength he himself might be forced again to seek the protection of the lines, he employed his holiday in strengthening them by the addition of fresh fortifications nearer Lisbon. "The Lines," as he described their value to the War Office, "had saved the country," and what they had done once they would be able to do again if

any necessity should arise. But he was not driven to seek that refuge a second time, though the Portuguese had in many districts sadly neglected his orders to lay the country waste, and had left crops and even cattle, by which the French profited for some weeks. That resource was soon exhausted; they began to feel the effects of scarcity; Masséna's own magazines were exhausted; the light Portuguese troops and militia harassed his foraging parties, constantly making many prisoners; desertion was unprecedentedly frequent; and at last, by the beginning of March, he broke up from Santarem, have first destroyed some of his guns which he had no means of removing. And again Wellington pursued him with the same energy and skill as before, giving him no respite for a single day; but, skilful as Masséna was, and dauntless as Ney, showing himself equal to the latter in resolution and superior to the former in manœuvres. At one time he attacked them in front, at another he turned their flank, driving them from one position after another; from Pombal, from Redinha, from Casal Nova, from Fons d'Aronca, and getting the best of every skirmish. Once Masséna was provoked into trying to make a stand, and a lively combat took place at Sabugal. But the Frenchman had no reason to congratulate himself on his boldness; he lost above 1500 men, Wellington fewer than 100; and a day or two afterwards he crossed the frontier into Spain, and thus for a second time had Wellington freed Portugal from the presence of a foreign invader. With such skill had he conducted all his operations that, in the six months and more that had elapsed since the day of Busaco, he had not lost 500 men, while the loss of the French had exceeded ten times that number. As

he boasted with justifiable pride, he had cured them of saying that a British was not a manœuvring army. Every day, too, had increased his confidence in the Portuguese. And his original opinion of the superiority of the formation in line to that in column being fully confirmed by experience, he declared that he "desired no better sport than to meet one of their columns *en masse* with his line."

But his praise of the Portuguese was confined to their troops. The treatment he, though their marshal-general, and Beresford, though their commander-in-chief, received, was as disgraceful to their Government as it was distressing to him and still more to Beresford. They neglected to provide either our or their own army with the necessary supplies. Their own regiments were unpaid; desertion was disregarded or pardoned; the citizens of Lisbon even grumbled at being required to provide billets for the British troops, who were only there for their defence; the Prince Regent objected to his gathering wood to provide fuel. Their stupidity and selfishness at times wore out even his patience. He was confident as ever that he could save them, but he more than once asked himself whether such a people "were worth saving."

As far as his army was concerned, the year 1811 was not marked by any striking events. Napier, in his history of the war, refuses to actions on a small scale the name of battles; he calls them combats; and he denies to any in which Wellington was engaged in this year the more dignified title, though that of Fuentes d'Onoro might almost claim it, since the greater part of both armies was engaged, and our loss of men was greater than that sustained at Busaco; that of Masséna, as usual, being heavier still, while he failed

in the object for which he had engaged in it, that of saving Almeida, which Wellington was besieging, and of which he took possession a few days afterwards, though the shameful carelessness of one of his generals allowed the garrison to escape, and to destroy a great part of the fortifications. But the only two engagements on a large scale that took place in 1811 were fought in other districts, and the victories were achieved by other generals. In March General Graham placed Cadiz out of danger by his defeat of Victor at Barrosa; and in May Beresford defeated Soult at Albuera, after a battle which, for the number of combatants engaged, surpassed in the losses of the two armies any conflict that had taken place in any war for more than half a century.

Before the end of the spring Masséna gave up the command, and was replaced by Marmont, but the change of commanders produced no alteration in the character of the campaign; one combat at El Bodon was marked by no great loss on either side, but was made memorable by the admirable conduct of some of our regiments of infantry. It was fought on an open plain, eminently favourable for the operations of cavalry; and Marmont's force of that kind, 6000 strong, looked on our infantry as sure and easy victims; but Wellington threw them back in squares, against which the fiercest onsets of the dragoons broke as unavailingly as the waves of the sea against the rocks on the shore; and in this formation conducted them across the whole plain, six miles in extent, and crowned his success the next day with a feat which gave the French officers a brilliant idea of the perfection in which he combined hardihood with genius. He retired to a village called Fuente Guinaldo, where he had

previously thrown up a few weak entrenchments. Marmont advanced against it with his entire army, while Wellington had but 14,000 men; but with this comparative handful he held his position with such apparent unconcern that Marmont fancied he had the whole British army in its front. In the course of the afternoon the outlying division, for which Wellington had been waiting, gradually came in; and then he withdrew to a more defensible ground in his rear. It was a movement which led to a second combat, in front of the small village of Aldea del Ponte; when Wellington again showed the superiority of his tactical skill, and the superiority of his line formation to that of Marmont's columns, which were driven back more than once; and, as was invariably the case, with far heavier loss than they inflicted.

But the rest of the year passed off without any event of mark on either side. Both armies went into winter quarters at a rather earlier period than usual, which were to be quitted the next year at a correspondingly earlier season.

## CHAPTER V

FOR Wellington had already determined to give the campaign of 1812 a very different character. And he expected that Marmont would receive orders to do the same. He had now, for above two years and a half, held Portugal in spite of all the efforts of the French to dislodge him; and his opinion was that, with the return of mild weather, they would make vigorous efforts to expel him from the country. "If Napoleon did not drive the British from the Peninsula, he must lower his tone with the world; and he had no doubt that he would spare no labour to avoid this necessity."

He was resolved to anticipate him. It has been mentioned how, in 1810, he had withstood the entreaties of the Portuguese Government, which were strongly seconded by his own feeling of sympathy and respect for the Governor of Ciudad Rodrigo, to risk a battle for the protection of that fortress, important as it was from its position and its strength. But it was far more important now, for Marmont had recently made it one of his principal magazines, and had collected within it an immense quantity of military stores of every kind. And Wellington resolved to open the campaign of 1812 by its recovery, and not even to wait for the return of open weather. The recent reduction

of the neighbouring fortress of Almeida was of great assistance to him, since it led Marmont to imagine that many of the measures which he was known to be taking were directed to the restoration and re-equipment of fortifications of that town; and it was a most complete and unwelcome surprise to the French Marshal when he presently learnt that, on the 8th of January, Craufurd, with the light division, had crossed the Agueda, and invested Ciudad Rodrigo. Wellington joined him a few hours afterwards, and at once proceeded to examine the fortifications, which he perceived had been greatly strengthened by Masséna. He had erected one formidable redoubt, to which he gave the name of San Francisco, on a commanding hill; he had strengthened the entrenchments which connected the suburbs with the town; and he had fortified three convents. But Wellington had confidence in his power to prove that the great marshal's precautions had been thrown away. He was aware that the garrison was already in distress for provisions; but he could not spare time for the slow operations of a blockade. He did not lose a single minute. That very day he ordered Colonel Colborne to storm San Francisco with the 52nd, and the whole army did not contain a man who could be more safely trusted to execute such a command. San Francisco was stormed, and, as soon as Wellington was in possession of that important outwork, he set the engineers to work against the fortress itself. There was no delay or interruption to their progress. Each division of the army worked in succession; he himself superintended every detail. Trenches were cut, and pits were dug from which the riflemen of the 95th picked off the gunners of the garrison; and so well was his energy seconded

by all, that in five days three heavy batteries were completed, which opened their fire on the 14th, while on the same night General Graham stormed the strongest of the convents and made prisoners of its garrison. A heavy frost had set in on the 10th, but even that was disregarded by our engineers. No one thought of making difficulties under a commander who saw none himself, or who, if he did, saw them only to surmount him. More batteries were erected, and if it had been possible for the energy shown by all to have been increased it would have been by intelligence which reached Wellington on the 17th, that Marmont was collecting a portion of his army at Salamanca, an important town at no great distance. He had reason to believe that if Marmont should endeavour to raise the siege, even a portion of the French army would be too strong for him to resist. He would not give him time. On the 18th he summoned the Governor to surrender. The summons was refused, as he had probably expected, but it could only delay the fate of the fortress for a single day. And it was with Spartan brevity that that fate was announced by Wellington to his army on the morning of the 19th: "Ciudad Rodrigo will be carried by assault this evening at seven o'clock."

The turn for daily duty fell that day on the 3rd division, commanded by Picton, and the light division, led by Craufurd. The 3rd was to attack the greater, the light division the lesser breach, while another party was to assault the castle; and a fourth, under Pack, to make a false attack on the gate of Santiago, at the southern entrance of the town. Wellington himself pointed out to the leaders of the divisions the exact position of the breaches, and at seven o'clock each

party marched forward in silence and perfect order. No shot was fired, as the leaders of the storming parties had forbidden them to load; their trust was in the bayonet alone. The garrison, too, were "foemen worthy of their steel," vigilant and fearless, and, as the British column advanced to the attack poured on them a ceaseless storm of missiles of every kind—shot, shell, grape, and musket-balls. But their courage and efforts were in vain. Every attack succeeded. Pack even found opportunity of converting his false attack into a real one, and took possession of the gate of Santiago. Colonel O'Toole won the castle; the 3rd division, led by Major Ridge, mastered the breach which had been allotted to them as their object; the light division, headed by Major George Napier, forced that assigned to them, though even after they had made their way good their path lay over sharp spikes firmly planted in the ground, and live shells bursting under their feet. In less than half an hour the Governor surrendered, and the town was ours.

So brilliant an exploit had not been achieved without heavy loss: the list of killed and wounded presented above 700 names, and among them Craufurd, who was mortally wounded at the first advance of his division; and General M'Kinnon, who was blown up by the explosion of a mine. General Vándeleur was severely wounded, as also was Colborne, who had been struck down by a musket-ball in the shoulder at the commencement of the assault, but who, regardless of his wound, still led on his men, and was among the first who entered the town. But the prize was worth even the heavy price that had been thus paid for it. The garrison of 1500 men were prisoners; more than 300 guns, with enormous masses of ammunition and other

military stores, were trophies of great use and value. And the glory was greater than even the booty. One of the strongest fortresses on that side of Spain had been taken in twelve days, and such a triumph increased, as it deserved that it should increase, the confidence of both the Peninsular nations in the General who had achieved it; and what was of even greater importance, that of the Ministry at home, and silenced the voices which had hitherto been too often raised in disparagement of the conqueror's abilities and actions.

As if all vied with each other in the awards and distinctions by which they signified their pride in both, the Spanish Government created him a grandee of the first class, by the title of the fortress he had won, Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo; the Portuguese Regency created him Marquis of Torres Vedras, with a large pension—of which, however, he declined acceptance; his own sovereign promoted him to an earldom, and sent a message to Parliament to grant him a further pension of £2000 a year.

There was but one person who did not think he had done enough, and that was apparently himself. His first object was to repair the damage done to the fortifications of Ciudad Rodrigo by his own batteries; his next to outdo his late achievement by one still more splendid. He determined to take Badajoz also, though infinitely stronger in its fortifications, and in its garrison of 5000 picked men, under the command of one of the most gallant veterans whom the whole French army could furnish; while to these resources of defence which it contained within its own walls were to be added the armies of both Marmont and Soult, both of whom might be expected to join their forces for the defence

of so important a fortress, if they should see reason to fear its being in danger. Secrecy and rapidity were now even more important than when his aim was Ciudad Rodrigo. To prevent any suspicion of his design arising in the minds of either marshal, he himself retired to his former headquarters. A battering-train of unusual strength which was at Lisbon was embarked on vessels, which put out to sea as if bound for Oporto, but when they were out of sight of land the guns were shifted into vessels whose draught of water was not too deep for the rivers, and in which they were conveyed to Elvas, a town in the neighbourhood of the doomed fortress. Thus by the end of February Wellington's preparations were completed. Yet they might have been baffled had not Marmont's Imperial master been, or fancied himself, wiser than his officer. Marmont was not quite easy at Wellington's apparent inaction. He remembered that in the preceding year Beresford had commenced operations against Badajoz, which he had indeed been forced after a few days to discontinue, but of which it could not be doubted that Wellington had been anxious for the success, and his capture of Ciudad Rodrigo seemed to the wary Frenchman to afford grounds for suspicion that he might have resumed his desire of making himself master of the still more important stronghold. He communicated his notion to Napoleon, proposing to move down to the south, in order, if he should find it confirmed by any movement of our army, to be able to unite with Soult for the defence of the great fortress. But Napoleon in reply sent him a positive order to remain at Valladolid, pronouncing that Wellington would be mad if he ventured an attempt on Badajoz while Marmont and Soult were both on that side of Spain.

There are, however, kinds of madness which it is not safe to neglect, and on the last days of February Wellington sent forward all his army, except one division of the German Legion, towards the Guadiana, a large river which through that district forms the frontier of Spain and Portugal, and on the Spanish bank of which Badajoz stands. To keep his design secret as long as possible, he himself remained at Fuente Guinaldo till the 6th of March; but on that day he also set out, hoping still to conceal his real object for a few days longer by encouraging a report that he had only gone on a hunting excursion. On the 11th he reached Elvas, but found to his disappointment that he could not yet commence the siege from the neglect of the Portuguese to furnish means of transport for some of his stores, which consequently did not reach him till the 15th. But from the moment of their arrival there was no more delay. The covering army of 30,000 men he entrusted to Graham and Hill, posting it in two divisions in Spanish Estremadura; and on the 16th he himself, with the remainder of his force, not exceeding 21,000 men, invested Badajoz, placing three British divisions on the left or Spanish bank of the river, and a brigade of Portuguese on the right or Portuguese side. Besides its own ramparts and its castle, all strong and heavily armed, Badajoz was protected by four outworks of great strength—San Christoval, on the northern bank of the river; San Roque, nearly opposite; La Picurina, at the farthest point on the eastern side, crowning a small hill, and opposite to the centre of the southern side; the strongest fort of all, the Pardaleras, was connected with the ramparts by thick and high walls, while towards the western end of the town a

bridge connected the two banks. And to all these means of defence another of a different character was added by damming up a rivulet which ran between the ramparts and the outworks on the eastern side, so as to inundate the ground around the San Roque and La Picurina.

Wellington's own health had been slightly disordered for a day or two, but he soon recovered his strength; and, as has been said already, on the 16th he commenced the siege, and in person made a careful examination of the whole circuit of the walls. He decided on making La Picurina the first object of attack, since, when he was master of that, the commanding height of the ground on which it stood would enable him to batter the bastions in front of it with the greater effect. And he had need of every advantage of that kind which he could obtain, inasmuch as, after all his exertions, his artillery fell greatly short of what such an enterprise as he had undertaken required. Some of his guns were of Russian manufacture, and their bore did not correspond with our English shot. He would fain have supplied his deficiency by borrowing some guns from the flagship, but the admiral feared the responsibility of granting so unprecedented a loan, and he was reduced to trust to his own unassisted resources. The besieged on their part were not without assistance from the elements. Heavy rains set in, which would have seriously retarded the operations of any other general. They washed away our works. Once they flooded the Guadiana, raising a torrent which carried away our pontoons, broke down our flying bridges, and for a day or two cut off our communications between the two banks. And every delay thus interposed by nature to our progress was turned to his

advantage by the indomitable energy and rare capacity of the Governor-General Philippon. He erected batteries which raked our trenches. He made sallies against the trenches themselves, in one of which the French soldiers carried off a quantity of entrenching tools, which the carelessness of the engineers had left in the works. But all was no avail. Even the aid of nature with its storms failed to make the besieged equal to the besiegers. By the 25th the batteries were so far completed that they could open a heavy fire on both the town and La Picurina. That same night the fort was stormed, and the garrison made prisoners or drowned in the surrounding inundations in a vain attempt to escape. By the 6th of April three large breaches had been made in the walls; and Wellington, hearing that Soult had driven Hill and Graham from their positions, and was approaching the town with an army far stronger than that which he had retained with himself, decided on carrying Badajoz by storm that very night, as nearly three months before he had carried Ciudad Rodrigo. So strong and so extensive were the ramparts that there was work for every division of the army. Picton was to deal with the castle, Leith with the western bastion of San Vincente, Colville and Colonel Burrard were to storm the breaches, while smaller detachments were to attack the San Roque, the San Christoval, and the bridge-head on the northern bank of the river. At ten at night these different bodies all advanced to their work. A fierce resistance all expected; how terrible none could have foreseen. Philippon well knew that it was no ordinary foe whom he was awaiting, and they were no ordinary means with which he prepared to withstand him. The fronts of the breaches were filled up with

harrows, with loose planks set with spikes, and heavy beams armed with double-edged sword-blades, closely chained together, and presenting a barrier impassable by any activity either above or below. Against these fearful obstacles the stormers pressed on with undaunted resolution. Though live shells were dropped on their heads, and mines were sprung beneath their feet, they quailed not; but the breaches proved absolutely impregnable. The assailants of the castle had scarcely an easier task. Shells, heavy beams, and stones beat down those who tried to fix the ladders. At last Colonel Ridge of the 5th found a spot where the wall was lower and the sentries less vigilant. With his own hands he placed a ladder against it, and led the way. His men eagerly followed him; and, though he himself fell, in a few minutes his whole company stood on the ramparts, and the castle was won. General Walker with his brigade had had similar good fortune in his assault of San Vincente, and his bugle from the centre of the town answered the cheers of the 5th. Philippon, who was wounded, had already crossed to San Christoval, where he did not surrender till the next day; but all resistance was over. The garrison, still 3800 unwounded men, laid down their arms, and Badajoz also was ours. As at Ciudad Rodrigo vast quantities of military stores, provisions, and supplies of various sorts became the prize of the conquerors; but their victory had been dearly purchased. Since the commencement of the siege above 1000 had been killed and 4000 wounded, two-thirds of the whole having fallen in the two terrible hours of the assault. And when Wellington learnt the full extent of the havoc that had been made among his followers and comrades, his habitual firmness for a moment gave

way, and he did honour to them and to himself in as generous tears as ever fell from the eyes of a hero and a conqueror.

How great an achievement the capture of this great fortress was may perhaps be most clearly seen by the excuse which Soult made for not endeavouring to save it. As his letter to the chief of the Emperor's staff explained his inaction, he had made no movement because "it was not in human foresight to think that with such a garrison such a place could be taken in such a manner." Yet brilliant as it was, the summer was not far advanced before it was outdone by an exploit still more calculated not only to make an impression on the world at the moment, but to establish the conqueror's fame as one of the greatest commanders whose deeds are recorded in ancient or modern history. Wellington's first idea, as soon as he had repaired the fortifications of the captured fortress, was to turn against Soult, and expel him from Andalusia. But he presently learnt that the Spaniards had neglected the duty of provisioning Ciudad Rodrigo, and that Marmont, having received intelligence of its distress, had blockaded it. He was not inclined to allow him the triumph of recovering the fortress he had so lately and so hardly won, and at once returned to its neighbourhood, hoping to bring the Marshal to action. Marmont, however, retreated on hearing of his approach; but Wellington did not renounce his resolution to meet him in the open field; and as soon as he had completed the measures necessary for the safety of Ciudad Rodrigo, he pursued him into Castile. It was not long before the two armies came in sight of one another; but Marmont fell back and evacuated Salamanca, leaving only strong garrisons in three forts which he had

recently erected. Wellington at once occupied the city; and, as soon as he had received the necessary battering train, attacked and captured the forts, which Marmont had again made magazines for abundant military stores. As such they were a valuable prize; but with a view to future operations they were of still greater importance, since their possession gave their captor the command of a secure passage over the Tormes, the river on which Salamanca stands, and which falls into the Douro twenty or thirty miles lower down. And on that very ground Marmont had been so anxious for their preservation that he was returning to Salamanca with the purpose of fighting a battle for their sake, when he learnt that he was too late. As at Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, Wellington had been too quick for him; so, finding that they were lost, he again retreated, and again Wellington pursued him. On the 2nd of July he overtook his rearguard on the banks of the Douro, and took some prisoners, but Marmont had broken down the bridges, and had possession of the fords, so that his main body was safe. Once more, therefore, Wellington fell back towards Salamanca, and Marmont followed in the same direction, so that for some days the two armies were moving in nearly parallel lines, till on 21st July Wellington concentrated his army at Cabrerizos on the Tormes, which Marmont also approached at Huerta a mile or two higher up. The armies were about equal in number, each of about 45,000 men, though the French were probably rather superior, especially in cavalry and artillery, and in the opinion of their general, still more so in their quality, since they were all veterans of long-proved discipline and valour, while Wellington's army contained a large number of German and Portu-

guese who could not be reckoned equal to either British or French troops.

Marmont was a vain man, and especially proud of his skill as a tactician, in which branch of the military science he in his memoirs implies that most of his brother-marshals, and his and their master the Emperor, were deficient, and in which he had no fear of proving superior to his British antagonist, who, as he regarded him, trusted for success rather to plain hard fighting than to manœuvres. And with this opinion of him, he amused himself with displaying his skill in a variety of showy movements, which made little impression on Wellington, who contented himself with counter-movements, whenever any of them seemed to have any other object but display. He was especially busy with his favourite evolutions on the morning of the 22nd, when both armies were on the same side of the Tormes; each endeavouring to obtain possession of two hills called Dos Arapiles, at one end of a small plain, which might become important positions in the event of a battle. The possession of these however was divided; the larger one, being nearer the French position, was gained by them, while Wellington succeeded in occupying the other. Marmont's other movements, the object of which if they were intended to produce any practical result appeared to be to cut him off from Ciudad Rodrigo, Wellington could afford to disregard, since in the course of the morning he had placed the 3rd division in a position which secured the road to that fortress. But its position was concealed from the Marshal's sight by some rising ground, and he, having no suspicion that he was aiming at what was out of his reach, about 2 o'clock moved General Thomière's

division, with 50 guns and several squadrons of light cavalry, round the right of our position, threatening to turn our flank, while at the same time he pushed forward some other divisions with the view of attacking Wellington if he should make any attempt to check the advance of Thomière. As that general proceeded, his division, which formed Marmont's left wing, became gradually more and more separated from the centre, till at last the parting was complete.

Wellington was sitting on the ground taking a hasty meal with Pakenham, his brother-in-law, and the Spanish general Alava, when one of his staff interrupted him with an account of the French movement. He sprang up, laid his glass across his charger's saddle, and saw what had occurred, seized Alava's hand with the exclamation, "Mon cher Alava, Marmont est perdu"; and, without losing a moment began to arrange his attack. His 3rd and 4th divisions, under Pakenham and Leith, he posted behind the village of Arapiles. Next to them he placed the 4th under Cole, with Pack's Portuguese brigade; behind them Hope and Clinton held the 6th and 7th divisions in reserve; and, on the left, also in reserve, were the 1st and light divisions under General Campbell and General Charles Allen. The cavalry was distributed in different parts of the field. The 3rd division was to have the honour of striking the first blow. Pointing to the heights along which Thomière was moving, he bade Pakenham, who was his brother-in-law, throw his division into columns of battalions, and turn their left at that point. "It shall be done; give me your hand;" and with these words Pakenham galloped off, and at once led his division with a brigade of Portuguese cavalry and two squadrons of our own light dragoons, with

irresistible fury upon the enemy. So impetuous was his charge, that he was upon them almost before they were aware of his approach. He drove them from height to height, taking 3000 prisoners, and on that side the battle was at once gained. Almost at the same time Cole, Leith, and Brigadier Bradford with a brigade of Portuguese, and Sir Stapleton Cotton with the heavy cavalry by their side, attacked the main body of the enemy in front, the cavalry especially scattering the French infantry whether in column or in line, with terrible slaughter, while Lord Edward Somerset with one squadron of dragoons even penetrated through them to a battery and captured five guns.

Marmont had been severely wounded early in the battle. Bonnet, who succeeded him, was presently struck down also, and the command was taken by Clausel, who strove with unavailing gallantry to retrieve the fortune of the day. The centre of the field was occupied by two French divisions with several heavy guns. Cole, Leith, and Beresford were all wounded, and for a moment the struggle was fierce at that point, and apparently still doubtful; but Wellington himself brought up Clinton's 7th division, and their charge was irresistible. One endeavour, the last, was made by the French right wing which as yet had taken no part in the conflict; but presently Wellington was on them also, attacking them with heavy infantry in front, and with light infantry and cavalry on the flank, till they too gave way. All that Clausel could now strive for was to render his retreat as little disastrous as possible. Had not a Spanish officer, whom Wellington had left in the castle of Alba de Tormes, deserted his post, skilful as he was, Clausel would hardly have been able to escape. But a French company, finding the castle

unprotected, had occupied it; and under its protection Clausel now led his shattered battalions in safety across the river.

But the victory hardly needed even such an addition as his capture; nearly 6000 of the enemy had fallen; 7000 were prisoners, and, with eleven guns and two eagles, were trophies such as had been won from no French army since the days of Marlborough—and the French loss was not yet over. Wellington pursued the flying foe the next day, overtook and routed their rearguard, taking several hundred more prisoners; but in the afternoon Clausel was joined by a reinforcement of cavalry, and Wellington desisted from the pursuit to give his troops the rest they had so nobly earned. Even for that, however, he could not allow them many days. It seemed possible to add to the results of the late battle the expulsion of King Joseph from the capital, and on Madrid, therefore, he marched at the beginning of August. Clausel was at Valladolid, but on hearing of his approach retired towards Burgos, leaving behind him 800 of his wounded men, with a great quantity of guns and military stores, all additional prizes of Salamanca. On the 12th Wellington reached Madrid, from which Joseph had a day or two before fled towards Valencia; but he had not withdrawn the garrison from the Retiro, a fortified citadel, which Wellington instantly attacked and took, making 2000 more prisoners; and finding also in its magazines 200 fine war guns, 20,000 muskets, and enormous supplies of powder and every kind of military stores.

He and his army had been received with acclamations by the citizens as their deliverers from the grinding tyranny under which they had groaned

for the last four years. But he could not remain there more than a few days; for Joseph, with natural eagerness to recover the city, had sent Soult orders to hasten to his assistance; and that Marshal, in obedience to the royal command, at once broke up from Cadiz, which he had been for some time blockading, destroying all the vast amount of material which he had collected for the sieges, of which above 1000 guns were scarcely the most valuable portion. And Wellington, fearing to be surrounded by the concentration of the various French armies which Joseph had the power to assemble against him, withdrew to the Portuguese frontier. It was not without the exercise of the most consummate skill that he was able to reach it in safety; for his anticipations were correct. He had hardly quitted Madrid before he was pursued by the King, Jourdain, and Soult, whose united armies nearly doubled his. But by his skill in choice of positions, by more than one masterly manœuvre, and one or two forced marches of great rapidity, he baffled their utmost endeavours to bring him to action; till at last they were forced to abandon their pursuit from want of supplies. Before the end of November he reached Freneda, on the frontier, which he had selected for his headquarters for the winter; and the next five months passed without any event of importance.

## CHAPTER VI

SUCH brilliant exploits as had distinguished the late campaign richly deserved grateful recognition, and such was not withheld by any of the nations whom he had so splendidly served. The Regent in England created him a marquis and a Knight of the Garter, and the Parliament granted him £100,000 for the support of his increased rank. The Portuguese Government, with a singular spirit of prophecy, created him Duke of Vittoria, annexing also a considerable income to the title, which, however, he declined, according to the rule which he had laid down for himself of refusing any pecuniary grant while the resources of the nation were so severely taxed by the expenses of the war. And the Spanish Junta conferred on him the supreme command of all their armies — an honour which he had formerly refused, but was now willing to accept. No one, except probably himself, anticipated that the successes of the campaign for which he was preparing would throw all his previous achievements into the shade.

It was rather later in the spring than he had intended before he was able to commence his operations. The first months of 1813 had been unusually cold and dry, and the grass, so indispensable for the advance of his cavalry, was late; and when, in the

last week of April, the rain did come, it was so violent for many days that it broke up the roads. It was not, therefore, till the 22nd May that he was able to move from his winter quarters and advance into Spain, but when he did he could not forbear expressing his conviction that he might henceforth confine himself to that country. Rising in his saddle as he crossed the boundary stream that divides the two kingdoms, waving his hand, he exultingly exclaimed, "Farewell, Portugal."

He had received considerable reinforcements during the winter, so that he was now at the head of the finest army that he had ever commanded, and he at once pressed forward with all the speed he could make; distributing his army in three divisions, the right under Hill, the left under Graham, while he himself marched with the centre, with the resolution of bringing the King's army to battle as soon as he could overtake it. For he was aware that Joseph had already left Madrid, and was falling back towards the Ebro; and on its banks he came in sight of the whole of the French army on the 20th of June in battle array at Vittoria. The town stands at one end of a small plain, broken by more than one ridge of hills of moderate height, but in many places steep and rugged, studded also with three or four small villages, and intersected by the small river Zadorra. And these hills had been chosen by Jourdain, the commander-in-chief under Joseph, as affording an eminently favourable position in which to await the attack which Wellington's rapid advance warned him to expect. The army with which he held them amounted to about 58,000 infantry, 12,000 cavalry, and 150 guns. Wellington's consisted of 60,000 British and Portu-

guese, with 10,000 Spanish troops who had joined him on the march, but in whom he could not place any great confidence. In numbers, therefore, the two armies were nearly equal, but in cavalry and artillery his was by far the weaker. Such as it was, however, he had every confidence that it would prove equal to the work before it. The 20th he spent in a careful examination of the ground and the enemy's position, and on the morning of the 21st he attacked it in three divisions. Hill was the first in action, crossing the Zadorra, over which, however, there was but one bridge, to attack the French left on the hills at the lower end of the valley. Count Gazan was here in command, and made a gallant resistance, but the steady British battalions gradually beat him back, and carried the village of Subijana de Alava, obtaining thus an advantage in that quarter which the enemy were never able to retrieve. The task allotted to Graham on the right was to advance directly on Vittoria itself, which was held with great strength of both cavalry and infantry, skilfully ranged on a line of hills, and covered also by the two villages of Gamara Major and Avechuco. But Graham turned the heights, the Spanish regiments which formed part of his division showing admirable spirit in more than one charge, stormed the village with his British regiments, and scattered all the force before him, taking several guns. Wellington himself waited till he saw that Hill had mastered Subijana, but, as soon as his lieutenant's success on that side was secured, he himself advanced with the main body, crossed the Zadorra at a point where there were fortunately three bridges in close neighbourhood, and established himself in front of the enemy's centre, where Joseph

himself was stationed. His Majesty did not wait for his attack, but at once retreated up the valley towards Vittoria, sending orders to Gazan to retire in the same direction. The battle was not yet won, for the subordinate French generals were brave and skilful officers, and made gallant endeavours to hold their ground. But by this time Wellington himself was upon them with his batteries in front and his riflemen and light division on their flanks, dealing heavy slaughter among their ranks, and, when some brigades still made a stout resistance, bringing up Lord Dalhousie against their flanks, and Picton against the village of Arinez in their front, and restoring steadiness to some regiments which their own impetuosity had in some degree disordered. Every attack succeeded. Picton's indomitable resolution carried Arinez, which was the key of the whole French position; the 52nd mastered the village of Marganta; Colonel Gough (the future victor of Sobraon and Goojerat) took Hermandad. The enemy retreated in every direction, Wellington giving them not a moment's respite, but pressing them vigorously at every point. But even yet the battle was not over, the last range of heights had not yet been reached by the conquerors, and on them Jourdain collected some strong divisions, and with batteries still equal to the whole of the British artillery, made one fearless but hopeless effort to retrieve the fortune of the day. But on this eventful day Wellington was everywhere. He turned the heights in person with one division, launched another against Jourdain's front, and the brave Frenchman was driven off, leaving the greater part of his guns. The battle was won in every part of the field. All that General Reille, whose

division had been less hotly engaged, could do was to keep open the road to Pampeluna, which was the only available line of retreat, and by that the defeated army, aided by the night, for the battle had lasted the entire day, now hastened towards the frontier.

Modern history scarcely records a similar rout. So strong had been the French position that their killed and wounded did not exceed ours by above 1000 men, nor did the prisoners increase their loss by above 1000 more. But they left behind 151 guns, 20 tons of powder, nearly 2,000,000 cartridges and rounds of ammunition; three military chests, containing specie to a large amount, which they themselves, with great exaggeration, as Wellington believed, estimated at a million of money; and all their baggage contained in several thousand carriages and waggons, in which was stored all the plunder which the rapacity of their king and his officers had accumulated in the last five years—plate, tapestries, and pictures; in short, almost everything that they had considered worth carrying off from church or palace. Nor was the spoil confined to masculine properties. The beauties of Paris had flocked in crowds to Madrid to share the triumphs of their countrymen, and reward their prowess by their smiles. They had accompanied the army in its retreat from the capital, and were now witnesses and partakers of its discomfiture. The chivalry of our soldiers forbore to encroach on their personal liberty; but their weapons of conquest, their feathers, laces, and jewels, contained in thousands of well-packed trunks, were lawful prize, and they were now ransacked by many a wandering trooper and camp-follower; some of whom, with a provident anxiety that such decorations should not be wasted, and forgetful for a time of regimental dis-

cipline, as the evening wore on, exchanged their uniforms for flounces and trains, and frolicked about their quarters in most unwonted disguise; while others preferred the "creature comforts" of Joseph's claret and champagne, and some, with more care for the main chance, filled their pockets from the money chest.

Joseph himself had a narrow escape from crowning the list of captives. Colonel Wyndham, with a troop of dragoons, pursued him as he fled in his carriage, and so nearly overtook him that they even fired at his carriage. He quitted it, changed his uniform for a nankeen jacket, and continued his flight on horseback; but the carriage itself was captured, and in it was found an immense mass of papers of great political interest, correspondence with Napoleon, reports, and despatches, all of which were at once sent to the Ministry in England. Jourdain's baton, as Marshal, also fell into our hands, and was sent by Wellington, with the colours of a French regiment, as a present to the Prince Regent, who sent him in return the truncheon of an English Field-Marshal, which had never been so nobly won.

At the beginning of his campaigns, Wellington had expressed his expectation that the successes which he anticipated in Portugal would have an influence on the war in Spain. His triumphs in Spain had an influence on the war in every part of Europe. The news of the battle of Salamanca reached the French and Russian armies on the very morning that they were confronting each other on the plain of Borodino. And the intelligence of this still more decisive victory contributed not a little to the rupture of the armistice of Plesnitz, and the resolution of Austria to cast in her lot with the allies.

After pursuing the King the next day, in order to deliver the country altogether from his presence, and capturing his remaining gun, the only one which he had brought off from Vittoria, Wellington moved towards the Pyrenees, blockading Pampeluna, and investing St. Sebastian on his way. For intelligence had reached him that Napoleon had not yet been sufficiently humbled to renounce all idea of retaining or recovering his hold on Spain. He was at Dresden when he learnt of the defeat of Jourdain, and the flight of his brother. And he at once sent Soult to the Pyrenees, with the title of "Lieutenant of the Emperor," to endeavour, if possible, to turn back the tide of war which seemed to be threatening the sacred soil of France itself with invasion. Soult travelled with such rapidity that he reached the Spanish frontier by the 12th of July, when he at once assumed the command of all the forces in that district. Seeking to encourage them with a boastful proclamation, he reminded them, with some forgetfulness of Busaco and Salamanca, to say nothing of his own expulsion from Oporto, "that whenever the relative duties of a French general and his troops had been ably fulfilled, their enemies had commonly had no resource but flight." And to this implied disparagement of their late commander's discharge of those duties, he added the promise that, as their Emperor's birthday[1]

[1] Napoleon's real birthday was the 5th of February 1768, but when he arrived at the supreme power in France, he thought it would become his dignity to have one of a less wintry character, and on examining the almanac for a vacant summer day he fixed on the 15th of August. It was equally necessary to his dignity that his birthday should have a patron saint, and accordingly he invented also a St. Napoleon, to whom he dedicated the auspicious day, "*vice* the Virgin Mary superseded," to the memory of whose "Annunciation" the Romish Calendar had previously appropriated it.

was at hand, on that auspicious day their valour should enable him to announce the retrieval of their national honour by the retreat of the vanquished Britons beyond the Ebro.

Confidence is undoubtedly necessary to a general, and one all-important quality of a commanding officer is the art of inspiring his army with the same feeling. And it cannot be denied that Soult's military career entitled him to claim the confidence of his men, and warranted them in placing reliance on his often-proved valour and thorough knowledge of his profession. Of all his marshals, those whose skill Napoleon esteemed most highly were probably Masséna, Marmont, and Soult himself. The two former Wellington had beaten already; but he had never met Soult in the open field, and it was therefore not unnatural that Napoleon should entertain a hope that a new antagonist might have better fortune. One branch of the military art he undoubtedly understood in perfection; that of choosing the ground for a battle, and strengthening his position with all the resources of the engineer's science. Nor did any one better understand that of bringing his troops to their desired position. If he was deficient in any point, it was, in Wellington's opinion, in readiness in handling them in action. If, on the contrary, there was any faculty in which Wellington was unrivalled, it was the promptitude and accuracy with which he manœuvred under fire. And not less was he pre-eminently gifted with the fertility of resource with which he turned the best chosen and most strongly defended positions. In the course of the next few months he encountered his new antagonist at Sauroren, on the Bidassoa, on the Nivelle, on the Nive, at Orthez, and Toulouse, but it would be tedious to dwell on

a series of battles, similar in character and identical in results. Soult, generally acting on the defensive, chose his positions with admirable judgement, more than once strengthening what was naturally strong with extensive entrenchments, armed with heavy batteries. But his flanks were turned, his centre was broken by straightforward attacks; and, in every encounter, he was defeated with slaughter far exceeding what his conqueror sustained, and in more than one instance with heavy loss also of prisoners, and of no small portion of his artillery. On one alone of these victories, that at the passage of the Bidassoa, we must dwell for a moment, not so much because the eloquent historian and military critic, Napier, pronounces it "as daring an enterprise as any undertaken during the whole war," as because the river was the frontier separating Spanish from French territory, and because that which so victoriously forced its passage was the first foreign army which had made good its footing on French soil for above a hundred years. Being such, it was not strange that Soult regarded the national honour as staked on its defence. Ever since his defeat at Sauroren, on the 30th of July, he had been occupying himself in raising all the barriers to Wellington's advance that skill could suggest, while the country around the Bidassoa by itself presented no small impediment to the conveyance of artillery stores, and all the various appointments of a modern army. The ground behind the river was stronger far by nature than that which Wellington had rendered impregnable at Torres Vedras. The hills were higher and more rugged, and Soult had diligently availed himself of these advantages, entrenching a strong camp commanding the river, fortifying the hills in all the most important or accessible points

with redoubts, and blocking up the approaches with *abattis* and heavily armed breastworks. The ridge or chain which was his main line of defence was about eight miles long, almost touching the Bidassoa at the point where the entrenched camp stood. Its southern extremity was called Mont Mandale; its northern end the Grand Rhune; the central height bore the name of Mont Bayonette; the whole forming a position which Soult might reasonably believe as unassailable, and which probably would have been also thought so by every other general alive, with the single exception of him who was preparing to prove that opinion to be a mistake. In the last days of September Wellington received a considerable reinforcement of English troops; and, what he esteemed equal to many men, he had also been joined by Sir John Hope, who had been second in command at Corunna, and whom he described in one of his letters as the ablest officer in the whole army; but who, being senior to him, had been unable to bear a share in his earlier campaigns till Wellington's promotion to the rank of Field-Marshal removed that difficulty.

Soult had expected that if Wellington should be hardy enough to attempt the passage of the river anywhere he would choose some point at a distance from the sea where it was narrower. But Wellington who, according to his invariable practice, had examined every part of his position with his own eyes, determined on crossing below the entrenched camp, and attacking every part of his line at once. And on the morning of the 7th of October he proceeded to carry out his plan. On some heights known as San Marcial, which commanded the French side of the stream, he had erected some strong batteries, and, taking advantage

of the spring tide at its ebb, which for a short time rendered the stream fordable, he sent one division forward which dashed into the water below the entrenched camp before the French had recovered from their surprise; for, as Wellington had left his tents standing, they had not expected any movement that day. At the same time Graham, with two divisions, crossed the river under Mont Mandale, and pressing on attacked Soult's entrenchments, which extended from a small hill opposite Irun to the right extremity of the entrenched camp; and in spite of a stout resistance from the troops which garrisoned them, carried them all at the point of the bayonet, and captured all their guns. Soult had erected redoubts on Mont Mandale so strong, and, as he fancied, so secure from their position that he had only occupied them with a single battalion, which the Spanish General Freyre, to whom Wellington entrusted its attack, easily overpowered, and nearly at the same time our own light division attacked the French centre, the strongest part of the whole line of defence, both from the weight of its batteries and the amount of the force collected at that point. Clausel, seeing it menaced, at once hurried up to its support with a strong battalion, and with a gallant charge threw some companies of the 95th into disorder; but the advantage thus gained was only for a moment. The 52nd had never found their match in the whole war, and Colborne, who had recovered from his wound, and had returned to his command shortly after Vittoria, charged the enemy in his turn, broke them, carried redoubt after redoubt, and quickly made himself master of the whole position. Every part of Soult's defence was now broken through with the exception of the works in the

Great Rhune. But it was now nearly dark, and they were left unassailed till the next morning, but then they shared the fate of their comrades. They were beaten back with heavy loss to seek other positions in their rear, and on the 8th the whole of the English army stood on French ground. In two days Wellington had carried a position to the fortification of which Soult had devoted weeks, and this decisive success had been achieved with a loss that did not exceed 800 men, while that of the French, in spite of the protection afforded them by their works and the difficulties of the ground, nearly doubled that number. Every regiment in the conquering army had displayed the most brilliant gallantry; but the credit of the victory belonged to him who had directed their efforts. It had been, as Napier describes it, "a general's, and not a soldier's battle. Wellington had, with overmastering combinations, overwhelmed each point of attack." And he had thus obtained a position in which he himself was unassailable if he should find it necessary for any length of time to remain on the defensive, and from which he could securely advance whenever he should judge the time to have arrived for such a movement.

But Pampeluna still held out. He had invested it immediately after Vittoria, but it was strongly fortified, and garrisoned by above 3000 good troops; and, as he could not spare troops for more vigorous operations against it, he had contented himself with blockading it, entrusting that duty to a Spanish brigade. Its commander, Carlos d'España, performed his duty with unremitting vigilance, till at last the garrison was reduced to the last extremity. They had for many weeks been living on half rations of horse-flesh and still more unpalatable food, till nature could hold out no longer, and on

the 31st of October they surrendered. And Wellington, having no longer anything in his rear requiring his attention, resolved to profit by the short period of open weather on which he could calculate to resume his forward movements.

How splendidly he followed up his success by victory after victory has been already mentioned. Such was his confidence in his army, and such the confidence of his soldiers in him, that nothing seemed impossible to either; but his deeds in arms, unsurpassed as they were, are not his only, it may almost be said, not his greatest title to admiration. Even before he quitted Portugal his indignation had been continually roused by the misconduct of his troops everywhere except on a field of battle. Victory seemed to them to justify a total neglect of discipline; and not only the enemy, but the natives who were our allies, and whose champions we professed to be, suffered from outrages of every description. Their houses were pillaged, the inhabitants insulted and beaten, and their property, when too heavy to be carried off, was often wantonly destroyed. He felt their misconduct as a disgrace to himself and to their common country; and before going into winter quarters at the close of the campaign of 1812, he addressed a letter of stern reproof to the regimental officers, whose "habitual inattention to their duty had been the cause of these scandalous irregularities." He urged the commanding officers of the various regiments to impress his remarks on those beneath them, the captains, lieutenants, and ensigns, and to inspire the non-commissioned officers with a proper sense of their authority. "It was only by a steady observance of every point of discipline that frequent recourse to punishment could be avoided, and

the efficiency of the army restored and maintained during the next campaign."

His language had been severe, and for the moment awakened bitter feelings of discontent among those to whom it was addressed, but it had its effect; and he was, if possible, more anxious that the discipline and forbearance towards the natives on which he had then insisted should be observed now than he had been before. For he was now in the country of the enemy, and he had no inclination to increase the strength of the army which he had to encounter by adding to it the peaceable population of the district. In Spain and Portugal the French had armed against them every citizen of every town, every farmer and peasant of every district by their unrestrained rapine and cruelty, which had provoked so revengeful a feeling that a soldier could scarcely stir beyond his encampment without being murdered; and Wellington was resolved not to have his ranks thinned in such a manner and for such a cause while in Spain. He had said of them that "they required a hand of iron to keep them in order," and, if milder means should prove ineffectual, a hand of iron over them they should learn that they had. Some companies had been great offenders even in the present campaign; and now, on entering France, he repeated his reproof of the preceding year in two general orders. He insisted on implicit obedience from every rank; he declared that if any officers failed in their duty he would send them home with a special report of their misconduct. "He was determined not to command officers who would not obey his orders." At the same time he enjoined the commissaries to observe careful regularity in paying for all the supplies which they might obtain from the

inhabitants of any district in which they might be stationed. And he issued a proclamation to the native population of the district announcing to them the orders which he had given, promising to enforce their execution, and inviting them "to arrest and bring to his headquarters all who should violate them." And these were not empty words. Some officers he brought to court-martial, by which they were cashiered; several soldiers who had been detected in pillage he hanged; one entire Spanish division whom he could not prevent from retaliating on the peaceful peasantry the injuries of which for the last five years they had been the victims at the hands of the French armies, he sent back to their own country; and he paid with such punctuality for all the provisions which were brought to his camp as compelled the owners to contrast his conduct with that of the officers of their own armies who paid for nothing, and to prefer supplying his forces to those of their own countrymen. His righteous determination had prevailed; and long before the campaign was terminated the British army, which had too truly deserved his bitter reproaches a year before, now earned the general good-will of the very men whose lands they were invading. Such a victory over such spirits was not less to his honour than even the genius which baffled the manœuvres of marshal after marshal, and it contributed not a little to the glorious issue of the campaign and the war.

The war was in fact over before his last victory, that at Toulouse, was gained. That battle had been fought on the 11th of April, but the armies against whom Napoleon himself had been so bravely and skilfully battling had been in possession of Paris for more than a week. Napoleon had abdicated, and Louis

XVIII. was restored to his murdered brother's throne. But, strange to say, the intelligence of these great events did not reach either Wellington or Soult till the afternoon of the 12th. The citizens of Toulouse had exulted in his victory, since they, as well as the greater part of the inhabitants of the Southern Provinces, were royalists at heart. They presented him with an address, and he in return invited them all to a grand ball that evening, at the same time inviting the Mayor himself and some of the leading citizens to meet his own principal officers, Spanish and Portuguese, as well as English, at dinner; and it was just as he and his guests were sitting down that an officer arrived with the intelligence of the state of affairs in Paris. As soon as the banquet was over he read the despatch to the assembled company, and proposed the health of Louis XVIII. It was received with great demonstrations of joy; but it was not to be the toast of the evening, for, as soon as the cheers had subsided, General Alava proposed the health of Wellington himself, as the "Deliverer of Spain," and the whole company rose at once, hailing him in every variety of language as "the Deliverer of Spain," "the Deliverer of Portugal," "the Deliverer of France," "the Deliverer of Europe." He made no speech in reply—he was never fond of hearing his own praises—but, as has been recorded by one who was present, merely bowed, and called for coffee. Between the dinner and the ball he and his company adjourned to the theatre, where similar greetings awaited him, augmented, if possible, when it was seen that he wore in his hat a white cockade, the Bourbon ensign; while, as a special compliment to him and his nation, the orchestra played "God Save the King."

His unparalleled successes in this wondrous campaign which he had just terminated were rewarded by the Regent with promotion to a dukedom, and by Parliament with a grant of £400,000 for the purchase of an estate. But the termination of the war was not to bring him a holiday. No British representative had graced the Court of Napoleon, but on the restoration of the legitimate King we lost no time in re-establishing friendly relations with his country; and the Ministers conceived that they should best mark their sense of the importance of the step by sending the most illustrious of their countrymen as our Ambassador. And this was not the only call they made on his diplomatic ability. They desired also to strengthen the government of the Spanish monarch. Napoleon had released Ferdinand some months before, but his absence from his kingdom for so many years had placed him greatly at the mercy of his Ministers, who were incapable, revengeful, and corrupt. And to counteract their influence Lord Liverpool decided that before he took upon himself the duties of his appointment at Paris, he should proceed to Spain to induce Ferdinand to adopt a liberal policy towards his recovered subjects. He declared, with perfect sincerity, that for such appointments he should never have conceived himself qualified, but at the same time he considered it his duty to serve the Government in any way in which it was thought he could be useful. He was received with pompous courtesy and the warmest expressions of gratitude and respect by the King; but he soon found out that he had no influence over either him or his counsellors, and at the beginning of June he quitted Madrid and repaired to Bordeaux, to direct the necessary arrangements for the embarkation of his

British infantry. His cavalry Louis had permitted to march through France to Calais; and he took leave of both in a general order, in which he expressed his pleasure, which he was sure that every individual in the army shared with him, at the share which they had had in restoring peace to the world, and at the high character they had maintained in all the countries in which they had been engaged. He thanked them all cordially and frankly for their conduct under his orders, and assured them in every circumstance of his life "he should never cease to feel the warmest interest in their welfare and honour."

Having seen everything in order for the comfort of the troops on their homeward voyage, he also set off for England, which he reached on the 23rd of June. He found the whole nation in a state of unprecedented excitement, of almost frantic exultation. The Prince Regent had invited the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and Platoff the Hetman of the Cossacks, with a number of other princes, warriors, and statesmen, to visit him in London. He received them with princely magnificence, making the Emperor and the King Knights of the Garter, and his subjects exulted in following his lead with all the honours they had to bestow. Oxford made them Doctors of Civil Law, the Metropolis made them freemen of the city, and whenever they appeared in the streets crowds followed them with cheers. But Wellington's arrival threw them all into the shade. He was the national hero whom, above all others, all delighted to honour. When he first reached London, the populace drew his carriage through the streets; when he alighted they bore him on their shoulders into his house. When the Regent went in state to St. Paul's to offer up the thanks of the nation for the

restoration of peace, he bore the Sword of State at his right hand. The House of Commons sent a deputation to congratulate him on his return, and, breaking through all their usual rules and standing orders, admitted him into the body of the House when he expressed his desire to return his thanks for the extraordinary liberality and munificence with which they had rewarded his exertions.

He must have wished to be able to make a longer stay in his own country. Shortly after his return from India he had married a daughter of Lord Longford, a sister of the General Pakenham whose gallant charge had begun the battle of Salamanca; and he had two sons, the elder of whom, Arthur, inherited his titles, but left no heirs; the second, Lord Charles, became the father of the present Duke; and five years had elapsed since he had seen them, or his mother, now very advanced in years, but still spared to feel a natural pride in his great achievements and universal fame. But in his eyes duty was always the one paramount consideration, and towards the end of July he returned to the Continent. He did not, however, go directly to Paris, but before entering on his embassy he, with the sanction of his own Government, spent a short time in a careful examination of the frontier of Belgium, now to be united to Holland, to form one kingdom under the sovereignty of the King of the Netherlands. The object of the King in requesting his advice was to ascertain whether it were necessary to maintain the entire chain of strong fortresses which in former times had been constructed and armed as a protection against a French invasion. On that subject he expressed no doubt. They were undoubtedly numerous, whether

the extent of the frontier or the greatness of the kingdom of which they were the defence were considered; but he contended that the mere fact of their existence in an efficient state would tend to discourage invasion, while, on the other hand, the mere dismantling of a single stronghold would be an invitation, if not a temptation, to aggression. At the same time, as no strength of that kind could be entirely depended on, he examined also the country in their rear with great care, and his examination has been made for ever memorable by as singular an instance of military foresight, with its not long deferred realisation, as the whole history of warfare can furnish. He pointed out more than one position which would enable an army to offer a stout resistance to an invader, even if he should succeed in forcing his way through the chain of fortresses. And among them he especially pointed out "the entrance of the forest of Soignies by the high road which leads to Brussels from Binche, Charleroi, and Namur." The place which thus attracted his attention was the plain of Waterloo, and in less than a year he himself proved how well it deserved the character he thus gave of it.

Early in the autumn he took up his residence in Paris, having no work which called for his special attention; but believing that his presence there in such a situation was calculated to strengthen the King's Government; and that this opinion of his was well founded may be inferred from the great displeasure it excited among those who viewed the re-establishment of the old dynasty with resentment, carrying it so far that rumours reached him of a conspiracy which some of the most desperate malcontents had formed, with a design to seize him as a sort of hostage to terrify the

Government into compliance with their schemes, or, if their attempts should bring on a renewal of war, to deprive the other sovereigns of the only general whom they feared. He himself believed that the rumour was not without foundation; though, if such a plan had been formed, he also had reason to believe that, after a time, it had been abandoned. But his stay in Paris did not continue beyond the opening of the next year. In the autumn a congress of diplomatists of all the sovereigns of Europe had assembled at Vienna, for the purpose of settling the numerous questions which arose out of the overthrow of Napoleon; claims of indemnity which were put forward by some; demands by others for the restoration of territory of which they had been deprived, with various other matters of general policy and importance. Lord Castlereagh, our Foreign Secretary, had himself attended its earlier deliberations, but he could not be spared from the opening of Parliament, and in January Wellington was transferred to the Austrian capital to take his place. It was a fortunate change. No single question had yet been settled by the diplomatists, when, on the 7th of March, these deliberations were interrupted by the news that Napoleon had quitted Elba, and landed in France; which was speedily followed by the intelligence that a great portion of the army had joined him, that Louis had fled to Ghent, and that Napoleon had resumed the Imperial authority in Paris. There had been great and dangerous dissensions in the Congress, but this intelligence at once put an end to all differences. Wellington himself proposed a renewal of the treaty of Chaumont, which in February of the preceding year had united England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia against the common enemy. A declara-

tion of war was at once issued by the united sovereigns, and the arrangements for its prosecution were made with unanimity and promptitude. Three large armies were to be formed, of which that to be employed in the Lower Rhine and in the Netherlands, and intended to consist of British, Hanoverian, and Prussian troops, was to be placed under the command of Wellington. A joint memorandum was presented to him, requesting him to proceed to the Netherlands without loss of time, with which he took on himself the responsibility of complying without waiting for the sanction of the authorities at home; and in reporting his conduct to the Ministers, he urged them to raise his army to the greatest possible strength without loss of time. Fortunately there were still a few English regiments in the country; some of these which had served under Graham in the spring of the preceding year and some cavalry had not yet been withdrawn; and those now constituted a sort of central force, to be joined by the reinforcements for which he had asked as fast as they could be sent out. Unfortunately many of the regiments of his old Peninsular army were not available. On the declaration of peace they had not been brought back to England, but had been transferred to North America to join Pakenham's army in the war with the United States, which had unfortunately broken out a few months before. Peace had been concluded before the end of 1814; but the army which had been employed was still on the sea, and did not reach Europe till this new war, in which their absence was severely felt, had been terminated at Waterloo.

## CHAPTER VII

WELLINGTON reached Brussels on the 4th of April, and at once took the command of all the forces he found there; which, after he had provided for garrisoning the most important of the frontier fortresses, did not exceed 18,000 infantry and 5000 cavalry; he was promised an early addition of about equal numbers of Dutch and Belgian troops, on whom, however, he did not place much reliance; and there was also a Russian army of about 30,000 men in Rhenish Prussia, which, at his urgent request, Count Kleist, their commander, brought up to join him: though he was subsequently forced to separate from him when Blucher, of whose force this only formed a division, arrived with the remainder of his army. But the reinforcements from home for which he had asked came slowly, and sadly disappointed him in their character. Lord Bathurst, the War Secretary, would have been more fitly entrusted with the management of some other department. Even in times of peace the War Office requires vigour and energy, of which he had a very scanty store, and he was totally unfit to carry out its duties in such an emergency as the present. Wellington had urged him to let him have "40,000 good infantry, besides those which would be required for garrisons, 17,000 or 18,000 cavalry, and 150 guns; with them he would engage that

we should take our part in the game;" but the troops which Lord Bathurst sent him fell far short of what he required in number, and still more in quality; a large portion of them being only second battalions, composed chiefly of recruits and drafts from the militia, so recently incorporated in the regular army that even at Waterloo many of them wore their old militia accoutrements. The artillery was even more deficient. Lord Mulgrave, the Master of the Ordnance, had, with singular want of foresight, sanctioned such large reductions in that most important branch of the service, that he could not promise him half the number of guns that he required, nor even a sufficient number of experienced drivers for those which he supplied. The most encouraging circumstance in his preparations was that he had with him many of his Peninsular generals—Picton, Clinton, Park, Cole, and, above all, Hill; to whom was added Lord Uxbridge as commander of the cavalry. It was a post he had filled in the campaign of Sir John Moore with admirable skill; but as he was senior to Wellington, he, like Sir John Hope, had been under the necessity of retiring when Wellington took the supreme command. That difficulty however had been removed by the Duke's promotion as Field-Marshal, and now he eagerly offered his services, which the Duke of York, the Commander-in-Chief, as eagerly accepted.

Before the end of April Blucher reached Liège to take the command of the Prussians; and, though the two commanders had not previously served together, they acted throughout in the most complete harmony, no national jealousy preventing either from fully appreciating the high military qualities of the other, but both heartily co-operating for the accomplishment of their common object.

Wellington was not without information with respect to Napoleon's forces or his movements as far as they could be known. Clarke, Duc de Feltre, who since Napoleon's abdication had been Minister of War, had accompanied Louis to Ghent, and from him he learned the probable strength of Napoleon's army, while those who composed the King's Court at Ghent kept up a correspondence with their friends who remained in Paris and communicated to him all the intelligence which they could obtain of Napoleon's plans so far as they were known or suspected. It was plain that his own movements must depend on those of the Emperor; and as it was evident that he had at least two lines of advance open to him, he himself could not decide on his own course till he had at least some reason to judge which line would be selected. He was above the folly of undervaluing an enemy, and he had more than once expressed his opinion that "there never was a man before whom it was more dangerous to make a false move than Napoleon"—but his feeling of the necessity of caution did not abate his confidence in the result of the impending conflict. The reinforcements which he had received were daily improving in discipline and efficiency. Others joined from time to time; the King of the Netherlands placed the flower of his army under his command, sending him at the same time a Field-Marshal's staff; and Blucher too had now advanced sufficiently to be able to combine operations with him. His army amounted to 80,000 men, all Prussians, and thoroughly good troops. So that by the beginning of May Wellington was able to report to the authorities at home that he himself "could now put 70,000 men into the field, and Blucher 80,000, so that he hoped they would be able to give a good account even of Buonaparte."

The day of action, however, did not arrive quite as early as they expected. Napoleon, though he had already an army ready, equal in number to those of Wellington and Blucher, greatly superior indeed, according to reports which reached our headquarters, and which stated it at not less than 200,000 men, seemed unwilling to commence hostilities. He even wrote to each of the allied sovereigns professing a desire for peace: partly perhaps to gain time, and partly to represent to the French people, that, if it depended on himself, his recovery of his throne would not involve them in fresh war. But if the end were to be war, of which he could in reality have no doubt, it was inevitable that, before setting out on a campaign which might occupy him for some months, he should feel the necessity of making arrangements for the government of the kingdom and of the capital. It was not till the second week in June that all his business of that kind was completed; but on the 12th he left Paris for the army, with the expression "I go to measure myself with Wellington,"—of all the other commanders he was in the habit of speaking with contempt, but with all his habit of imposing on himself, and on others, he could not apply such language to him who cleared Spain and Portugal of his armies, and had defied the efforts of the Marshal in whose ability he placed the greatest confidence to arrest his triumphant advance through no small portion of France herself.

On the 14th he reached Avesnes, around which the chief divisions of his army were already concentrated. And he issued a boastful proclamation to his troops reminding them that that day was the anniversary of Marengo when they had defeated the Austrians, and of Friedland where they had humbled the Russians. Of

triumphs gained over the English he had none to boast, but, recalling to their memories periods in their service which could hardly have been very encouraging, he reminded those who had been prisoners in England of the miseries they had suffered in the English hulks. The army of which he now took the command consisted probably of about 130,000 men, with 350 guns; a smaller number than that of the British and Prussian armies united; but far larger than either. And his central situation gave him the advantage of choosing which enemy should be the object of his first attack, making him the master not only of his own movements, but in one sense of those of the British and Prussians also, since they must necessarily depend on his. There was more than one line by which he could advance. One led to Brussels, the capital of the Netherlands, another to Ghent, where Louis was holding his Court, each affording a strong temptation to make it the object of his first attack; and in an equal degree that of Wellington's care. Wellington's army, as had been his practice in the preceding year, was divided into three corps: one under Hill, another under the Prince of Orange. The third he kept under his own orders at Brussels, and their different cantonments reached from Audenarde on the Scheldt, the scene of Marlborough's victory over Vendôme, to Nivelles, and to the road leading from Brussels to Charleroi. Blucher's right wing was at Charleroi; and to maintain communication with him, the advanced guard of the Prince of Orange's division was pushed forward to a point where the road before mentioned is intersected by that leading from Lille to Namur, and named from the divergence of their four branches *les Quatre Bras*. Wellington thus covered

every road by which the enemy could advance, while the communication between his different divisions was so perfect that they could be concentrated at any point of the line in less than four-and-twenty hours.

Thus he waited for intelligence. It was less dangerous to lose an hour or two than to move in a wrong direction; but on the afternoon of the 15th, the Prince of Orange came to Brussels to dine with him, and reported to him that that very morning Napoleon had attacked the advanced posts of the Prussians at Thuin, and had driven them back on Charleroi; and later in the evening a messenger came from Blucher himself to inform him that Napoleon had reached Charleroi, and had driven his general Zieten towards Fleurus. It was now evident that his plan was to march upon Brussels, and Wellington at once sent out orders to the different divisions to concentrate on the line of the French advance; some being even directed to move forward as far as Quatre Bras.

Great was the agitation in Brussels, and it was not confined to the citizens; for the city was full of English visitors, and the Duchess of Richmond had issued invitations for a ball for that very evening. It was no secret that, if one party of the citizens were contented with their present government, and terrified at the danger which they foreboded from the approach of the redoubtable French Emperor, another party hailed his movement with joy as a promise of reunion with France; and, as it was desirable to avoid adding to the alarm of the one, or the exulting anticipations of the other party, Wellington determined to attend the Duchess's ball with many of his principal officers, who were instructed to leave early and to join their regiments, which had already received

orders to march before daybreak; he himself remaining to a later hour with unembarrassed demeanour, and taking a cheerful part in the general festivity, that no one might augur anything but security from his appearance. He gave himself but a few hours' rest, and then he too started for Quatre Bras, which he reached about 11 o'clock, where he found the outposts of the Prince of Orange had already been slightly engaged,—a brigade which had been stationed at Frasne two or three miles in advance, having been driven back on Quatre Bras the evening before; but having also been reinforced in the morning and enabled to recover its lost ground. But as all besides seemed quiet, and as he learnt that Blucher was collecting his army at Ligny, a village a few miles to the left and almost within sight, he rode across to concert with him their future operations. He found the old Prussian marshal expecting an immediate attack; but the position which he had taken up seemed to Wellington's more skilful eye ill chosen, and the arrangement of his troops not well calculated to counterbalance its defects. Blucher, however had no fear, especially if Wellington could afford him the support of a British division. The Duke saw clearly that he would need support, but refused to divide his army; promising him the more effectual aid of joining him with his whole force if he himself were not attacked.

But, when he rejoined the Prince of Orange at Quatre Bras, he found such a movement beyond his power. Napoleon's plan was to make a simultaneous attack on both the Allies, and about two in the afternoon he led his main body against Blucher. But as the British force at Quatre Bras was evidently small he entrusted the attack on that to Ney, with a division of a little under 20,000 men, of whom however

2000 were some of his choicest cavalry regiments. As yet all that the Prince of Orange had with him were some Dutch and Belgian brigades far inferior in number both of men and guns, and destitute of cavalry. Still they stood their ground gallantly, but were giving ground before the superior weight of the enemy when Wellington returned, and at the same time Picton arrived from Brussels with a strong division of British and Hanoverian regiments; presently the Duke of Brunswick also came up with his black hussars, which gave Wellington a slight superiority in everything but artillery. It was well that he was thus reinforced for it was a critical moment; the strength and resolution of the Dutch brigades, on whom the first weight of the conflict had fallen, were at last exhausted; and presently they fled in great disorder; but their place was supplied with some of our own regiments, while Ney at the same time was joined by some additional squadrons of cavalry. For some time the battle was sustained with brilliant gallantry on both sides; in one instance on ours with two manœuvres in which it is hard to decide whether the genius which conceived, or the courage which executed them were the more admirable. A regiment of French lancers took the 44th in their rear while their front ranks were hotly engaged with Ney's infantry. Hammerton their Colonel met them with a single line. As the lancers came on with levelled spears he gave the word of command, "Rear rank, right-about face; present, fire." The front rank of the lancers rolled into the dust, and their comrades retreated in dismay and confusion. But other bodies of cavalry came on till their numbers seemed so overwhelming that Picton doubted whether the same gallant 44th, and the 42nd who were brigaded

with them, would be able to hold their ground; and with a sudden inspiration decided that their safety lay in attack rather than in defence. Throwing the two regiments into column, he charged the cavalry, and actually drove back not only lancers but cuirassiers with infantry. The history of war records no instance of a similar change of tactics. The Duke had more than once described his army as one that "could go anywhere and do anything," and his praise could have had no better or more complete illustration than was thus afforded by Hammerton and Picton. Later in the afternoon more of our regiments reached the ground, and with them some batteries of artillery; and, finding himself thus strengthened the Duke assumed the offensive, and with such effect that Ney retreated before him and withdrew his troops to Frasne. How severe the conflict had been was shown by the heavy loss sustained by both armies. Nearly 4000 men had fallen on each side; but Ney's repulse was of no slight importance since it defeated Napoleon's project of separating the British from the Prussian army, and gave time for all Wellington's divisions to join him for the greater battle to which this had been but a prelude.

Meanwhile, at about the same hour that Ney had commenced his attack on us at Quatre Bras, Napoleon himself had attacked the Prussian army at Ligny. Blucher had redeemed the want of skill displayed in his choice of position and general arrangements by the most splendid personal gallantry, but was finally defeated and compelled to retreat; he lost twenty guns, but his list of killed and wounded scarcely, if at all, exceeded those of the enemy, and the French themselves were in no condition to disturb his retreat. He fell back on Wavre, a movement which compelled

Wellington to withdraw from Quatre Bras in order to preserve the necessary communication between the two armies; and he at once decided on falling back on the plain of Waterloo, the very ground which in the autumn of the preceding year he had pointed out as a suitable battlefield. Accordingly at ten o'clock on the morning of the 17th he commenced his retreat, an operation not without difficulty from the narrowness of the road, and especially of the bridge over the Dyle which led to the equally narrow street of Genappe; but he had always shown remarkable skill in the conduct of such movements; it had been conspicuous in his very first service when with the 33rd he formed the rearguard of the army in Flanders in 1794; and, as we have seen, he had since displayed it under still greater difficulties on more than one occasion in the Peninsula. Napoleon pursued him with a strong division of cavalry, which, however, was beaten back with great loss by Lord Uxbridge at the head of our Household troops, and in one or two skirmishes we maintained the same superiority, till soon after six o'clock our whole army reached Mont St. Jean. It was but little later when the French came to a halt less than a mile in their rear, and the two armies began to take up their position for the night. All day the weather had been very unsettled, with violent showers, and the sun had hardly gone down when heavy rain, with occasional thunder, set in, which continued with great heaviness through the whole night, extinguishing the bivouac fires, and under which both armies lay down on the deeply-soaked ground to snatch what rest the pitiless storm, and the anxiety inseparable from the greatness of the battle of the morrow, allowed them.

Wellington himself passed the night in the little village inn of Waterloo; but by three in the morning mounted his horse to make his last arrangements to receive Napoleon's attack. His field of battle was a low ridge, about two miles in length, slightly drawn back in the centre, at its right end descending rather abruptly into a valley, and on its left turning almost at right angles towards the enemy. About 300 yards in front of its centre was a farmhouse, known as La Haie Sainte, and in front of its right was a country house called Hougoumont, having a farmhouse attached to it, with courtyards surrounded by lofty walls, and a large garden also walled in on two sides, and protected on the others by a thick hedge, and in front by a thickly-planted orchard and small wood. The road from Nivelle to Brussels crossed our line just within its right extremity, and that from Charleroi to Brussels cuts both our line and that of the French nearly in the centre, passing by La Haie Sainte, while the road from Wavre to Braine la Leud runs along the crest of the ridge on which our army was drawn up, and greatly facilitated the movements of the troops and especially of the artillery during the battle.

In every undertaking confidence contributes greatly to success, and Wellington had his full share of that most essential military virtue, not only in general, but especially on the present occasion. The day before he told Alava that Napoleon would be "surprised to see how well he could maintain a defensive position." At the same time, though, as he wrote to one of the French princes, "he hoped and, what was more, he had every reason to believe that all would turn out well, it was nevertheless unwise to run the risk of great

disaster; it was necessary to provide for everything." And in this spirit he guarded against any endeavour of Napoleon to turn his position on the right by posting a brigade of Dutch troops under Prince Frederic of Orange, with a British division under Sir Charles Colville, at Hal, and, to secure his retreat in the event of a defeat, he constructed a bridge of boats across the Rupel at Boom.

On the evening of the 17th he sent an aide-de-camp to explain his position to Blucher, and to announce his intention of giving battle to Napoleon the next day if the Prince could promise him the support of two divisions of Prussians. Blücher replied, as he himself had replied to a similar request from him on the 15th, that he would not send two divisions, but that he would himself join him with his whole army. There were still some hours before any attack was to be apprehended, and those he now diligently employed in strengthening his position. 400 of the German Legion were posted in La Haie Sainte, the farm buildings of which formed a large square surrounded by a low wall, and which was covered in some degree by an orchard in front. And he now set the garrison to loophole the walls for musketry, and to erect barricades across the road. Hougoumont, as covering his right flank, was of still greater importance; it was occupied by some companies of the Guards under Colonel Macdonell, the main body of the regiment, under Lord Saltoun, being stationed just behind it. And there every available hand was employed in loopholing every part of the building, while carpenters were erecting platforms sufficiently near the top of the walls to enable the garrison to fire over them. The gates were strengthened, and every pos-

sible expedient was adopted which might enable its defenders to hold it against the most resolute attack.

Wellington's entire army amounted to about 69,000 men, but of them scarcely 24,000 were British troops, and above 16,000 were Dutch and Belgians, who were very little to be relied on. The contingents of Nassau and Brunswick, too, were for the most part raw troops, and the only part of the army, besides his own regiments, on which he could place full confidence were the German and Hanoverian Legions, amounting together to 16,000 more. Of cavalry he had rather more than 12,000, of whom, however, 3000 were Dutch and Belgians; and he had 150 guns. The number of the enemy is not known with the same minuteness, but it is certain that it was more numerous by at least 4000 men, that their cavalry were 15,000, their guns 250, and Napoleon had, moreover, the incalculable advantage that all were French and inured to battle. Hill had the command of our right wing, consisting of some of the German and Hanoverian regiments and our own light brigade. Picton, with the left wing, covered the ground from La Haie Sainte to the end of our line, where some small enclosures were held by Prince Bernard of Saxe-Weimar with some Nassau battalions. The cavalry were behind the infantry. The light regiments under Sir John Vandeleur, Sir Hussey Vivian, and Sir Colquhoun Grant. The Household troops and heavy 1st Dragoon Guards, under Lord Edward Somerset, and the Union Brigade of English Royals, Scots Greys, and Enniskillen dragoons under Sir William Ponsonby, occupied the centre, Lord Uxbridge being the commander-in-chief of the entire cavalry force. The artillery was in front, commanding the slope up which the French must

advance to the attack. Of the French, D'Erlon's division was on the right, Reille's on the left, Lobau in the centre; with their cavalry also behind the infantry; and, behind all, the infantry and cavalry of the Guard. Their artillery, like ours, was in front.

The heavy rain, which never ceased till nearly seven o'clock, had made the ground so heavy, and unfavourable for movements of troops, that Napoleon was unable to commence his attack at as early an hour as he would have desired, and it was nearly noon before he commenced operations by a vigorous attack on Hougoumont. He did not trust for victory to elaborate manœuvres, but rather to straightforward and repeated attacks, in which he reckoned on his superiority of numbers to give him irresistible advantage. According to the estimate which he often promulgated, that one Frenchman was equal to one Englishman, but that one soldier of either was equal to two of any other nation, that superiority was indeed sufficient to warrant almost any amount of confidence. But it was not enough to dismay his great antagonist. Shortly before the first shot was fired a Prussian officer had reached his outposts with the intelligence that General Bulow, with the leading division of Blucher's army, had already reached St. Lambert, a village not above 4 miles from the centre of our position, and Wellington's plan was simply to maintain his ground till he should be joined by such a reinforcement of Prussians as should place the superiority of numbers on his side.

The vigour with which Hougoumont was attacked was of itself a proof of the judgment which had been displayed in its choice, and in the care which had been

bestowed in strengthening it. Musketry and cannon were poured in an unceasing torrent on the orchard in its front, and under cover of their fire the French columns made their way to the very walls. But the defence was as resolute as the assault; to musketry and cannon Wellington himself, who had repaired to the rear of the buildings, added shells, which were terribly effective on the close ranks of the assailants. The attack was maintained throughout the entire day, but the last assault was as vain as the first. Once the enemy were cheered with a gleam of success when their numbers and weight actually succeeded in bursting open the gate and forcing an entrance into the courtyard; but Macdonell and some of his officers were men of great personal strength, by main force they closed the gate again, and the courtyard became the grave of all those who had entered it. Even when at last Napoleon turned a battery of howitzers against the buildings, and set the dwelling-house on fire, the resistance of the gallant Guardsmen did not slacken, but they remained to the end of the day masters of the post, the attempt to expel them from which had cost their assailants a loss exceeding the whole of their own number.

Later in the day a similar attack was made on La Haie Sainte, and that little stronghold was defended with the same vigour as Hougoumont, till the ammunition of the garrison was expended; then at last the French, finding their fire cease, scaled the walls, and Major Bausig, with his gallant Germans, had no resource but to withdraw his men and rejoin his comrades in the main line. But the stout resistance which he had made for full five hours had been of unspeakable value to the whole division, and the

possession of the place came too late in the day to be of any advantage to the enemy.

The attack on these two posts had been kept up for more than an hour, when Napoleon thought the time had come for a grand attack on the centre. He had just perceived a dense body at some distance on his right, which was speedily ascertained to be Bulow's advanced guard struggling through the defiles of St. Lambert. He had entrusted Grouchy with 32,000 men with the task of watching Blucher, and now he despatched an aide-de-camp to summon him instantly to the field of battle; and at the same time he sent Ney forward against that part of our line where Wellington himself had his usual station, with Picton close at hand. Above 18,000 picked men, with more than 70 guns, formed the columns which Ney now sent forward under D'Erlon. Bearing a little to the right, they fell first upon Picton, whose British regiments had been so sorely thinned at Quatre Bras that they could not muster more than 3000 bayonets, to whom a division of Dutch and Belgians, which was joined to them, proved a hindrance rather than a support. The mere sight of the advancing French scared them so completely that, even before they came to quarters, they turned their backs in precipitate flight, almost trampling down some of the stouter-hearted Britons. But their desertion did not appal the brave Picton; he deployed his English troops into a line only two deep. As the enemy rose over the crest of the ridge on which he stood, he met them with a destructive fire, and then with splendid audacity led them on to charge four times their own number. As he was cheering them on a bullet struck him on the temple, and he fell dead; but his men, their natural courage being sharpened as

it were by the resolution to avenge his fall, dashed forward with irresistible impetuosity, driving the enemy back down the hill and taking many prisoners. But Picton's force was not the only one with which they had to deal. A brigade of cuirassiers had joined them, and Lord Uxbridge, who was fortunately close behind, fearing lest they might prove too strong for Picton's infantry, brought up the Household Brigade and 1st Dragoon Guards, with which he beat back the cuirassiers, our men proving superior to the French, not only in stature and weight, but also as horsemen and swordsmen; while at the same time he sent Ponsonby with the Union Brigade against the infantry, who were still formidable from their numbers, to give them no time to recover from their disorder. Ponsonby's onset taking them by surprise completed their rout, and, having utterly broken them, he fell upon another column which was advancing to support them, routed them also, taking even the eagles of two of their most distinguished regiments, with hundreds and hundreds of prisoners, till at last, excited with his success, he charged with irresistible fury up to the very French lines, forced his way to the artillery batteries, overpowering them also, killing the artillerymen, hamstringing the horses, cutting the harness to pieces, and disabling at least forty guns for the rest of the day.

His infantry attack having thus failed, Napoleon ordered a charge of cavalry against our right, and Ney quickly marshalled a magnificent column, 5000 strong, of Mithaud's cuirassiers and Lefebure's Lancers of the Guard, and sent them forward in full confidence of victory. But they had no better fortune. The Duke had foreseen such a movement, and was not afraid

to encounter it with the Light Infantry Brigade and General Chassé's Dutch regiments, which he supported with two batteries of artillery. The infantry here, as in some other parts of the field, had been by his directions lying on the ground rather behind the crest of the hill, which in a great degree sheltered them from the violent cannonade of the French batteries; but at the approach of the enemy's cavalry they rose up and formed in square to resist them. The French came on gallantly, and, though our fire mowed down their front ranks, their comrades pressed on as undauntedly as at first. They reached our batteries, but Wellington's precautions saved his guns. As they came up the artillerymen unlimbered one wheel of each gun and retired with it into the squares of infantry; and on those no efforts of the enemy could make the slightest impression; their bayonets presented an impenetrable hedge; their fire brought down men and horses in promiscuous slaughter, and the moment that the assailants fell back, though only for a moment, to reorganise their attack, the artillerymen returned to their guns, and poured on them as heavy a fire as before. It was in vain that Ney sent them a strong reinforcement of the Cavalry of the Guards; charge after charge was made with undiminished fury and was beaten back with equal steadiness and even improved rapidity of their deadly musketry. Wellington himself was in the midst of them, directing the movements of some, cheering on others, and, by the calm confidence in the result which his countenance exhibited, encouraging all. "Stand fast, 95th," said he; "we must not be beaten; what will they say in England?"—"Never fear, sir, we know our duty," was the reply; and such a commander and such soldiers

could not be beaten. While Lord Uxbridge gave no little help, charging more than once with the heavy cavalry, but keeping the light dragoons in reserve for a later hour. As the day wore on the Duke's plan began to be realised; it had been to hold his ground steadily till the Prussians should join him; and about five o'clock one of their battalions began to open a distant cannonade on the French right. He had hoped for their aid some hours earlier, nor had it been their fault that his calculation was disappointed; indeed, it was only the indomitable resolution of Blucher himself that brought them so soon; for the road from Wavre, always bad, had been rendered almost impassable by the rain of the preceding night. Often the guns stuck fast in the deep ruts, till the men were almost exhausted by the labour of extricating them from the mud; but the old Marshal Prince, though he had been sorely hurt at Ligny, kept at their head, telling them that he had promised Wellington to join him, and he knew they would not make him break his word. By six o'clock three more of their battalions came within musket range, and Bulow began to advance upon Planchenoit, a village in the immediate rear of Napoleon's centre. As a last chance he determined to make one combined and simultaneous attack on the whole British line. The greater part of the French Guard, both infantry and cavalry, were still fresh and entire, their final charge had decided many a battle, and he cherished a hope that they would prove as irresistible as on former occasions.

Wellington saw the coming storm, and made such dispositions to meet it as his ranks allowed, thinned as they were by their previous conflicts. He had few available but his own British regiments. The loss of La Haie

Sainte had uncovered the Brunswick brigade, which could hardly withstand the heavy fire to which it was now exposed. The absence of the Prince of Orange, who had been severely wounded, greatly dispirited his Nassau battalion; but Wellington himself by his presence and exhortations re-established order among them, and bringing up Vivian's hussars to support them, restored their confidence; and having thus made his centre safe, he returned with all speed to his right wing, which was evidently destined to receive the first onset.

Never did the Guard, the flower of the French army, advance with more brilliant vigour. Napoleon, quitting the telegraph tower which had been his post during the greater part of the day, came down to their front, to encourage them as they moved forward, and Ney himself led them on, preceded by a cloud of skirmishers, with terrible vehemence against the British right. But Wellington was everywhere. Foreseeing the line of the French advance, he had strengthened his batteries in that quarter, which made fearful havoc in the dense advancing columns. More than one of the French generals fell before it. Ney's horse was killed, but he drew his sword and led his men on on foot, and for a moment he and all thought their victory assured. They saw nothing before them but a few mounted officers, and flattered themselves that the batteries were at their mercy, and that the victory was complete. They were soon to be undeceived, for here also Wellington had thrown the British Guards under Maitland behind the crest of the hill, and had bidden them to lie down. But now, when the French had come within a few yards of the summit, he gave the word of command "Stand up, Guards!" The Guards

with eager obedience sprang to their feet, and, before the French had recovered from their surprise at so unexpected an apparition, poured a deadly volley into their ranks, which struck down 300 men. Still undaunted even at so heavy a loss, they endeavoured to deploy, but Wellington gave them no time, but ordered the brigade to charge, and the Guards with levelled bayonets drove them some way down the hill; and then quickly returned to their position. A second column, which followed a few minutes later, had even worse fortune. Maitland, who had re-established his men on the crest, met them also with as fierce a fire as had crushed their comrades, while as their line of advance led them across the ground occupied by the 52nd, Colborne took the responsibility on himself, and, as they passed, without waiting for orders, wheeled the regiment round on their flank, pouring in a destructive fire, then charging them with the bayonet, and driving them before him in such irremediable confusion that every attempt of their leaders to rally them was vain.

Yet even now, had Wellington been a commander of less decision and energy, victory might still have hung in the balance. For Napoleon in person was rallying Ney's broken column, and had still Reille's and D'Erlon's divisions with a strong brigade of cavalry in reserve. But Wellington saw that by this time Blucher was making important progress in the direction of Planchenoit, and to avail himself to the utmost of the confusion caused in the French ranks by his movements, no longer waited to be attacked, but sent Vivian's brigade against the reserve cavalry, while with his whole line of infantry he charged the French position. He was aware that D'Erlon's and Reille's troops were still fresh (for they were in the rear of

Ney's column and had not come in contact with our victorious guards), and that they were more numerous than those regiments which he could employ with any confidence, but he reckoned on their being discouraged by the unexpected defeat of their guard, and too completely demoralised to hold their ground. His battalions were fearfully thinned since the morning, but he tackled the infantry, with some cavalry in the second line as a support, and rode in himself among the foremost, directing every movement. The sun, for the first time in that eventful day, burst through the clouds, and gleamed with happy omen on the British bayonets as they dashed forward. Nor horse nor foot could stand before that fiery onset. Lord Uxbridge was struck down by a grapeshot wound in the thigh: but Vandeleur and Vivian joined their brigades and with united squadrons scattered Napoleon's reserve cavalry, drove D'Erlon's and Reille's divisions before them, and pressing on to the very centre of the hostile line, stormed and captured the batteries, some of which still maintained a fire which had lost its power for harm.

Even Napoleon himself could no longer change the fortune of the day. As our guards and light division advanced he threw himself into one of the squares of his own guard in the hope that they might yet form a rallying point for their scattered comrades; but presently they also were driven back, and exclaiming that "all was lost for the present," he rode slowly from the field. Wellington pushed forward till he reached Genappe, and there late at night he was joined by Blucher. His own army were too completely exhausted by the toils of the day to pursue the beaten enemy farther. But Blucher undertook that duty, promising to give the French no

respite. And he, ordering his army to bivouac on the ground which had been the French position in the morning, returned for the night to his quarters at Waterloo.

It had been a splendid victory, its importance surpassing even its splendours, but it had been dearly bought. Providence, as he truly said, had watched over himself, but he had had more than one narrow escape, and of his staff hardly one was unwounded. Of our generals Picton and Ponsonby were killed, Lord Anglesey severely wounded; and of officers of inferior rank, and common soldiers, the killed and wounded amounted to scarcely less than 10,000. The loss of the French could never be calculated. Not only did the number of their killed and wounded greatly exceed ours, but as visible trophies they left us 6000 prisoners, 150 guns, and vast quantities of ammunition; nor was this all their loss, since their regiments were so thinned by desertion that it was reckoned that of those who fought at Waterloo not one-half were ever again collected under their standards.

## CHAPTER VIII

THE next morning Wellington repaired to Brussels to make some necessary arrangements before quitting the Netherlands, but in the evening he rejoined his army, which had proceeded as far as Nivelles. At Cateau Cambresis he waited till the 24th to receive the King, whom he escorted into the town at the head of his staff. And then he moved forward with all speed to Paris. The governor of Cambrai resisted his advance, so he stormed the outworks and the citadel. The governor of Peronne imitated his brother officer in the rejection of Wellington's demand for the surrender of the town, and met with a similar fate. But he met with no further opposition, and proceeding steadily onwards, by the 2nd of July he reached Genesse, where he learned that Napoleon had retired from Paris, and where he was also met by a proposal from Blucher to join him in an attack upon Paris, which the old Prince desired to carry by force of arms, to retaliate on the citizens the outrageous injuries which after the battle of Jena the French had inflicted on Berlin. But Englishmen had no such injuries to avenge, and Wellington wisely objected to any measure that might render the return of Louis to his capital less acceptable to his subjects. His remonstrances against such a movement and his absolute refusal to co-operate in it, effectually

prevented its adoption; and the next day a convention was concluded with Marshal Davenant, the governor of the city, by which it was agreed that the whole of the garrison should evacuate the capital within three days, and retire beyond the Loire. The evacuation was completed by the evening of the 6th; on the 7th Wellington and Blucher entered Paris at the head of their armies; and on the 8th Louis himself resumed his residence at the Tuileries.

But even now, when the King was thus in full and formal possession of his capital, Wellington's interposition was called forth to save the city from injury, which would have been a distinct violation of the convention of the 3rd. Blucher's desire for vengeance was not to be appeased. As if on purpose to insult the citizens, he had quartered his troops in the public gardens, and even in the churches, while Wellington encamped his outside the city, in the Bois de Boulogne. And he now prepared to blow up the beautiful and useful bridge of Jena, because its name preserved the recollection of the defeat of Prussia in 1806. He had even begun the work, though his engineers were so unaccustomed to it that they injured some of their own men instead of the bridge. When Wellington heard of the scheme, he objected indignantly to such a barbarous and wanton act of destruction; and did not confine his resistance to words, but gave Blucher notice that if the project were not renounced, he would place British sentinels on the bridge, and prevent it by force.

So high an opinion had the ministers at home formed of the judgment which he had displayed under these difficulties, and of the soundness of his views of the disposition of the French nation generally, that

they consulted him, and were very mainly guided by his advice in the arrangement of the conditions which were to be imposed on France, and especially on the proposals made by some of the allied powers, to punish her for her last submission to Napoleon by some extensive deprivation of territory. Their object was to secure peace by rendering her impotent for war. But he argued that such a measure would, on the contrary, excite such ill-feeling and resentment in the whole nation as would produce war, and that the best security for peace would be found not in the weakness of France, but in the strength and stability of her government. And he recommended, in preference, the adoption of a different measure, which had also been suggested, the temporary occupation of some of the French fortresses, and the maintenance of an allied army in France for a fixed time, which would save the allies from any danger of French aggression, and would strengthen the King's government by imbuing the nation with a feeling of the advantages of habits of peace. Before the end of the month the Austrian and Russian armies had reached Paris, and such a vast collection of troops seemed to invite a series of reviews. Alexander, who was vain of his army, and probably not a little concerned at its having had no share in this second overthrow of Napoleon, gratified his own pride and the curiosity of the crowds of visitors which the recent events had brought to the country, by one on an unprecedented scale of splendour, to which he devoted above a month of preparation, marshalling 190,000 men and 500 guns on the plain in front of Chalons. No doubt such an army was a fine display of the power of the nation which sent it forth, and drew forth expressions of warm and sincere admiration from all quarters.

Wellington did not withhold his tribute of praise for "the precision of their movements, which resembled the arrangements of a theatre rather than those of such an army;" but, in his own mind, he compared them with his own—with men who had achieved the victory of Salamanca, and had passed the Bidassoa and the Nive, with the army which "could go anywhere and do anything"; and said to himself, and to some of his friends, that "his own little army would move round them in any direction while they were executing a single change." And when at a dinner party a day or two afterwards, Alexander raised a discussion about the respective merits of the formation in column or in line, and expressed a wish to see the British army, the Duke promised him a sight of it the next morning. He had recently received reinforcements from England, which had raised his forces to 50,000 men, who had no need of a month's special preparation. And at noon on the next day he gave those who, on this occasion, were his guests, a faithful representation of the battle of Salamanca, in which the rapidity of the evolutions, and the grand style of the British movements, whether in the squares of the infantry or the charges of the cavalry, extorted from the most zealous of the foreign spectators a frank confession of their superiority.

At the beginning of December the army quitted Paris; some regiments returning to England, others remaining to form a part of the army of occupation, which was composed of British, Austrian, Russian, and Prussian divisions, and of which Wellington had been appointed commander-in-chief by the unanimous voice of all the sovereigns. He fixed his headquarters at an old-fashioned country-house near Cambrai, keeping up at the same time an establishment in Paris, to which

he made occasional visits for the sake of communication with the French Government. Throughout the whole force he maintained such perfect discipline, that the presence of a foreign army of such magnitude, drawn though it was from nations, all of which had been constantly at war with France for above twenty years, was never regarded by the inhabitants of the province as a grievance. Yet, while maintaining this system of rigorous order, he was as careful as he had been in the Peninsula to provide every division of the army with all the varieties of relaxation which their position admitted. His affability and courtesy to all were unvaried; his hospitality liberal and frank. He had his hounds, as in Spain and Portugal; and as the game they found was occasionally of a nobler or fiercer kind than is met with in the gorses of Leicestershire, he himself acquired a new accomplishment in which he found great amusement, and soon became particularly skilful with the spear, before which in his hands more than one wild boar fell a victim. The original duration of the army of occupation had been fixed at five years. But the order which he had established in his army had produced such a condition of settled tranquillity throughout the whole country, that, when three years had elapsed, the French ministers thought themselves justified in suggesting the possibility of withdrawing it. The whole cost of its maintenance had been imposed on France, and was a burden which, to a country exhausted by so long a period of uninterrupted wars, taxed the resources of the country to the uttermost. Our ministers, and those of the foreign sovereigns, made Wellington himself the judge of the propriety and safety of terminating the occupation. He, without hesitation, decided in favour of the withdrawal. And in November

1818 the army was broken up, each division returning to its own country. He took leave of it in a General Order, in which he gracefully acknowledged the assistance from all the foreign generals, who, under him, had commanded the contingents of their respective countries; praised the excellent discipline and order which the troops in general had maintained as being what had enabled him to discharge his own duties with satisfaction and credit. And before Christmas he also returned to England, to lay a fresh foundation for the attachment and respect of his countrymen by the discharge of the duties of a peaceful citizen.

## CHAPTER IX

WELLINGTON had been absent from his country, with the exception of one or two brief intervals, for nearly twenty-five years when, at Christmas 1818, he returned to make it his permanent residence for the remainder of his life. He found a home ready to receive him. The gratitude of the nation for his final victory over Napoleon himself had purchased for him the estate of Strathfieldsaye in Hampshire, to be held for ever, as Blenheim was held by the Duke of Marlborough and his heirs, by the yearly presentation to the sovereign of a tricoloured flag, such as had been among the trophies of Waterloo, on each anniversary of that glorious day. And henceforth, turning his sword into a ploughshare, to borrow the Scriptural illustration, he found a pleasing occupation in the cultivation and improvement of his estate.

But though that sword was not again to be drawn, his public career was not terminated. For the next twelve years, and again for the last twelve years of his life, he was continually in the service of the Crown, and in such a variety of employments as, if they did not prove the versatility of his genius, did at all events attest the confidence which was universally felt in his sterling patriotism and pure unselfish integrity. Not only did he preside over the professional departments

of the Ordnance and the Horse Guards, but twice he was employed in important embassies; once he was Secretary of State; he was once Prime Minister; once, for a few weeks, it may be said, he was even sole Minister; and after he had ceased to hold political office, and was recognised as the leader of the Tory Opposition, he was more than once the adviser and supporter of the Whig Cabinet, and was described to the Queen by the Prime Minister[1] of the day as the best friend of his administration.

In truth, he was not a politician in the ordinary or party acceptation of the word. Looking on government as commonly presenting only a choice between difficulties, neither of which was free from objections, nor on the other hand destitute of solid, or at least plausible arguments in its favour, he adopted as the general rule of his political conduct the principle that there was no one measure of equal importance with the establishment and maintenance of a strong government in which the sovereign could place confidence. Holding this view, he, in 1846, supported Sir R. Peel in his Abolition of the Corn Laws, while in no degree concealing his disapproval of the measure. After Peel's fall he supported his successor, Lord John Russell, as he had supported his predecessor, Lord Melbourne, because in the existing temper of the House of Commons he saw no probability of replacing them by any Ministry which could offer the slightest prospect of stability. At the same time, while thus, with a feeling less fashionable in the nineteenth than it had been in the eighteenth century, avowing the weight he attached to the sovereign's judgment or inclination, there was so little of servility in his con-

[1] Torrens's *Life of Lord Melbourne*, c. xxxii.

duct or character, that in the arrangements relating to the Queen's marriage, having regard to the income and precedence to be allotted to her intended consort, he took a line which could hardly fail to be in some degree unpleasing to Her Majesty, though she and the Prince were too liberal-minded and magnanimous to show any displeasure at his conduct. He felt that in this instance the course which he supported tended most to their advantage, as ensuring the satisfaction of the whole nation at the marriage, which was of paramount importance to his Sovereign's future comfort. And he had his reward in the respect with which, after the first frenzy of the Reform agitation had passed away, he was regarded by all classes and all parties. When Lord Liverpool employed him as ambassador, it was on his force of character and straightforwardness rather than on any diplomatic subtlety or *finesse* that he relied for attaining the objects of the Cabinet. If the idea that an ambassador was a person sent to *lie* abroad in the service of his country was to prevail, Sir Henry Wotton himself was not less disposed or less fitted to discharge that duty than the Duke. With clearness of perception and firmness he was richly endowed; and those qualities were eminently required in his embassies to Verona in 1822, and to St. Petersburg in 1826. At Verona, indeed, he found the Ministers with whom he was to confer already so determined on interference in the affairs of Spain, where the intrigues of a revolutionary faction had for a time deprived the King of even a shadow of royal authority, that he could effect no change in their resolution, and was forced to content himself with a resolute assertion of the principle of non-intervention in the internal affairs of other nations

as the fundamental rule of our foreign policy. But in Russia the firmness with which he maintained the same principle was so successful that the new Emperor Nicholas was induced to lay aside his projects of hostility against Turkey, and to unite with us in offering our mediation between the Sultan and the Greeks, whom the tyranny of the Pacha, their governor, had driven into revolt.

It was in 1828, after Lord Liverpool's administration had been brought to a close by his fatal illness, that of Canning, which succeeded it, by his untimely death, and that of Lord Goderich by his incapacity, that the Duke became Prime Minister. It was a post so little of his seeking, that a few months before he had replied to the imputation of having coveted it, that he was perfectly unfitted for it, and should be mad if he undertook it. But, on the principle which he had asserted in 1800, that he was *nimnuck-wallah*, he now consented to enter on it, at the entreaty of his Sovereign, who had exhausted every expedient, save that of recourse to the Whig leaders, which both regarded as a step that could hardly be fraught with any result but that of mischief to the state. And if, in the general run of its duties, he felt himself unsuited to the discharge of them, that conviction must have been increased by the occurrences of the next two years. The removal of the political disabilities of the Roman Catholics was a measure to which greatly increased prominence had latterly been given, and to which he was greatly opposed, though he apparently regarded it as one which in process of time might become less inexpedient. Another subject which in a less direct way had excited some amount of attention was Parliamentary Reform, and to that he had a

stronger dislike, as an innovation involving a greater disturbance of the constitution. It was a subject that had occasionally occupied the attention of Parliament as far back as in the administration of Lord North. Pitt had proposed a scheme for its gradual adoption by the removal of some of the most conspicuous defects in the existing representation of the country; and if his attention had not been diverted from measures of domestic policy to the conduct of the revolutionary war, he would in all probability have ultimately succeeded in gaining the consent of Parliament to his plan. And since the peace the subject had occasionally been revived in a sort of fragmentary way. Those who regarded it with favour at first contented themselves with the very moderate proposal to transfer the seats of two or three burghs which recent Election Committees had reported to be incurably corrupt, to some of the great manufacturing towns, such as Birmingham and Manchester, which, having risen into importance within the last century, were as yet unrepresented in the House of Commons. But even so small a measure as the enfranchisement of two towns at once Wellington resisted, on the ground that when followed up by similar legislation for the benefit of other large towns in the same condition, it would tend to gradually giving the moneyed a predominance over the agricultural interest, which he regarded as fraught with future danger. Yet he had not presided over the administration for more than a few months, when he was compelled himself to introduce a Bill to abolish the disabilities affecting the Roman Catholics. Their representative and champion, an Irish barrister of the name of O'Connell, had discovered that, though the oath required of a member of the House of Commons

prevented him from taking his seat, it afforded no obstacle to his being returned by any constituency. He became a candidate for the county of Clare, was elected, was refused admittance to the House, and the battle was won. It was evident that at the next general election fifty Roman Catholics would be elected by Irish constituencies, and it was directly impossible to maintain a law which would be a practical disfranchisement of half Ireland. His mode of dealing with the difficulty was characteristic. He would not give any one of its original advocates the opportunity of moving the abolition of the existing law; but he introduced it himself as a ministerial measure; and as such he carried it, though well aware that his act would alienate from him a large body of his supporters who, with unstatesmanlike bigotry and blindness, insisted on regarding it not as a political but as a religious question.

The other question, that of Parliamentary Reform, had been left to slumber a little longer. The seats which had been refused to Manchester had been transferred to Yorkshire without the refusal creating any excitement, and though a small party of zealous advocates of a larger measure did their best by violent harangues to imbue the population with something of their own spirit, their efforts were vain till they were suddenly aided by a fresh revolution in France, which overturned the throne of Charles X., and which was followed by another in the Netherlands, which dissolved the union between the Belgian and Dutch provinces which had been united into one kingdom in 1818. These two revolutions, which seemed evidence that the people, when united, were stronger than their rulers, encouraged the advocates of reform to more vigorous

exertions. George IV. died in June 1830: and on the meeting of the first Parliament of the new reign, the question was taken up in the House of Lords by members who had not previously expressed any opinion on the subject; Lord Grey, the leader of the Whig party in the House, urging the necessity, as proved by the recent events in foreign countries, of "securing the affections of our fellow-countrymen, and redressing their grievances by a reform of the Parliament," and urging that the question should be considered in time, so that measures might be introduced by which gradual reform might be effected without danger to the institutions of the country. The Duke in reply avowed his dissent from the view thus expressed, in the most distinct and emphatic terms. Taking what he regarded as a practical view of the subject, he pronounced that "the country possessed at that moment a legislature which answered all good purposes of legislation to a greater degree than any legislature had ever answered them in any country whatever, and that, as long as he held any station in the government of the country, he should feel it his duty to resist measures of reform when proposed by others."

The declaration was fatal to his administration. The very next week it was defeated in the House of Commons, when, as a matter of course, he resigned his office; and Lord Grey succeeded him as Prime Minister. His administration had lasted two years and ten months; and, by the confession of those most at variance with him on the subject of Reform, it had not been barren of important measures. The old and almost useless watchmen to whose vigilance the protection of London and the other towns in England had been entrusted, were now replaced by a police force,

formed on the model which the Duke himself, when Irish Secretary, had established in Dublin. An energetic and stringent economy had been introduced into every branch of the public service, so equitable as to have excited no discontent, and yet so searching and effective as to leave the next and succeeding administrations nothing to retrench. And we have the testimony of one of the most extreme members of the Radical party that, "the administrative, as distinguished from constitutional reforms of his ministry, were not only wise in themselves, but skilfully effected; he and Peel were indeed step-by-step reformers, but their progress was steady and uninterrupted."[1] And there are few who will deny that such cautious moderation is a far safer mode of dealing with matters requiring improvement or reform than a more precipitate course, as such, necessarily inconsiderate, frequently involving causeless hardship to individuals, and tending to bring the very name of reform and reformers into discredit. We need not dwell on the details of the great Parliamentary struggle which ensued; in which the Duke led an ineffectual opposition to the measures which at the beginning of the next year the Ministers introduced, dropping one hint of what he considered one of the chief evils which he foresaw from its adoption, in his question "how" after it should be passed "the King's government was to be carried on." As we have seen, he had always regarded the existence of "a strong government" an object of paramount importance not only to the personal comfort of the Sovereign, but to the welfare of the nation. And, however impolitic his opposition to any measure of reform may have been, it must be admitted that on

[1] Roebuck, *History of the Whig Ministry*, ii. 350.

that point his foresight has in a great degree been justified by the character and history of subsequent administrations.

His conduct on this question did not, however, deprive him of the confidence of his sovereign. Twice within the next four years did William IV. seek his aid, with the entreaty to resume his post, and each time, true to his principle that as one who "had eaten the King's salt" he was bound by every principle of duty to put his services at his sovereign's disposal, he endeavoured to carry out the King's wish. The first time he failed in his attempt to form a Ministry. The second time he in some degree succeeded. But it was one thing to find a body of able men willing to join in the formation of an administration, and quite another thing to induce the House of Commons to accept them as a permanent government. He expressed to His Majesty his opinion that the alteration in the character of the House of Commons, which had been one point of the Reform Bill, had rendered it desirable that the Prime Minister should be a commoner, and therefore he recommended that Sir R. Peel should be placed at the head of the Cabinet about to be formed. And, as that statesman was travelling on the Continent, he for a while braved the attacks of wits and caricaturists, and the fiercer denunciations of disappointed politicians, by taking on himself more than one ministerial office till Sir R. Peel should return to the country and be able in person to complete the necessary arrangements. The short interval that elapsed had given time for the discussions and interchange of opinions which are necessary preliminaries to the formation of a ministry, and the consequence was that within a day or two of Peel's return it was announced that he had

accepted the Treasury and the Duke the seals of the Foreign Office. But Peel's Ministry barely lasted four months, and the Whigs returned to office for six years more.

That the Duke's conduct throughout the struggle on the Reform Bill had the approbation not of the King alone, but also of a large portion of the educated classes, was proved in a singular manner in 1834, when, on the death of Lord Grenville, the Chancellor of the great University of Oxford, the Duke was elected as successor, though he had not been a member of the University. He was so far from having coveted such an honour that when he was first invited to accept it he pointed out to the deputation that waited on him that his "not having had the advantage of being a member of it" was a serious disqualification, and urged them rather to select one who laboured under no such disability. But on this point his opinion was overruled. The University thought it did itself honour in placing the greatest man in the kingdom at its head. And he could not fail to be deeply gratified at this signal proof of the estimation in which he was held by a body so pre-eminently qualified to estimate his character. He was now again leader of the Tory, or, as it began to be called, the Conservative Opposition; but as such conducting himself as certainly no one else in that position had ever done before, resisting some of their measures, and often, as the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, himself, confessed, improving them, but on many giving them an active support, which was by no means approved of by the bulk of his party, but which was consistent with and dictated by his principle of duty to his sovereign, strengthened by a chivalrous feeling when, in 1837, the throne came to be filled by a lady, then

scarcely arrived at womanhood, but happily spared to this day to receive continued and sincere avowals of the respect and attachment of her subjects, well earned by the faithful adherence to the principles of the constitution, and the warm and judicious zeal for the best interests of the nation, which have distinguished her conduct throughout her reign.

Lord Melbourne's Ministry had never been strong, and, growing weaker and weaker, fell to pieces in 1841, and Peel once more succeeded him at the Treasury. The Duke had been appointed Commander-in-Chief in 1827, on the death of the Duke of York, but on becoming Prime Minister had resigned that post to his old comrade, Lord Hill, in turn succeeding him in it in 1842, and continuing to discharge its duties till his death. But it had never been a Cabinet Office, and in the second Ministry of Peel it was without office that he occupied a seat in the Cabinet and acted as its leader in the House of Lords. It has already been mentioned how, though strongly doubting the necessity or the wisdom of abolishing the corn laws, he nevertheless supported Peel in the measure of which their abolition was the object, giving as his reason that the existence and maintenance "of a Government in which Her Majesty would have confidence was of far greater importance than any opinion of any individual on the corn law or any other law."

The abolition was carried, and the most immediate result was the fall of the Ministry which had carried it, just as the Catholic Emancipation Bill of 1829 had been followed by the overthrow of his own Ministry in 1830. And during the remainder of his life the Duke rarely took any conspicuous part in political discussions. He even withdrew from his position as

leader of the Conservative party, which he urged Lord Stanley (the late Lord Derby) to assume in his place. His judgement, unquestionably correct on this point, was that no other statesman was equally qualified to reunite and rally the broken fragments of the Conservative party; and his advice to him was to adopt the same line of conduct which he himself had always pursued, and to be ready, whenever he might be called upon, to place his services at the command of his sovereign and his country.

But while thus withdrawing from the field of political strife, he did not relinquish the government of the army, his eminent genius for administration still finding opportunities for practical reforms. He greatly diminished corporal punishment; he established a board for the examination of every candidate for admission; and by these and other unpretentious measures he greatly improved the condition of every branch of the service.

We have seen how one French revolution had contributed to his defeat as a Minister in 1830. A fresh one in February 1848, which cast down Louis Philippe from the throne on which that of 1830 had placed him, called forth one more display of his skill in the disposition of troops. The success of the Parisian rioters was such a proof of the omnipotence of the mob, in the eyes of those who were on the look-out for such evidence, as encouraged those of similar views in London to hope for similar results, if they only made a sufficient display of their strength. Some years before a party of demagogues of the lowest class had framed what they called a People's Charter, embodying a new code of laws utterly inconsistent with the constitution, with the maintenance of the

monarchy, or indeed of any settled government whatever. And now they proposed to imitate the example of the insurgents of Paris, embodied their demands in a petition which, as they boasted, should receive hundreds of thousands of signatures, and convened a meeting to be held on Kensington Common on the 10th of April, to march in procession to the House of Commons in order to present the petition, and to insist on the instant compliance with its prayer. The Ministry was not altogether free from embarrassment as to the best mode of treating the proposed meeting. They issued an official notice of the illegality of any such attempt to coerce the Parliament, but they could not conceal from themselves the likelihood that their notice would be disregarded. If it were it would still be their obvious duty to prevent such a meeting and such a procession from taking place, and for the discharge of that duty they had recourse to the great Duke, whom every Ministry for many years had always found its best adviser in moments of difficulty. He willingly came to their help, and took the task on himself. As he regarded it, it was to collect such a force as the promised assemblage should be unable to resist, and at the same time to avoid provoking a conflict by any parade of the power and resolution to suppress it. With this view he brought up to the metropolis a great number of troops from every part of the country, and posted them in those parts of the town which seemed most likely to be exposed to, or most calculated to invite, violence, distributing them with such skill that they were completely concealed from view. The Bank and all the public offices were garrisoned; other large buildings were hired and defended in the same manner; steam

vessels were engaged and kept in readiness to transport regiments along the river to any point where they might be required; and a body of special constables, little short of 150,000 in number, was also enrolled. He himself, though nearly 80 years of age, on the morning of the day that was to be so eventful, occupied the Horse Guards with a sufficient staff; and the consequence was that no employment of any portion of these means of resistance was required. Though nothing was absolutely known by the Chartist leaders, yet preparations on so great a scale could not be carried out without rumours of their magnitude getting abroad. And the end of all their preparations was such as to turn them into ridicule. On the appointed day, at the appointed place, the promised assembly was beginning to gather round its leaders, its leaders were taking their stand on a platform from which to harangue their followers, when a single commissioner of police presented them with an order to dissolve the meeting, which was instantly obeyed.

It was the great Duke's last service. Old as he was, the infirmities of age came but slowly on him. The greater part of his time he spent at Strathfieldsaye, moving in the latter months of the summer for change of air to Walmer Castle, the official residence of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports—an office which was generally conferred on the Prime Minister, and which he had held for many years. The sea air always helped to invigorate him, and on the 13th of September 1852 he was remarked to be in unusual vigour, both of body and mind, examining his horses, and making preparations for the reception of some visitors who were expected the next day. He was not destined to receive them. The next morning his

servant, on entering his room, found him complaining of discomfort. Before the physician, who was instantly sent for, could arrive, it had become an attack of paralysis or apoplexy, and soon after three in the afternoon he expired without a struggle, in his 84th year. Though he had arrived at an age beyond which there could hardly be any expectation that his life could be greatly prolonged, yet coming as its close did thus suddenly, the intelligence was received by the whole people as a painful shock, and the Queen was only giving expression to the national, as well as to her own private feelings, when she ordered not only that the departed hero should, with all the honours of a public funeral, be buried in the great national cathedral of St. Paul's, by the side of Nelson,—the greatest of soldiers by the side of the greatest of sailors,—but also that it should be carried out not by her command alone, but by that of the Parliament also, as the representative of the nation. Parliament, however, was not to meet till the middle of November, and then both Houses unanimously and cordially responded to the confidence expressed in the Royal Speech, that they "would desire to join with her in taking such steps as might mark their sense of the irreparable loss which the nation had sustained by the death of Arthur, Duke of Wellington."

The body had already been brought to Chelsea, where, in the noble hall of the hospital, it lay in state for three days; from which, on the 17th, it was removed to the Horse Guards, and on the 18th it was borne to St. Paul's by the most vast and imposing procession ever witnessed in these islands, if not in Europe. No class in these kingdoms, and scarcely any country in Europe, was unrepresented. Soldiers from

every British regiment, representatives of almost every Christian sovereign, led the way; while, as they passed in front of Buckingham Palace, the Queen herself, acknowledging by her deep mourning, which no sovereign before had ever worn for a subject, how deeply she felt the loss which she and the nation had sustained, gazed with unaffected grief and unrestrained tears on the mournful pageant. And when it reached the Cathedral, and the coffin was lowered into the place prepared for it, many of his old brothers-in-arms were not ashamed to give similar proof of their respectful sorrow, of the grateful recollection of the honours which they themselves had won under his command, and of their undying sense of the value of the example which he had bequeathed to all future generations.

If we endeavour to form an estimate of his character as a private individual, he may with truth be described as one eminently endowed with all the social virtues: as a kind and judicious friend, a frank and affable companion, a considerate master, a liberal landlord, an open-handed benefactor in all cases of distress. The desire which he expressed to the private tutor of his sons, that "they should be brought up as Christian gentlemen in all singleness and simplicity, and taught to postpone every consideration to that of duty," was, in fact, if he had known himself, a desire that they should resemble himself. If a single phrase could describe his character in every relation of life, "simple grandeur" would probably be the most appropriate expression.

If we consider him in his public capacity, it must be admitted that to the highest qualities of statesmanship he has no claim. He cannot be regarded as a far-sighted minister in advance of his age. His talent

was not so much that of a sagacious legislator as of an able administrator, and in that capacity even his political antagonists allowed him to be entitled to the highest praise. Though even on questions of legislation, there were cases in which his strong straightforward good sense led him to sounder judgement than the more subtle imaginings of his more showy contemporaries. To eloquence he made no pretence. In his own speeches he aimed at nothing beyond a plain statement of his opinions, and of the train of reasoning which had led to them, which he placed far above the embellishments of oratorical grace; these, as on one occasion he stated in the House of Lords, "making no impression whatever on his mind." Yet no speaker was more attentively listened to, and in spite of these apparent deficiencies, the single-minded uprightness which marked all his conduct, and all his language, commanded a general respect and confidence which were not always accorded to his more showy contemporaries.

But when we come to regard him as a warrior, no deduction can be made from his pre-eminent merits. We find no quality of a consummate commander which he had not in absolute perfection. Cautious, but at the same time vigorous in attack; patient and immovable in resistance; unequalled in readiness and rapidity of manœuvre; as a strategist, capable of planning not a single campaign only, but a series of campaigns; as a tactician, unrivalled in the art of handling troops in every crisis, favourable or unfavourable, of a battle. To which may be added his unremitting, unvarying care for the lives of his men.[1] And

[1] "I made a computation of all the men I lost in Spain—killed, prisoners, deserters, everything—it amounted to 36,000 in six years. It would have been infinitely greater, but for attention to regular sub-

these qualities were attested by the most unbroken series of successes that ever signalised the career of any commander of any country, or any age—Assaye, Argaum, Roliça, Vimeiro, the surprise of Soult at Oporto, Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, the captures of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Sauroren, the passage of the Bidassoa, Nivelle, Nive, Orthez, Toulouse, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo, were achievements whose lustre is undimmed by a single failure. And it must be remembered that his European victories were not gained over unskilful antagonists, but over the most renowned of the French Marshals, who had never met an equal till in him they found their master, and were worthily crowned by the defeat of the great Emperor himself. No one can undervalue the military genius of Napoleon, but his warmest admirers must allow that the great majority of the adversaries over whom his triumphs were achieved were of a very different stamp. Some had been discredited by previous miscarriages. Some were superannuated octogenarians. Of all those who were overthrown by him, the Archduke Charles was apparently the only general of the first class, and his perfect acquaintance with the theory of his profession was too often marred by irresolution in putting his knowledge into practice. Nor did he in every instance escape defeat. Some of those he claimed as victories were, in truth, drawn battles. Of one of the most important, Marengo was a defeat till Kellermann's well-imagined and most fortunate charge changed it into a victory. It is recorded that Napoleon himself,

sistence. The French armies were made to take their chance and live as they could, and their loss of men was immense."—*Lord Stanhope's conversation with the Duke*, p. 86.

in conversation, described the Duke as having abilities equal to his own, with the addition of greater prudence; and it would be underrating that quality, so essential in all great undertakings, to doubt that the confessed want of it in the one, with the admitted perfection of it in the other, warrants every Englishman in claiming the superiority for our own countryman.

SIR C. NAPIER

# CHAPTER I

In a debate in the House of Lords in the autumn after the battle of Salamanca, Lord Lansdowne had pronounced the campaigns of Wellington "a military school in which a race of officers was forming on whom the country might rely with confidence in future." And a remarkable fulfilment of this same prophetic eulogy of the great Duke was afforded in the lifetime of the statesman who had uttered it, by the career of the other three warriors whose exploits will be the subject of the remainder of this little volume; every one of whom served their apprenticeship to the art of war in the Peninsular campaigns.

Charles Napier, the eldest of a fighting family, was the son of Colonel the Hon. George Napier and his wife Lady Sarah Lennox, a daughter of the Duke of Richmond. He was born on the 10th of August 1782, in London; but while he was still a child his father left England, and settled at Celbridge near Dublin, that his wife might be near two of her sisters, one of whom was married to the Duke of Leinster, and the other to Mr. Conolly of Castletown, who, both from the extent of his property, his political influence and general character, was very generally accounted the first commoner in Ireland. In those days commissions were often given to schoolboys, if

they had any family interest, and before his twelfth birthday young Napier was gazetted as an ensign in the 33rd, the regiment commanded at that time by Colonel Arthur Wellesley. From this, while still remaining at school, he exchanged into the 89th; and from that into the 4th, which in 1799 he joined as aide-de-camp to Sir James Duff, the commander of the Leinster district. But in the course of a few months he resigned this post on being promoted to a lieutenancy in the 95th,[1] a newly-organised rifle corps which was being formed by a selection of men and officers throughout the army, and which in a few years with the 53rd and 52nd was formed by Sir John Moore into a brigade which became the celebrated light division of the Peninsular army. For a few months in 1805 and 1806, though he had now become a captain in the artillery, he had nevertheless the benefit of witnessing the advantages of Moore's system of training, being sent to Hythe for the construction of a military canal under his orders. And it was a fortunate employment for him, since it was the admiration which he conceived for that great officer that first imbued him with an ardent love for his profession, which till that time he had apparently regarded with no great partiality. And it was well for him in another point of view that he should have found some one to whom he could look up with esteem, since he unfortunately set out in life with a bad opinion of mankind in general. In a letter to his mother he tells her that "the mass of men are fools and rascals."[2] He did not, however, remain long in the artillery. In 1806 he was promoted to a majority in the 50th, and it was in that corps that he saw his first active service, when it formed one of

[1] *Life* by Hislop, i. 17. [2] *Ibid.* i. 122.

the army with which in the autumn of 1808 Moore landed in Spain. At the battle of Corunna he commanded the regiment, the Colonel being absent on sick leave, and under the leading of his fiery valour and skilful conduct, it repulsed more than one of Soult's fiercest attacks, attracting the notice and earnest praise of the general, in almost the last words he was spared to utter. They might have been among the last that Napier himself ever heard; for the 50th lost many of its best men; and few of those who survived were more severely wounded than the major himself. A bullet broke his leg, a bayonet went deep into his back, and a heavy sabre cut his head to the bone. Rendered helpless by his wounds, and left alone on the ground, for Lord W. Bentinck, who commanded the division, with a strange mixture of cowardice and incapacity, had disobeyed the general's orders, and had withdrawn the regiment, he was taken prisoner. But his captivity was comparatively short, for Marshal Ney, hearing that Lady Sarah, who had become blind, had recently lost her husband, released him on his parole not to serve again till he should be regularly exchanged; and in April he returned to Ireland, where he remained till the wished-for exchange in January 1810 set him free to rejoin his regiment, which was still in Portugal forming part of the army with which Wellington had driven Soult from Oporto, and with which before the end of the year he gave the French army, though led by such consummate commanders as Masséna and Ney, a lesson at Busaco, in subsequent years to be repeated to many of their brother marshals, how powerless was the impetuous dash of their columns to overcome the steady resolution of the British line. But, as at Cor-

unna, Napier's share in the glory of the victory was dearly purchased. He was riding in the train of the commander-in-chief along the ridge of the mountain, and, not without a touch of foolhardiness, refusing to imitate the rest by covering his red coat under a blue cloak, which afforded a less conspicuous mark to the French musketeers, when a bullet struck him on the nose, and passed through to his left jaw, shattering the bone. He fell to the ground, and those who picked him up thought he had received his death-wound; but no vital part had been injured. It was not long before he was able to rejoin his regiment. But the pain was not only severe for a time, but such as continually recurred to the end of his life; and candour and justice require that some allowance should be made for the unstability of temper and the vehemence of language to which he at times gave way, by attributing such outbreaks to paroxysms of bodily anguish sufficient to disturb the meekest disposition. At Fuentes d'Onor he had better fortune, coming out unhurt, though not without a narrow escape, his bridle having been shattered by a grape-shot; and this was his last service with the Peninsular army, as before the end of the summer he was promoted to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the 102nd, which in 1812 was ordered to Bermuda.

It was not a station where he was likely to be called on to encounter an enemy, but he found sufficient and useful occupation in training his regiment, introducing the system of discipline which in former years he had learned of Sir John Moore, and earning not only the respect but the attachment of both officers and men by the evident interest which he took in their individual well-doing. Nor, when the regiment was transferred

to North America, as part of the force employed in the petty war forced on us by the United States, was he concerned in any of the chief operations; in the battle of Bladensburgh, followed by the disgraceful burning of the capitol and senate of Washington, or in the defeat at New Orleans; a sad close to the career of Sir E. Pakenham, who had so gallantly led the charge which scattered Thomière's division at Salamanca. In fact, before the end of the war Napier had quitted the 102nd, exchanging back into his old regiment the 50th; but not being suffered to remain long with that, since the return of peace consequent on the re-establishment of Louis XVIII. on the throne of France led to a considerable reduction of our military establishment, and he with many other officers was placed on half-pay.

But he had now become warmly attached to his profession; and, with a hope that the day might come when he should find himself a commander-in-chief, he entered the military college that had recently been established at Fareham, where he devoted himself to hard literary study, "knowing,"[1] as his brother and biographer explains his object, "that science alone never made a great captain; but studying also history, policy, and civil government." Some of the reflections which these studies suggested to him seem sufficiently curious to be worth preserving. "Cato the Elder said, *war should nourish war*," and in conformity with the old Roman's principle, he asserts as his own opinion that "every army should make the country in which it serves support it," a doctrine the practice of which by Napoleon had no small share in con-

[1] Whenever inverted commas are employed, the passage between them is a quotation from Sir W. Napier's Life.

tributing to his downfall; as the opposite system, adopted by his great conqueror, caused his army, as has been mentioned in the preceding sketch, to be regarded as a body of friends, even by the French themselves, whose country they were invading. Cato, however, was not the only military authority (if he can be called such) who attracted his comments. He has a warm admiration for Hannibal; but of all the ancients the one to whose exploits he gives his greatest attention is Alexander the Great, though his treatment of the countries which were the seat of war resembled Wellington's practice rather than Cato's theory: "He made the people of the conquered districts his warm friends;"[1] and, as his brother boasts, his own practice resembled theirs when he had the opportunity to carry it out, since "Alexander's policy was the model which he bore in mind when he conquered and governed Scinde."[2]

He remained at Fareham till 1819, when he received the appointment of inspecting field officer in the Ionian Islands; from which in the next summer he was sent by the ministers to Joannina to confer with the celebrated Ali Pacha, who had rebelled against the Sultan, and was desirous to obtain the permission of our Government to enlist English soldiers for his army. He would gladly have induced Napier himself to take the command; and Napier would apparently have been inclined to gratify him, if he could have obtained the sanction of his own Government. He reckoned that it would not be difficult to form an English division of 8000 men, "to incorporate with them 20,000 Greeks; whom in a month he could make fit to take the field and attack the Turks in

[1] *Life*, i. 231-241. [2] *Ib.* p. 242.

their winter quarters."[1] But, besides that his obtaining the necessary sanction was out of the question, he soon found that Ali's own character would be an insurmountable obstacle to the success of operations on such a scale as he contemplated; for among his, the Pacha's vices, and there were few from which he was free, one of the most incurable was avarice. He was enormously wealthy; his treasures were estimated (Napier thought with some exaggeration) at 50 millions; but he could not be induced to spend £50,000 even for his own protection. Napier gave him plans for the fortification of his capital; but they were never carried out. And at last, hopeless of effecting anything that could save a man of such disposition, he renounced the idea of raising a force for him in England, and returned him £6000 which had been placed in his hands for the engagement of recruits, an act of honesty "which the Pacha only comprehended as a folly."[2]

He returned to the Ionian Islands to receive shortly afterwards the post of Military Resident of Cephalonia, which his biographer describes as that of "the despotic lieutenant of the Lord High Commissioner." The official residence of the Lord High Commissioner was fixed in Corfu; and Sir Thomas Maitland, who at this time held that office, had appointed a Resident in all the other islands as his representative, giving each a very extensive power of control. As Napier's biographer describes the object of their appointment, it was the protection of the people against the oppression of the feudal chiefs, who bent the law to serve their own passions, and the Resident was to sustain the law. Napier, however, did not confine himself to the dis-

[1] *Life*, i. 289. [2] *Ib.* 295.

charge of that duty, all-important as he regarded it; but, conceiving himself to be invested with a general power, not only of administration, but of legislation also, an idea quite in accordance with the Commissioner's intentions, he commenced a system of reforms social and political, and at the same time the construction of public works on a very large scale. To facilitate the internal communications of the island, he made roads through the mountains. To facilitate its commerce, he constructed quays, erected lighthouses, and improved the harbour; he established fisheries; he drained marshes; organised an effective police, and built a model prison.

But the greatest of all his reforms was the establishment of the supremacy of law and justice, which previously had been utterly disregarded. The feudal seignors quarrelled with, and often even made petty wars on one another, agreeing in nothing but in compelling the servile obedience of the judges to their orders. And of all kinds of evils, abuses such as these were the most calculated to excite Napier's indignation. His first step to remedy them seems a strange, and certainly was a strong one; but it proved effectual. He closed the courts of justice altogether, established martial law, setting himself as the judge. It was a reform acceptable to all the inhabitants, except the judges whom he deposed and the advocates who lost their clients. It was a summary justice which he dispensed. As he described his work in a letter to his mother, he "settled four or five suits daily. The parties concerned had no advocates to pay, whereas, in the civil courts, these causes would have taken months, even years, and rogues to be paid all the time. To his judicial were added episcopal

functions. "Besides being king, I am bishop here; and all the convents and churches are under my orders. The priests cannot kill a fowl without my written order."[1]

It was not strange that he should have become popular in Cephalonia, and his fame gradually reached the mainland. With his inborn hatred of oppression and cruelty it was natural that he should take an interest in the plans of the leading Greeks to deliver themselves from the tyranny of the Sultan, which gradually grew into a desire to take a leading part in their enterprise. He was not a man to conceal his feelings, and communications with him were consequently opened by many of the leading Greeks, with Prince Mavrocordato at their head, and with the great English poet, who was devoting himself to their cause. Byron speedily conceived the highest opinion of him, and was eager that he should take the command of a Greek army. And he himself would gladly have accepted the post, if it would not involve the forfeiture of his commission in England. "He had assured himself of the aid of many British officers who were ready to serve under him." And he had even planned the outline of a campaign, to fix himself in the south of the Morea, and, when he had collected a sufficient army, to force his way as a conqueror to Corinth, and make the Isthmus his base of operations. But these schemes, and the hopes founded on them by the Greeks, were for a time put an end to by the death of Byron, who, in one sense, may be regarded as a martyr in the Greek cause; dying, as he did, in the spring of 1824, of a fever caught in the fatal marshes of Missolonghi. And shortly afterwards the English Ministry issued a

[1] *Life*, i. 307.

proclamation, forbidding our officers to serve in any Greek army that might be raised.

At this time too he lost his mother, and married a widow somewhat older than himself, to whom he had become strongly attached. But his married happiness was of short duration. The lady's health was delicate, and their second daughter was only a few months old when she died, apparently of English cholera.

But he could not afford time for unavailing lamentation. His government of Cephalonia had given the Ministry a high opinion of his capacity for such office. And in 1834 he had the prospect opened to him of the government of a new colony, which it was contemplated establishing in Australia. But the plan was postponed. And as he had lately reached the rank of major-general, Lord Hill, who had succeeded the Duke of Wellington in the command of the army, when in 1828 he became Prime Minister, offered him a command in Canada, which, however, he declined, partly because "he would not accept a favour from a Whig Government." He looked rather for employment at home. And when he learnt that an officer, junior to himself, had been given the command of a district in Ireland, he applied to the Horse Guards for a similar appointment. And in 1839 his application was answered by a nomination to the command of the Northern District in England. It was at that time a post of great difficulty and importance. Great discontent prevailed throughout the manufacturing districts, caused in some degree by a lowness of wages, combined with the price of many necessaries, but in a still greater by the agitation set on foot by a band of demagogues who had framed a scheme which they entitled "The People's Charter," and which they encouraged their

dupes to believe they could extort from the Government by force and terror; the latter to be produced by deeds more criminal than open insurrection, by incendiarism and assassination. His gratification at so immediate a recognition of his claims must, one may imagine, have been to some extent mingled with other feelings, since he was himself a Radical of the Radicals, and agreed with many of the views of all but the most extreme of the demagogues, differing even from them in little more than a disapproval of the means to which they sought to rouse their followers. For he was thoroughly imbued with the military notions of the paramount importance of order and obedience to law, and of the duty of every one in authority to enforce those principles above all others. For the principal Chartist leader he had a thorough contempt. He pronounced him neither "able nor good"; but, at the same time, he asserted that it was not he who was the "author of these troubles, but the Whigs and Tories," by their national debt, corn laws, and new poor law. Yet, while thus cheerfully placing his services at the disposal of the Government, he wholly condemned not only the Ministry which existed at the time, but every other that could possibly be formed, and both the chief parties in the State. Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister, with a Whig Cabinet, but "Whigs have all the Tory faults, and their own besides. A Tory is an open bandit, who avows his trade, and takes all chances, doing at times handsome and generous things. The Whig is a sneaking pickpocket, pretending to elegance and honesty, while he commits every dirty trick recorded in the Newgate Calendar—so far as it is safe. Tories by birth are not to be hated; Tories from subservience are. The institutions of the

country make the first, unless he be a man of extraordinary talent and character. A high-born Whig who has not courage to be Radical or Tory is hateful."[1] Still even a Whig Government was better than anarchy, which at the moment seemed to be the only alternative; and accordingly he set himself to work with all his judgement and perfect singleness of purpose, if not for the Ministry's sake, for that of the country. He had difficulties, and some of them of a peculiarly vexatious character to a man who did not pretend to any great patience. Some arose from the niggardliness of the Government itself, and of the local authorities of the very towns which would have been among the chief sufferers from any outbreak; some from the neglectful indifference of the leading men and magistrates of the different counties, who seemed to him never to have considered the acquainting themselves with the condition or the feelings of the poorer classes a part of their social duties, or a subject in which they had any personal interest.

Still, such as they were, it was his duty to save them from the consequences of their own folly. Threatened men live long, and the very openness with which the Chartists boasted of their plans and certainty of success made it doubtful whether they would go the lengths they announced. If they did, he should not content himself with half measures. He "laid it down as an axiom, and his first great principle, that the Queen's troops must not be overcome anywhere." If the Chartists "would have a fight, one good thrashing would cool their courage." Still even victory would be a calamity only second to defeat, and to avert the necessity for one he imitated the conduct by

[1] *Life*, i. 460.

which Lord Chesterfield had kept the Irish Roman Catholics quiet during the Scotch rebellion of 1745, as Lord-Lieutenant. He had invited those whom he thought likely to be the most inclined to show sympathy with the Pretender to meet him at the Castle, in Dublin; and, while he promised them security and every reasonable indulgence if they maintained peace in the island, he warned them that his hand should be as heavy on them as that of Cromwell if they attempted to violate it.[1] In a similar spirit Napier now procured a secret introduction to a conclave of Chartist leaders, and addressed them in these words:—"I understand you are to have a great meeting on Kersall Moor, with a view to laying your grievances before Parliament. You are quite right to do so, and I will take care that neither soldier nor policeman shall be in sight to disturb you. But meet peaceably, for if there is the least disturbance I shall be among you, and at the sacrifice of my life, if necessary, shall do my duty. Now go and do yours." Another of his expedients was to exhibit a proof of his strength which should be more convincing than the plainest announcement of it. "Having ascertained that the Chartists had an absurd confidence in five brass cannon which they had concealed, he secretly invited an influential leader, of whose good sense he had formed a favourable opinion, to come to the barracks at a given time, when the royal gunners were prepared to handle their pieces as in action—taking the carriages to pieces and remounting, &c. This proof of the superiority with which the royal guns could be worked convinced the Chartist witness, and his report had a powerful effect."

[1] II. 40.

It may be hard to decide how far the successful result of his command is to be attributed to steps of this kind, or to the general impression of his power to repress the most formidable outbreak, and of his firm resolution, if need should arise, to do his duty by exerting that power to the uttermost, combined, as was felt by the great bulk of the very classes on whom the agitators relied, with a manifest sympathy with the hardships which they suffered, and which he believed they were suffering; but it is certain that his command was successful, and passed away without any disturbance of the public peace. And it is probable that it was in some degree intended as a recognition of the good service that he had done that in the autumn of 1841 he was appointed to a command in India.

## CHAPTER II

It was many years since there had been such urgent need of a strong hand in that country. Lord Hastings had been succeeded by the two weakest Governors-General to whom the conduct of that great portion of our Empire had ever been entrusted, and the weak impolicy of the last had brought on our arms misfortune and disgrace such as had never before befallen a British army in any part of the world. An entire army had been destroyed in Afghanistan, and those who survived, fewer than a dozen in number, some of them being even ladies and wives of officers, were still prisoners in the hands of the victorious and merciless Afghan chiefs. If our lost honour could not speedily be retrieved our hold on the whole country would be imperilled. All England demanded that no exertion should be spared to exact retribution from the tribes whose treachery had betrayed us into such unprecedented disaster, and to rescue the prisoners; and in all England by no one was the duty and necessity more keenly felt than by the new Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, who reached Calcutta a few weeks after Napier's arrival at Bombay. Napier's command extended from the Gulf of Cambay to Bukkar in the Punjab, bordering on the great province of Scinde, which lies on both sides of the lower

Indus, and which was ruled by a body of foreign nobles, in their own language styled Ameers, often divided among themselves by mutual jealousies, but agreed in cruel oppression of the original inhabitants of the country, and in faithlessness to all others. Lord Auckland's predecessor, Lord W. Bentinck, was the first of our governors who had established any intercourse with them, and in 1832 he had concluded a treaty with Meer Moorad Ali, the recognised chief of the Ameers, by which, among other conditions, our merchants were permitted to send trading vessels up the Indus, loaded with any description of merchandise except military stores. The traffic, however, was subject to duties of moderate amount, and the traders were prohibited from settling in the country. But a large party among the Ameers from the first regarded the treaty with dislike and fear. They knew how wide a dominion the English had gradually acquired; hitherto they had been protected from our aggressions by our ignorance of the capabilities of the country, but judging by what had happened elsewhere, they could not conceal a foreboding that the knowledge of them which the treaty opened to us would act as an irresistable temptation to make it our own. "Scinde is gone," they said to one another; "the English have seen the river." Subsequent treaties had sanctioned the residence of a British agent at Hydrabad, the capital of the country, and at Kurrachee, at the mouth of the Indus, and even the establishment of a British cantonment on the western bank of the river. But they had a long-established way of rendering any treaty which they might make innocuous, that of violating its provisions; and Napier had not been long at Kurrachee before he reported to the Governor-General

that the Ameers had extorted payments from our merchants which were not authorised by any treaty, and that they were combining to treat all the obligations into which they had entered with similar contempt. It could not be said that our own hands were altogether clean, since in the recent expedition into Afghanistan we had sent Sir John Keane with 10,000 men through Scinde, and though we had previously compelled the Ameers to consent to his march, it could hardly be denied that such compulsion was a violation of the spirit of all our previous treaties. Napier's report, however, was received by Lord Ellenborough in the spirit which had dictated it, as justifying a demand of a fresh treaty which should leave less room for evasion. And in December 1842 the signature of the Ameers was required in peremptory tones to one which, among other articles, gave up to us several small towns with the adjacent territory, and conferred on the British Sovereign the sole right of coining money stamped with his or her features. They could hardly be expected to submit to terms so humiliating without demur. Our disasters in Cabul had shaken the native belief in our strength, and a protracted discussion might give time for some further reverse to fall on us, which would alter their and our relations to one another, and perhaps enable them to form a confederacy of strength sufficient to expel us from the land. Before the end of the year Napier made a further report that the Ameers were collecting troops, expecting the reply which he should receive to be an order to declare war against them. If there were to be war, it was highly expedient to take advantage of the cold weather, which would hardly last beyond the middle of April. But at the same time he

explained to Lord Ellenborough that without waiting for a declaration of war his mind was made up to march upon Emaunghur.

Emaunghur was an isolated fortress deep in the Beloochistan desert, which no European had ever seen, but which was reported to be occupied by a stout garrison, and to be so strongly fortified as to be impregnable, while according to the belief of the Ameers it would have been safe even if unfortified, from the supposed impossibility of crossing the desert. The difficulties of attacking it were many and various. The very road to it was unknown; he could not feel confidence in either the knowledge or the good faith of the only guide he could procure; it was hardly probable that any forage could be got on the line of march, and the best intelligence which he could obtain reported the wells to be dry. The natural difficulties of an advance through such a country were formidable enough, and more than one rumour affirmed that Roostum, one of the most warlike of the Ameers, was moving about the desert with several thousand men. Napier's original plan was to undertake the enterprise with 3000 men, but the probable scarcity of forage and water determined him to reduce the number to 200 irregular cavalry and 350 of the 22nd Queen's. The infantry he mounted on camels, with 90 more of those "ships of the desert" loaded with provisions and water; and with this slender force on the 5th of January 1843 he plunged into the desert. Fortunately his guide proved to be well informed and trustworthy; but though his information as to the route to be taken was correct, it had been silent as to the difficulties arising from the nature of the country through which it lay, of which indeed he, as a native,

probably took slight account, but which were very formidable to a body of troops. The sand was ankle-deep, the forage to be obtained proved so much more scanty than had been anticipated that the camels were forced to be put on short commons, till their strength began to fail, so that when, as occasionally happened, the road lay over steep ascents, they were unable to drag up the guns, which must have been left behind had not the 22nd men dismounted and taken the camels' work on themselves. But, in spite of all hindrances, at last, after eight days' march, they reached the wished-for goal, and found it deserted. Mohamed Khan had heard of their approach, and though his garrison numbered above 2000 men, had fled before the mere name of a British force, carrying off his treasure, but leaving the captors a prize of far greater value in ample stores of grain and gunpowder. The fortress itself Napier, of course, could not occupy, but he could make its demolition a proof of his success never to be forgotten, and accordingly he ran mines under it and blew it up, and, as soon as its destruction was accomplished, returned to rejoin his army, which during his absence had advanced to the neighbourhood of Hydrabad, the capital of the province. The destruction of Emaunghur was a practical declaration of war more than equivalent to any formal proclamation, but at first it seemed to him doubtful whether the Ameers would regard it in such a light. They were, or professed to be, convinced by his late exploit of the impossibility of resisting us, and consented to sign the treaty which had been laid before them in December. But he soon perceived indications that their apparent submission was only designed to gain time. They were resolved on war; they knew that he had no

reinforcements to expect, and they were secretly collecting a force which they doubted not would be sufficient to annihilate his little army, which did not exceed 2500 men of all arms. So sure of victory did they feel that they even decided beforehand what should be its fate. Every man was to be ruthlessly slaughtered, with the exception of the General himself. He, if he should survive the conflict, was to be kept in perpetual captivity, with an iron hook through his nose, by which he was to be chained to the walls of the palace at Hydrabad till the end of his days, as a standing memorial of their triumph.

> "The man who sold the lion's skin,
> While the beast lived, was killed in hunting him."[1]

Yet if battles could be decided by arithmetic, there was never one of which the result appeared more inevitable. The absence of a small detachment reduced Napier's force to 2400 men, when, on the evening of the 18th of February, he found himself within ten miles of the Ameer's army, which, in the course of the same day, had been increased by a strong body of Beloochees, and which now amounted to 36,000 troops of all arms. There was as little doubt of their warlike valour as of their overwhelming superiority of numbers. And for a moment, as his notebook records, he deliberated "whether he should attack or await their assault."[2] If he adopted the latter plan, and entrenched himself on the Indus, it would have the appearance of fear, and might abate the courage of the sepoys. "He would not wait; he would attack." That it was a wise decision may be regarded as not only probable in theory, but as established by practice.

[1] *Henry V.* iii. 2.

[2] *Conquest of Scinde*, p. 183.

Nelson said on one occasion that "the boldest measures are the safest." And undeniably there is a greater appearance of boldness in attack than in defence; a greater show of confidence in the one course than in the other. In all the great Duke's battles in the Peninsula, there is only one instance, that of Busaco, in which he stood on the defensive; at Salamanca, at Vittoria, and in all his conflicts with Soult, he was the assailant—and in all he was victorious. And Napier was now about to afford another example how greatly the feeling that he is the attacker encourages the soldier, and contributes to victory.

It certainly was an occasion on which the soldier had need of everything that could strengthen (shall we use the sporting term, and say, "harden"?) his heart. For the odds which he was to encounter were fearful. Of his little army, only about 500 were British troops, the Queen's 22nd regiment; the rest were sepoys from Bombay. His cavalry, in three brigades, did not exceed 600, and he had only 12 guns. Of the enemy, 5000 were cavalry, and they had 18 guns. This was Napier's line of battle: on his right he posted his guns, with 50 Madras sappers, under Major Lloyd. Next to these stood Colonel Pennefather with the 22nd; and the line was prolonged by the sepoy regiments, the 25th, the 12th, and the 1st grenadiers. The cavalry were on the extreme left, somewhat held back. It was not so easy to discern the order of the enemy, since the Beloochees' favourite mode of fighting was to ensconce themselves in holes, and nullahs, or ravines, on the edges of which they rested their matchlocks, and fired till the enemy was close at hand, when they threw down their guns and leaped with sword and shield. A plain of something more than half a mile in extent

lay between the two armies, a considerable space of which, in front of the Beloochees, had been carefully cleared of bushes, that nothing might interfere with the matchlock-men's aim. On the right was the village of Kottree, in which there was a building or court-yard, surrounded by a ten-foot wall, so conspicuous as to attract the General's attention. Riding down to examine it, he perceived that it was occupied by a large body of troops (they were afterwards found to be nearly 6000 in number), but that the wall was not loopholed, had no scaffolding behind it, and had only one narrow doorway as an outlet, which a few resolute men could hold against an army. He at once closed it with a company of the 22nd, bidding their Captain Jew maintain it to the death. His order was cheerfully obeyed, though at the cost of the brave captain's life. Jew fell, but his men held their ground stoutly; and one strong division of the Beloochees throughout the whole day was thus lost to the Ameers. At the back of the enemy's position ran a small river, named the Fullaillee; the water in which was on this day so low, that its bed, as well as its banks, afforded standing ground for their columns. Our men advanced steadily in line, and when they had come within 100 yards of the river the General ordered them to charge. They dashed forward eagerly, and were met by a counter-charge of the Beloochees, in a dense column of several thousand men, holding their massive shields above their heads, brandishing their heavy swords, in the use of which few warriors were more expert, and filling the air with shouts and screams. But as they pressed on they came within close range of Lloyd's batteries, which, with shell, grape, and canister, made fearful havoc in their closely-packed column. The historian of

the war[1] tells with what unavailing gallantry "those wild, fierce warriors, with swords held high, and blades drawn back, strove with might and valour to break through the British ranks. No fire of small arms, no sweeping discharges of grape, no push of bayonets, could drive them back. They gave their breasts to the shots, their shields to the bayonets, and leaping at the guns were blown away by twenties at a time. Their dead rolled down the steep by hundreds; but the gaps were continually filled from the rear, the survivors pressed forward with unabated fury, and the bayonet and sword clashed in full and frequent conflict. Thus they fought, never more than five yards apart, often intermingled, and several times the different regiments were violently forced backwards, staggering under the might and passion of the swordsmen. But always their General was there to rally and cheer them. At his voice their strength returned, and they recovered ground, though nearly all their regimental leaders were down. More than three hours this storm of war continued without abatement, and still the Beloochees, undismayed, pressed onwards with furious force, their number seeming to augment instead of decrease. At last that inevitable crisis of every battle arrived which offers victory to the ablest general. The right was sorely pressed, and there was no reserve save the cavalry, which was in a manner paralysed by the village of Kottree. Yet the battle must be won or lost within twenty minutes." Jacob, though one of the most intrepid and skilful of leaders, had failed to penetrate a jungle on the left. "The General could not quit the right, so heavily did the Beloochees press on; but his eye caught the whole field, and on the

[1] *Conquest of Scinde*, p. 188.

left he saw victory beckoning to him. He at once sent Colonel Pattee orders to charge with the whole body of Bengal and Scinde horsemen on the enemy's right. The command was obeyed with fiery courage. Spurring hard, the eastern horsemen dashed through Kottree, and through the Beloochee guns, crossed the Fullaillee, gained the plain beyond, and charged with irresistible fury. Major Storey, with his squadron, turning to the left, fell on the infantry; Lieutenant Fitzgerald, with his, wheeling to the right, fell on the camp. Then the barbarian swordsmen, whose fury could scarcely be resisted before, abated their fighting, and looked behind them. The 22nd perceived this, and leaping forward with the shout of victory, pushed them backwards into the deep ravine. Slowly the gallant swordsmen retired, not in dispersion, nor with fear, but in heavy masses, their heads half turned, and their eyes glaring with fury. One division, two or three thousand strong, still kept their position, as if disposed to continue the fight. But the 22nd poured in volley after volley among their ranks; the batteries tore their ranks with grape and shell. And there was no more resistance." The battle was won. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded was acknowledged by themselves to amount to 8000. Ours was 56 killed, and 220 wounded. Hydrabad itself was the prize of the victory. At daybreak, the next morning, Napier sent the Ameers notice that, if it were not surrendered at once, he should storm it. And the answer was brought by the Ameers themselves, who came in person to lay their swords at his feet. They were superbly ornamented with gold and jewels, but he forbore to retain them, an act of quixotic generosity which he explained to the Governor-General as dic-

tated by the feeling that "though their misfortunes were of their own creation, as they were great he gave them back their arms."

The war, however, was not terminated by one battle, decisive as it might have been thought. One warlike Ameer, Mohamed of Meerpoor, surnamed Shere, or "the Lion," and deservedly accounted the best soldier of his nation, had been moving towards Hydrabad with 10,000 men, when his advance was arrested by the news of the defeat of his countrymen at Meeanee. He fell back a short distance, and, as his army was daily strengthened by the survivors of Meeanee and reinforcements from other quarters, it was not long before he found himself strong enough in his own opinion to try the fortune of another battle. Napier had information of his position and strength sufficiently accurate to enable him to judge of his designs; but he remained quiet in his camp, hoping that the Shere would attribute his inaction to fear, and presently attack him. The summer heat was coming on, and increasing to a height under which Europeans could hardly march. And he devoted the spare time to making every possible arrangement for reinforcing his army. He was forced to weaken it by placing 500 men as a garrison in Hydrabad. But he sent to Kurrachee for all the troops that remained there, and he was presently joined by three regiments of infantry, a camel battery, and two regiments of cavalry, which Lord Ellenborough had sent him from the Upper Sutlej; and, as if to increase the impression of his fear, he entrenched a camp close to the Indus, and constructed a fort on the opposite bank as a protection to his steamers.

He had now nearly 4000 infantry, 1100 cavalry,

with 19 guns, and felt himself strong enough for the Lion. They had already had a wordy match of threats. At the beginning of March he had written to Mohamed, reproaching him for increasing the number of his troops, in defiance of a warning he had sent him, and giving him notice that, unless he came to the camp and "proved his innocence of any further designs, he would march against him, and inflict a signal punishment." And on the 18th the Lion sent vakeels to the camp with the following message: "Quit this land, and your life shall be spared, provided you restore all you have taken." The entire province was a part of what had been taken, as on the 12th the Governor-General had issued a proclamation formally annexing it to the British Empire. As the vakeels delivered their message, the evening gun was fired. "You hear that sound," said he, in reply; "it is my answer to your chief. Begone!" But the next day he sent a more formal, written answer, "He would make no terms with Mohamed, except unconditional surrender. If he did not surrender himself as a prisoner of war before the 23rd, he would march against him." He knew well that his terms would be refused, and at break of day, on the 24th, he led on his men in battle array.

They had not advanced more than two miles when he learnt that Mohamed had concentrated his army at Dubba, a village about eight miles from Hydrabad, and not more than a mile or two from the spot which he himself had reached. He galloped forward to ascertain the truth with his own eyes, and presently found himself on a plain in front of the whole Belooch army. According to the best estimate he could form of its strength, it consisted of at least 26,000 men, with 15

guns. Two lines of their infantry were entrenched, and a heavy mass of cavalry was in reserve. Their right rested on the Fullaillee; their infantry forming a line more than two miles in length, and protected in many places by wide and deep nullahs, which had been carefully scarped. The village of Dubba was also filled with bands of Lugarees and Myamanees, the most warlike of all the tribes of Scinde, and prepared for resistance by loopholing the houses. The greater part of the guns were in the rear. The position had been chosen and strengthened with great judgment; and Napier was informed by his spies that a wood on his right was held by 5000 more, all picked men, designed to take his army in flank as it advanced. This, however, was afterwards found not to be the case.

Formidable as the position was, the General only regarded its strength as what would make the victory more glorious; and by a singularly fortunate and seasonable coincidence, as he was advancing to the attack an express reached him conveying to him the thanks of the Governor-General for the victory of Meeanee. It was addressed to the whole army, praising their valour in glowing terms, and promising honours and rewards to all who had shared in that brilliant triumph. He at once announced the purport of the despatch to the troops; and they, learning from it that in his official report of the battle he had not confined his praises to the officers, but had mentioned the names of more than one private soldier who had done deeds deserving honourable record, were excited by it to a pitch of enthusiasm which added not a little to the courage of their hearts and the vigour of their arms in the conflict to which

they were hastening. The 22nd had the honour of leading the attack, supported by some squadrons of cavalry, and Leslie's horse artillery; which, with the rest of the artillery following in succession by batteries, raked the Lion's columns with deadly effect. Steadily at the same time the 22nd pressed on, followed by the 25th Sepoys, in spite of a heavy fire which struck down half their light company; but Napier himself cheered them as they rushed forward to storm a nullah in their front. That rush was irresistible, and a young lieutenant, Coote, leading up the opposite bank, tore a standard of the Beloochees from its bearer, and waved it in triumph as he fell severely wounded on the bank. In another part of the field the cavalry of the right wing scattered the left wing of the Beloochees, The 22nd and 25th surrounded Dubba, and presently Major Storey and Captain Tait with the Bengal and Poona horse forced their way through the village, and fell with irresistible fury on a large mass of troops beyond, chasing them for several miles, and slaughtering them by hundreds as they fled. The Lion himself had a narrow escape, for at last he also fled; and two of the officers of Jacob's horse saw his elephant and camel, on one of which he was mounted, and would have overtaken him had they not been recalled by their Colonel, who saw not the prize they had in view.

A splendid victory had been gained at a comparatively moderate cost. Singularly enough, our loss was exactly the same as it had been at Meeanee; 270 killed and wounded; while the vanquished army had lost above 5000. But the General resolved to make it decisive of the war. He learned that the Lion had fled to Meerpoor, his capital, and in eight hours after the last gun had been fired he was hurry-

ing forward in pursuit. Meerpoor was 40 miles from Dubba; but before the next day closed the Poona horse were at its gates. At the first sight of them the Lion abandoned his capital, which at once opened its gates to the pursuers, while he, with his family and treasures, fled farther on to Omercote. The General halted at Meerpoor, sending forward the Scinde horse, the 25th Sepoys, and a camel battery, on the Lion's traces. Even in Omercote, though it was strongly garrisoned, and fortified with eleven guns, he did not think him safe; and on the 4th of April, Omercote also surrendered. Even the desert beyond was no refuge for the defeated chief, who still continued his flight towards the north, whither it was not worth while to pursue him. After a few days' stay at Meerpoor, the victorious General returned to Hydrabad, where he took up his quarters "in the palace of the Ameers, master of Scinde; having in sixteen days with 5000 men defeated more than 26,000 in battle, captured two great fortresses, and marched 200 miles under a Scindean sun."[1]

Even yet he had not quite done with the Lion. He had fled to the north, collecting a small force of 8000 men; and his family were busily employed in the hills inciting the tribes of those districts to take arms in his cause. But his influence was gone. He was ridiculed as the *jungle wallah* or keeper of the jungle; and eventually finding all his efforts to maintain a resistance vain, he fled to Lahore, where, some years afterwards, Napier found him in a state of sottish imbecility, and where he is believed to have died. The Sirdar Mohamed, who had commanded the

[1] *Conquest of Scinde*, p. 242. Wherever inverted commas are used the passage is quoted from this work, or the *Life*.

division of his army which he did not keep in his own hands, also submitted. All the minor chiefs, to the number of 400, "made their salaams," and laid their swords at the Governor's feet, which he returned to them, to be used thenceforth in our service. Scinde was subdued and pacified; and Napier received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, which had rarely been more richly earned.

He remained in Scinde till the autumn of 1847, governing his province with great vigour. Parts of his policy have been regarded and canvassed with such opposite views, that we may forbear to discuss the differences of opinion here; but there can be no dissent with regard to the wisdom of his establishment of a body of police on so sound a system that it was copied in most of our settlements; in the Punjab, in Bombay, and in Madras; nor to the utility and national advantage of his public works, of the roads which he opened, and the canals which he made, his construction of quays and piers, affording great facilities for the extension of commerce, and of barracks, greatly required in such a climate for the health of the troops. Theories will always have advocates and opponents, but works of practical utility deserve and receive the approval of all parties.

In the autumn of 1847 he resigned his appointments and returned to England, hoping to spend the remainder of his days in tranquillity with his daughters at Oaklands, a country house near Portsmouth, which he had taken. But he was not allowed the rest for which he had hoped. The war with the Sikhs, of which we shall have to speak in our next sketch, and which had been terminated by a treaty in 1846, had been renewed by them in 1848; and the recom-

mencement of hostilities had been signalised by a battle at Chillianwallah, the report of which caused great excitement in England. It had been in fact a drawn battle. Our loss in killed and wounded, though heavy, had not been equal to that sustained in two of those in the previous war, nor to that of Albuera in 1811. But we had also lost some guns and standards; a loss of pre-eminent importance in the eyes of soldiers, one too, which in the English army was almost unprecedented, and which led to the battle being regarded throughout England as a disaster of the most grievous and perilous character. A panic seemed for a moment to have seized the whole nation, such as had not been witnessed since the Pretender occupied Derby, a hundred years before. Lord Gough was most unjustly denounced as unequal to the conduct of the war, and an unwise demand arose that Napier should be at once sent out to supersede him. Very unwilling were the Directors, with whom during his government of Scinde he had continual differences, to agree to his appointment; and very unwilling was he to go. For his health was broken. He had been struck down almost to death by a sunstroke soon after his last battle; and he had an internal disease which no medical skill could relieve. But he yielded to the general demand for his services, and went, only to find that there was nothing for him to do. Chillianwallah had been fought in January with undecided result, but before February was over another battle had been fought at Goojerat, as to the character of which there was no uncertainty. Though the Sikhs had more than double Gough's numbers, they had been routed with a completeness that terminated the war. Before the middle of March the whole body of Sikh chiefs made their submission, sur-

rendered their swords, their guns, with all their military equipment, except the horses of their cavalry. And in the last week of the month, Lord Dalhousie, who had succeeded Lord Hardinge as Governor-General, issued a proclamation declaring the kingdom of the Punjab at an end, and annexing it to the British Empire.

There was no work for a great commander where there was no longer war; and that was now for some years the happy condition of British India. Still Napier could not resign his command till a successor should arrive, and his active mind found some work for itself in reducing some of the robber tribes of the hills to order, appeasing the discontent of some regiments at some recent regulations touching their pay and allowance; and, as far as his power extended, taking steps to prevent the recurrence of any unpleasantness in future. But affairs such as these seemed to him insufficient to detain him from his English home. As he wrote to his brother, "he had come out to do good, and found there was nothing to be done." And with this feeling he requested to be relieved, and as soon as his successor arrived he set sail for England, which he reached in March 1851.

On his way to the ship that was to bear him to his home, he had gratifying proof of the warm feelings of respect and attachment with which he was regarded throughout India. At Kurrachee, where he went to the theatre, he thought "the officers and soldiers (who composed the greater part of the audience) would have pulled the house down." At Bombay "judges with servants, officers, lawyers, men of every class and condition, hastened to offer him all marks of honour and respect." [1] They gave him one banquet, the natives

[1] *Life*, iv. 306-313

of the city gave him another, and as he went on board the ship, an immense multitude attended him to the shore with every mark of honour and reverence.

When he reached England he was received with a welcome as warm and as universal as had been the good wishes which had attended him on his departure. He especially reported to his brother that "he had never been so kindly, so graciously received as that morning by the Duke" (Wellington was still Commander-in-Chief). "I thought he would have embraced me. 'Will your Grace let me put your name on my card for the levée on Wednesday?' 'Oh yes, yes, and I will go there and take care to tell the Queen that you are there. She will be glad to see you back; and so am I, and so is everybody.'" And another letter says: "The Queen was so good as to ask me to dinner, but thank heaven I was gone from town, and the card said '*if in town.*' It was very kind of the Queen to put that order on her card. I am sure it was hers! I can't get rid of pain, and have suffered to-day as much as ever I did! Well, fate is fate; and all the physic and Philistines in London can't turn it a hair. Patience! a disease of four years' standing is not to be gotten rid of in a moment."

And in fact the pain and disease increased in violence, till death could only be looked on as a relief from almost intolerable suffering. His last years were spent at Oaklands, a country house within an easy distance of Portsmouth, and there at last, on the 29th of August 1853, at five in the morning, to adopt the account of his brother, "he expired like a soldier, on a naked camp bedstead, the windows of the room open, and the fresh air of heaven blowing on his

manly face. Surrounded by his family and some of his brothers, he died. All his grieving servants were present, and at his feet stood two veterans of his regiment gazing with terrible emotion at a countenance then settling in death, which they had first seen beaming in the light of battle! Easy was the actual dissolution, however, and as the last breath escaped, Montagu M'Murdo,[1] with a sudden inspiration, snatched the old colours of the 22nd Regiment—the colours that had been borne at Meeanee and Hydrabad—and waved them over the dying hero. Thus Charles Napier passed from this world."

On his military genius it would be superfluous to dilate. Of that Meeanee and Hydrabad are testimonies more emphatic than the most elaborate panegyric of orator or historian. And, without entering into any discussion of the policy of his Scinde administration, it cannot be denied that his government of that province displayed a great talent for organisation, of which indeed he had many years before given proof in the Ionian Islands. That he had faults cannot be denied. To say that he had none would be to say that he was not human. He was a man of fierce temper; ever prone to take offence; so impatient of opposition that the slightest difference of opinion from his own was provocation sufficient to make him regard the person who entertained it as destitute not only of common sense, but of common honesty, and to express his hatred and contempt for him in the bitterest language. Cardinal de Retz, in his Memoirs, lays it down as a maxim that a foolish speech is worse than a bad action, since the action is often forgotten while the speech is re-

[1] Colonel M'Murdo was his son-in-law.

membered, and rankles in the mind of the person attacked or offended. And it is probably to the unrestrained license that he gave his tongue that the circumstance should be attributed that the conquest of Scinde was not rewarded with a peerage, as were other successes, certainly not more brilliant, of other commanders. But it would be unjust to his memory to omit to point out that his fury (for such it too often was) was confined to civilians. Every soldier he looked on as a brother. Absolutely free from professional jealousy, he was as warm and eager in his praises of great deeds performed by others as if they had been his own. Especially was he careful of the interests of those who served under him. As he expressed himself,[1] "It is of no use for a man to have good soldiers under his orders if he does not push them to make them known." And he extended this principle to the non-commissioned officers, and even to the privates, mentioning in his despatches the names of any who had distinguished themselves by any special good conduct or act of bravery. And he had his reward (such as he most valued) in the warm attachment of all ranks of the service; even of many who only knew him by report. On the day of his funeral the whole garrison of Portsmouth voluntarily turned out to follow him to the grave.[2] As Colonel Menzies of the Marines, temporary commander of the district, describes the occurrence, "it was a grand scene, the whole of an extensive garrison, the finest troops in the world, turning out with one accord to do homage to his honoured remains." As his brother and biographer, with natural pride, explains the feeling which dictated

[1] Letter to Colonel C. Campbell, *Life of Lord Clyde*, i. 87.
[2] *Life*, iv. 401.

it, "it was the freemasonry of warriors, the instinctive perception of greatness, that stirred them. They knew that he was a great commander, brave, skilful, successful, that he was a great man and the soldier's friend, and they loved him."

He was buried in the small churchyard of the military chapel at Portsmouth, the burial-place of many a brave soldier, but of none braver than he, nor of any who served his country with more singleness of patriotism or more unwavering obedience to the call of duty.

# LORD GOUGH

## CHAPTER I

It has been pointed out by more than one military critic that the subject of the following sketch commanded in more battles than any other general except Wellington and Napoleon, to which it may be added that he was never defeated, though in one instance he was unable to claim a victory; and the nation had become so accustomed to decisive success that for a moment a drawn battle was regarded as a disaster and a disgrace, and even to this day his memory is perhaps as frequently associated with Chillianwallah as with Sobraon or Goojerat. That he was a warrior of most undaunted courage and resolution no one has ever questioned, and it is equally certain that the result of his campaigns was the overthrow of one of the most formidable tribes that India had ever sent forth, with the acquisition of a large and important territory, the possession of which, in the hands of its wise governor, Sir John Lawrence, was of unspeakable value to us in the terrible crisis which endangered our whole eastern dominion eight years afterwards.

Hugh Gough was the son of an Irish gentleman of ancient family, Sir Edward Gough of Woodstone, in the county of Limerick. He was born in 1779, and had hardly passed his fifteenth birthday when he obtained a commission as ensign in the 119th, from

which, however, in the summer of the next year, he was removed into the 78th, in which regiment he received a lieutenancy; and from that again he exchanged into the 87th, in which he remained till the end of the war. Short as was his stay in the 78th, he saw some active service in it, being present at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope.

But it was in the 87th that he first had the opportunity of showing the high soldier-like qualities which attracted the notice of his commanders. The regiment was in the West Indies when he joined it, where its chief enterprises were the reduction of Surinam, Trinidad, and one or two others of the Dutch and Spanish settlements in that region. But in 1808 it returned to Europe, where we were beginning to take our part in the great war that the lawless ambition of Napoleon had raised over the whole continent. Like the gallant subject of the preceding sketch, he had the good fortune to form one of that invincible army which, starting from the coast of Portugal, never halted in its career of victory till it had planted the British standards on the soil of France. Fortune favours the brave, and she aided him in a manner which he could not have looked for. The commander of the 87th, Colonel Doyle, was absent from the regiment on special service in July 1809, and it was on Gough that the command of it consequently devolved in the well-won battle of Talavera. His prominent valour was repaid by a severe wound, but also in a more agreeable way by the earnest praise of Wellington himself, who specially recommended him for promotion as Colonel by brevet. The 87th was for a time transferred to Graham's army in the south; and again at Barrosa he led it with a gallantry which the General

acknowledged by honourable mention in his despatch; and in the repulse of the French attack on Tarifa, in the winter of the same year, he bore so prominent a share that he received the sword of the vanquished leader of the assault. The importance of defending Cadiz against the powerful force of Soult detained the 87th in the south till the Marshal was called off by King Joseph to aid in driving Wellington from Madrid, when he rejoined his old commander, and again gained his warm praise by his brilliant and successful assault of the village of Hermandad, in the wondrous victory of Vittoria, but he was disabled from sharing in the latest of Wellington's subsequent successes by a severe wound at the battle of the Nivelle. His absence from them did not, however, cause his services to be overlooked in the distribution of honours among the Duke's officers at the end of the war, and it was admitted that of those who were decorated with the insignia of the Bath, none had deserved it more richly than the gallant Colonel of the 87th.

After the war, promotion, as was natural, was arrived at more slowly, and it was not till 1830 that Gough, now Sir Hugh, became a Major-General, nor till ten years later that he obtained a command, that of the Madras Army, from which, however, in the spring of 1841, he was transferred to China, where the faithless disregard of treaties by the Chinese Government, combined with ignorant audacity and arrogance, had compelled us to give them a further lesson. In the view of the Emperor we were rather those who required one, and also those who would be most inclined to accept one with meekness; if in one part of our disposition we were "like dogs," in another we were "like sheep." "Heaven and earth could no longer

bear with us; God and man were indignant at our conduct." "Men therefore would hear of our chastisement with gratitude; the gods would regard it with favour." The correctness of the reproaches thus passed upon us we were not afraid to put to the proof. Commodore Sir Gordon Bremen brought to the mouth of the Canton river a fleet such as had never before been seen in those waters, to which Sir Hugh added a land force of near 3000 men. The approach to Canton was guarded by two well-armed forts, called the Boque forts, which, however, were stormed with but little difficulty, the Chinese apparently reserving their efforts for the defence of the great city itself. Besides its own fortifications, a strong camp, occupied, according to the estimate of our General, by a garrison of 4000 men, was entrenched on its north-eastern side; and from both camp and city a heavy fire from guns and gingals was directed against the 49th and 18th regiments as they advanced. But the courage of the Chinese, though ardent for a time, was not long sustained. They could not face the steady resolution of the British soldier, and after a brief resistance the garrison of the camp fled across the country; the encampment was burnt, while at the same time our artillery set on fire some of the buildings of the city itself. And before evening a flag of truce was erected on the walls, and a treaty of peace, on conditions dictated by ourselves, put an end to further operations in that province of the Celestial Empire.

But the territory of the Chinese Empire is so extensive that a blow dealt on one extremity is hardly felt in another. The treaty thus made related to Canton only, and it was not long before the conviction was forced on our commanders that the Emperor

would not be sufficiently humbled to render our trade secure, and our countrymen safe from insult and even from outrage, till we had struck a blow which would be more sensibly felt. Nankin was the ancient capital of the Empire, and though shorn of its political importance by the transference of dignity to Pekin as the seat of government, it was still a city of great wealth and importance. The space contained within its walls exceeded that of any other city in any other country, and its porcelain tower was still one of the wonders of the world. Since the capture of Canton, Admiral Sir W. Packer had arrived to take the command of the fleet, bringing with him a considerable reinforcement of armed steamers and vessels of light draught. And in the last week of May fleet and army moved towards the north. More than one strongly-fortified town lay on the way, but neither Amoy nor Chinghae nor Ningpo made more than a feeble show of resistance. Their reduction concluded the operations of 1841. But in the spring of 1842 they were resumed. One vigorous attempt to arrest our progress was made at Tzekee, a town a few miles from Ningpo, which was held by a force of Tartars, among whom were 500 of the Imperial Bodyguard, whom Sir Hugh in his despatch described as "remarkably fine men," and a division of Kansick troops from the frontiers of Turkistan, mentioned in the same despatch as "a strong and muscular race, accustomed to border warfare, and reported by the Chinese to be invincible." They were the stoutest warriors that we had as yet encountered in that country, but their greater gallantry only brought on them the heavier loss; and it can have been supported with but little skill, since while their ranks were thinned by the fall of

900 men, our killed were but 3, and our wounded did not exceed 20. Proceeding along the coast; the fleet, with the army on board, in July reached the great river Yang-tze-Kiang, the largest in the ancient hemisphere, and that on which, at the distance of 200 miles from the mouth, stands the great city, the capture of which was now the object of the expedition. No European ship had ever before been seen on its waters, the navigation of which indeed was a task of no small difficulty. For the stream was one of extraordinary rapidity and strength, running full three miles an hour; it was also full of rocks and shoals; but no obstacles of that kind were ever insurmountable to a British sailor. Packer, shifting his flag to the *Blonde*, 44, as drawing less water than the *Cornwallis*, his usual flagship, undertook to carry the whole fleet up to the very walls of Nankin. And in the second week of July he pushed forward at the head of 70 sail, including transports. A few miles from the mouth stood Shanghai, a strongly-fortified town, the garrison of which, however, fled at the first broadside. Chin-kiang-foo was larger and stronger, as being held by a garrison of Tartars, who for a brief time made a desperate resistance, and who, preferring to slay their wives and children to leaving them to become prisoners to the "barbarians," perished by their own hands when they found their utmost exertions unavailing. And finally, on the 9th of August, the fleet cast anchor under the walls of Nankin. It would have been strange indeed if what was the second city in the Empire had been unprovided with means of defence. And Gough and Packer, while prepared to attack it from both the landward and the sea side at once, did not expect to master them without a struggle. But

the best of all defences, without which sword and bayonet, musket or cannon, are impotent, is the courage of those who wield them; and that the Chinese now acked. The mere fact of our having penetrated waters hitherto trusted in as inaccessible to the boldest foe, struck a chill into their hearts. Without attempting to strike a single blow they sued for peace, and before the end of the month a treaty was concluded. Nankin and all the cities to the south were opened to our trade, with British resident consuls to watch over our interests. Hong Kong was ceded to us in perpetual possession, and an indemnity of twenty-one millions of dollars was to be paid for the expenses of the war.

Sir Hugh returned to India, where it was not long before his energies were called out for sterner conflicts. Nearly 30 years had elapsed since Sir John Malcolm had routed the Mahrattas at Mehidpoor, and the Indian Government had looked on that victory as a final blow to their aggressive spirit; but in the state of Gwalior a violent quarrel had arisen on the death of the Maharajah. His only son was a boy of eight years of age, Bhaqurut Scindia, whom, in spite of his youth, our Government justly recognised as his legitimate heir. But, as was often the case in every province of India on similar occasions, there arose a party which disowned his authority, and expelled his great-uncle Mama Sahib, who had been appointed Regent of the state during his minority. Their object was apparently not so much to displace Bhaqurut Rao in favour of some pretender, as to create such anarchy as would enable them to plunder not only the Gwalior province, but districts within our own frontier. But Lord Ellenborough, who had recently succeeded Lord Auckland

as Governor-General, was not a man to allow a Prince under our protection to be injured with impunity. The treaties which we had concluded with his grandfather (by adoption), Dowlat Rao Scindia, bound us to protect his heirs and successors; and he at once issued a proclamation warning the party whom he characterised as "disobedient to lawful authority and disturbers of the peace," that he had ordered an army to enter Gwalior to support the Maharajah, "as the friend and ally of the British Government."

The army which he sent amounted to 14,000 men, with 40 guns, under the command of Sir Hugh Gough; but the malcontent nobles, who had won over the bulk of the Gwalior army to espouse their cause, believed themselves sufficiently strong to bid defiance to a force inferior in numbers to their own. Theirs consisted of 15,000 infantry and 3000 cavalry, with 100 guns. And, full of confidence, they advanced to meet the British army, which on the 29th of December, found them drawn up in a strong position in front of the village of Mahrajpoor, and evidently resolved to dispute its further advance. Gough placed greater trust in a straightforward attack than in manœuvres, which their great superiority in cavalry might have rendered difficult to carry out (for his force of that arm was confined to two regiments of light horse), and began the battle by a charge of the Queen's 29th, supported by the 50th N.I. To quote his own despatch, "the enemy received the shock without flinching; their guns doing severe execution as we advanced. But nothing could withstand the rush of British soldiers. They drove the enemy from their guns, bayoneting the gunners at their posts. The Mahrattas, after discharging their matchlocks, fought sword in

hand with the most determined courage. But General Vachout with his brigade took the village in reverse, captured 28 guns," and, proceeding in his career of success, captured in succession three strong positions in spite of the most desperate resistance. The 4th Lancers, supported by Captain Grant's horse artillery, captured several more, " thus threatening the right flank of the enemy;" while in another part of the field Major-General Littler, with Brigadier Wright's brigade, routed their right, never stopping in his advance till he drove them from their main position at a place called Chunder. The battle was won; but not without heavy loss to the victorious army. The list of killed or wounded fell little short of 800, two of whom, Major Stopford and Captain Codrington, had fallen wounded at the very muzzles of the enemy's guns. The loss of the Mahrattas was estimated at from 3000 to 4000. The number of those who had fallen in the two armies bearing undeniable testimony to the courage and resolution of the Mahrattas, and the combined valour and skill of their conquerors.

## CHAPTER II

BUT, severe as this conflict had been, it was not long before Sir Hugh was called on to face a more formidable encounter, to which the Gwalior war was in some sort a prelude. The north-western corner of our territory was bordered by an extensive and fertile district, known as the Punjab, or country of five rivers (the most eastern of which was the Sutlej), from which the war, the chief incidents of which are now to be recounted, takes its more usual name. For above four centuries it had been occupied by a number of warlike tribes, known to us by the one generic name of Sikhs. In a letter Colonel Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde), who served in the war, says, "They were a fine race of people, and unquestionably in single combat as fearless as any men in the world. They had acquired, under the instruction of French officers, no small amount of tactical knowledge; and, being animated by the fierce fanaticism which the tenets of a proselytising and martial religion imparts,"[1] they had thus, during the early years of the present century, gradually grown into a powerful, warlike confederacy, under the rule of a chief of great abilities and ambition equal to his genius, Runjeet Singh, "the Lion of the Punjab." By the beginning of the reign of our present Sovereign their population

[1] *Life of Lord Clyde*, i. 228.

had risen to seven millions; a stalwart and valiant race, the friendship or hostility of which could not be an object of indifference to any of its neighbours. Runjeet's capacity for government had been more shown in nothing than in his departure from the policy of Indian chiefs in general. Others had commonly regarded our power with suspicion, and had not failed to display their enmity, whenever they thought that they could attack us with safety; sometimes even, as had been seen in the campaigns of Wellington and Napier, without taking the safety of such enterprise into due account. But Runjeet had been guided by a more just estimate of our power, and of his own interest. He had sedulously cultivated our alliance, concluding more than one treaty with the Government of Calcutta; and in our recent Afghan war adhering to it with a fidelity which had been of no trifling importance; for he had an army of upwards of 70,000 men, carefully trained in European discipline and tactics, and a magnificent artillery of 200 guns—a force which, if added to that of the Afghans, would have been one the hostility of which would have strained our energies and resources to the very utmost. But Runjeet had recently died, leaving a boy of eight or nine years old as his successor; in whose name his mother, the Ranee, claimed the supreme authority as Regent. But a regency, generally a weak government, is nowhere more so than in India; and from the Ganges to the Indus there was no nation less inclined to submit to the control of a child and a woman than that from which the firm hand of their father and husband was now withdrawn. Their Court, if such it can be called, became a scene of faction and intrigue. A large party among the more important chiefs had

always disliked our alliance; the soldiery was eager for war. Runjeet, as a wise statesman, had desired to lay the foundations of the prosperity of his people in peace. The army rested its hopes of augmented importance and riches on war; and the Ranee was wholly unable to stem the torrent of public opinion and the general eagerness to try conclusions with the foreign enemy. Their territory was not entirely confined to the Punjab itself. On the left bank of the Sutlej they possessed some small districts also; and between them and our frontier lay a strip of what was regarded by common consent as a neutral territory; the neutrality of which was not considered to be violated by our keeping garrisons in three towns, Loodiana, Ferozepore, and Umballa; the last mentioned being often used as the headquarters of our forces in that district.

In 1844 Lord Ellenborough had been removed from the government of our Indian Empire by the wrong-headed and mischievous folly of the Directors of the Company in their timid fears for revenue, misusing a power which would never have been granted them if such an exercise of it could have been foreseen; and he had been succeeded by Sir Henry Hardinge, like Gough a veteran of the Peninsular war, but who had since been employed at home. Following the practice of his predecessors in the government, in the winter of 1844 he was making a progress to visit different parts of our frontier, when, on his way from Umballa to Loodiana, he received information that the Sikhs were making preparations of a warlike character on a great scale; within the next week or two it was confirmed by more than one detailed report of the movements of their army, and on the 13th December he learnt that it had crossed the Sutlej, and was concentrating

in great force on its left bank. Our forces in Umballa, Loodiana, and Ferozepore amounted to something over 18,000 men, with 60 guns, and on first receiving intelligence of the Sikh preparations Sir Henry had directed Gough to bring forward the divisions which lay at Meerut and some other stations in the rear—an order which the subsequent reports led him to follow with another, to bring up his whole force to Ferozepore without delay. It was obeyed with a speed which, when the climate is considered, may vie with the most rapid marches of the Peninsular army. Umballa is 150 miles from the small town of Moodkee, but the army advanced at the rate of nearly 30 miles a day, and on the morning of the sixth day after receiving the order Gough reached Moodkee, and took his ground in front of the town. He had brought with him three regiments of British and five of native infantry, one British and three of native cavalry, and one troop of native horse artillery, which, added to the troops that he found there, gave him altogether an army of 14,000 men. Those who had come from Umballa were greatly exhausted by the length of their morning's march and the want of water, which they had been unable to find or procure, and they had hardly slaked their thirst and lain on the ground for a brief rest, when, at three in the afternoon, information reached Gough that the Sikhs were advancing with a force roughly estimated at from 30,000 to 40,000 men, of whom one-half were splendid cavalry, and 40 guns. The news of their approach banished every feeling of fatigue from our men; the character of the ground in some degree favoured the Sikhs, being partially covered with small patches of jungle or with sandy hillocks, which

afforded a screen for the movements of their infantry and artillery.

The Governor-General was in Gough's camp when he received the intelligence, and remained with his old comrade throughout the day to aid him with his counsel.[1] Gough opened the action by sending his cavalry to the front to cover the formation of the infantry, following them with his horse artillery; and at first the battle was chiefly carried on between the batteries of the two armies. That of the Sikhs was well served, but was speedily "paralysed" by the superior practice of our gunners, and was soon silenced altogether by a charge of our cavalry. The "formation of our infantry battalions into line had been somewhat retarded by the Sikh cannonade," and as "the proximity of some jungle made it dangerous to push our artillery too forward," the General sent a strong brigade of cavalry to turn the Sikh left by "a flank movement, splendidly led by the Brigadiers White and Gough" (the latter a nephew of the General); they carried all before them; they "swept along the whole rear of the enemy's infantry," silenced their batteries for a time, and put their numerous cavalry to flight. Gough had learnt from his old commander in the Peninsula the value of simultaneous attacks on different points, and at the same time that he had thus turned the enemy's left he launched the remainder of his cavalry against their right. This second manœuvre was as successful as the former, and to complete the victory he now sent forward the infantry "in echelon of lines" against the Sikh infantry. Their greater numbers enabled them "far to

[1] The passages in inverted commas are quotations, with only a few trifling verbal alterations, from the General's despatch.

outflank ours," but the skill of the Major-Generals, Sir Harry Smith, Gilbert, and Sir John M'Caskill, baffled all their attempts to avail themselves of that superiority. Our men advanced with all the British steadiness, firing with great rapidity and deadly accuracy till they came to close quarters, and then, with "that never-failing weapon, the bayonet," driving the hostile battalions from position after position, with great slaughter and the loss of 17 guns. Night only saved them from utter rout. But the victory was sufficiently decisive, and it had been gained with a loss which, in proportion to the numbers engaged, could not be considered heavy, the total list of our killed and wounded being considerably under 900; but among them was one, Sir Robert Gall, whose fall occasioned much sorrow for his own loss and keen sympathy for his widow, who had for many months been a prisoner daily expecting death from the ruthless hands of the Afghans, and had at last been delivered by an expedition headed by that husband himself, only to have the happiness of their reunion so sadly and speedily terminated.

Severe, however, as their defeat had been, the Sikh movements the very next morning showed Gough that they were not yet satisfied with it, but that they were preparing to try the fortune of another field. He learnt that they were now posted "in a strongly entrenched camp at Ferozeshah, within a few miles of Moodkee, defended by heavy batteries," and, as he proposed to change his tactics and to deliver the attack instead of waiting to receive it, he ordered Sir John Littler, the commander of Ferozepore, to join him with that garrison. Two other British regiments joined on the 19th, and with an army thus reinforced, and amounting to

near 17,000 men, on the morning of the 21st he marched forward to attack the Sikh entrenchments, which were about ten miles from the field of battle of the 18th. He rightly judged that there was no time to lose, for at no great distance from Ferozepore another Sikh army was encamped, little inferior, if at all, to that in his front. Their superiority in cavalry made it impossible to reconnoitre their position very closely, but he was able to ascertain that the rear of their entrenchment, as being the farthest from the position at Moodkee, from which he was advancing had been fortified with less care than the other sides and that, therefore, he selected as the object of his attack. His infantry he formed in two lines, the first under Sir John Littler and General Gilbert, the second under Sir Harry Smith, strengthened by a division of cavalry, the flank of each line being covered by a troop of horse artillery, while the principal batteries were massed in the centre. The whole left wing of the army was entrusted to Sir Henry Hardinge, who insisted on waiving his rank as Governor-General, and serving under Gough as his junior officer. It was an act of which the chivalry may be admired, but of which the judgement may be questioned; since, if he had fallen, such an event as the death of a Governor-General in battle would have been regarded as such a triumph to the enemy as would have given a shock to our power throughout the whole of our Indian Empire. Gough himself directed the movements of the right wing. Littler's division of the left wing led the attack, apparently rather too soon, since its manifest want of support enabled the enemy to direct the whole force of their batteries against it. With dauntless intrepidity, in defiance of "a storm of shot and

shell," which thinned their ranks fearfully, our infantry beat back the foe and carried "the entrenchments before them, threw themselves upon the guns, and with matchless gallantry wrested them from the enemy." But their success was short-lived. The Sikh infantry rallied, and, taking their stand behind their batteries, poured on them such a fire of musketry as eventually compelled them to retire from the position they had won. Night fell while in this part of the field the conflict was still raging.

While this terrible struggle was going on on the left, Gough on the right "brought up Smith's division, which captured and long retained another part of the position; but in spite of their success, and though the Queen's 3rd Light Dragoons charged and took some of the most formidable batteries, nevertheless the Sikhs remained in possession of a great part of their entrenchments, while our men, mingled with them, held the remainder, and finally bivouacked upon it, exhausted by their gallant efforts and suffering extremely from thirst, but sustained through all dangers and hardships by their indomitable spirit." And on that side also the conflict ceased, to be renewed with greater animosity the next morning.

It was an anxious night that was passed by our army. It could not be said that it had been defeated, but it had failed in achieving the success which usually attended a British attack, and the disappointment not unnaturally led many to take a more gloomy view of their situation than the real position of affairs warranted. Some of the officers did not even conceal their anxiety (despondency is too un-English a feeling to attribute to such men) from the Generals themselves. One said to the Commander-in-Chief, "The

Governor-General is of opinion that it will be best to cut our way at once to Ferozepore," a step which would have been an ignominious confession of defeat. "The thing is impossible," replied Sir Hugh. "I know Sir Henry Hardinge better; but, to put an end to all doubt, I will go to him. At the same time I tell you beforehand my mind is made up. If we must perish, it is better that our bones should bleach honourably at Ferozeshah than rot at Ferozepore; but they shall not do either the one or the other." "The Commander-in-Chief thinks," said another officer of rank to Hardinge, "that it will be fatal to risk a renewal of the fight to-morrow." "Don't you believe a word of it," was the reply: "the Commander-in-Chief knows as well as anybody that it will never do for a British army to be foiled; and foiled this army shall not be. He must fight it out as soon as there is light enough to show us the enemy."

The enemy did not even wait for the morning; on every glimpse of moonlight sufficient to show them our position they continued to harass our troops with a dropping fire of artillery. "But," again to quote the despatch of the Commander-in-Chief, "with daylight of the 22nd retribution came." Again the infantry formed in line, supported on both flanks by the horse artillery. But while it was a fight of artillery, the fighters at a distance, the enemy prevailed. "Our gunners opened a heavy fire, aided by a flight of rockets," but the Sikh artillery was more numerous, and many of their guns of greater calibre, and "one masked battery played with great effect on ours, dismounting our pieces and blowing up our tumbrils." But when our men came to close quarters the British bayonet was invincible. "Unchecked by the enemy's fire it charged them in line, drove them out of Feroze-

shah, and even out of their encampment, and, changing front, swept the whole camp, dislodging them from their whole position." But even then the conflict was far from being over. Heavier work had still to be done. The day was still young when "the Sirdar Tel Singh, who had been the commander at Moodkee, brought up above 30,000 fresh troops, with a large field of artillery, which drove in our cavalry, and made strenuous efforts to regain Ferozeshah and the position. He was beaten back, but renewed his attempt; while our guns could no longer reply to his, our ammunition was expended, and we were unable to answer him with a single shot."

Never surely was a contest maintained in the face of such a difficulty. Never probably was a commander or an army seen before that would not have abandoned all hope of further resistance. But Gough was still full of resources. He ordered the cavalry to threaten both the Sirdar's flanks at once, and again sent forward the infantry to charge, when a fear for their flanks appeared to have struck the enemy with a sudden panic. They abandoned their guns. Our infantry did not give them a moment to recover. They dashed forward, seized and spiked the guns; and, at the same time, a movement of some of our squadrons seemed as if its object were to seize the fords, and cut the Sikhs off from their own side of the river. In wild terror their whole army fled, and the victory was won. The loss of the enemy was never ascertained; but we captured 73 guns, 17 standards, and all their camp equipage and military stores, and wholly cleared our own territory of the invaders. Many had fallen on our side, but fewer than might have been expected, after two days of such well-sustained battle against such

a vast superiority of numbers. Our total loss in killed and wounded amounted to 2415. Gough's generalship was criticised by some who sought to disparage his talents. But their criticism was replied to by Sir Henry Lawrence, who served in the artillery during this campaign, than whom, since the days of Warren Hastings, the Company had never had a greater servant and who, in an article in the *Calcutta Review*, gave a full explanation of the situation. "The question has often been asked, 'Why were not the entrenchments at Sobraon and Ferozeshah turned? Why attacked in the face of the formidable Sikh artillery?' The same question might be asked of almost every Indian battle. The Duke of Wellington wisely counselled taking an Asiatic army when in motion. But he himself, with half his numbers, attacked them at Assaye in position and by a forward movement. At Madiopoor, where perhaps the next most formidable display of cannon was encountered by an Anglo-Indian army, Hislop and Malcolm, the latter at least accustomed to Indian warfare and trained in the school of Wellington, not only attacked the Corg army in front, but crossed a deep river under fire. But the fact is, Ferozeshah was not to be outflanked; its oblong figure was nearly equally formidable in every direction; and had Sir Hugh Gough attacked on the northward face, he might have exposed himself to the double fire of Tel Singh in his rear and the works in his front, besides having abandoned the line of communication with his wounded and baggage at Moodkee."[1]

But, heavy as was the blow which had been thus dealt, neither the Commander-in-Chief nor the Governor-General could flatter themselves that it had

[1] *The Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, by Herbert Schroeder, i. p. 51.

put an end to the war, and that their view was correct was evidenced by the conduct of the Sikhs in the very next week. In truth, though their loss of guns and other military stores had been considerable and irresistible proofs of their defeat, there were incidents in the late battle which were calculated to encourage rather than to deter from a fresh effort. They could represent it as one in which victory, when apparently in their very grasp, had only been snatched from it by an accidental panic, the very recollection of which would be a security against its recurrence; and, impressed with this pleasing explanation of their late disaster, they at once began a series of operations which could have no object but that of preparation for a fresh struggle. In their flight they had crossed the river at a ford near Sobraon; and, to secure the passage to and fro, they without delay laid down a bridge of boats, across which, before the end of December, they sent a division to entrench a camp on the left bank, thus securing a power of resuming the offensive at any moment.

Nor was the British Commander-in-Chief idle on his part. The Governor-General sent for reinforcements of troops of all arms, horses, and ammunition, which, during all the earlier part of January 1846, came in steadily, raising Gough's force before the end of the month to the respectable amount of 30,000 men, the largest British army that had ever been assembled in India since the days of Clive; so large, indeed, that by the 28th he felt strong enough to detach Sir Harry Smith with one division of 9000 men and 32 guns to attack some magazines which the Sikhs had established on the road between Ferozepore and Loodiana. The magazine he destroyed, but its

destruction was not the only advantage the Commander-in-Chief derived from his expedition. The Sikhs sent out a force of more than double his strength to cut him off on his return, and fell in with him at Aliwal, a village on the Loodiana road. We need not enter into the details of the battle which ensued. It is sufficient to say that Smith utterly routed his assailants, took or spiked upwards of 50 of their guns, drove the main body into the Sutlej in which many who missed the ford were drowned, and deservedly received the warmest praise from his Commander-in-Chief and from the Governor-General.

But the Sikhs still held their entrenched camp, and by means of their bridge of boats retained their power of crossing and recrossing the Sutlej at pleasure. On the other hand, Smith's victory had completely secured our communications, and left it in Gough's power to decide on the time and place of the battle, which every one in both armies saw to be impending. Sobraon lies on the left bank of the Sutlej, at a short distance from Ferozepore, and in front of that village the Sikhs occupied an entrenched and strongly fortified camp, which protected their bridge. After Ferozeshah, they no longer dared to remain within reach of our attacks in the open field; but in the entrenched camp they had upwards of 30,000 of their best troops, with 70 heavy guns, which were supported by a force of almost equal strength in another entrenched camp on the right bank, the bridge affording a safe and easy communication between the two. As the river on which the rear of the entrenchments rested protected them from being turned, Sir Hugh resolved to storm it, and pursue the garrison into their own territory. Sir Harry Smith had rejoined after Aliwal, and a supply of

mortars and howitzers had arrived from Delhi. In numbers of men, therefore, Sir Hugh was nearly equal to the garrison of *one* camp, though, of course, greatly inferior to those of the two camps combined; but in artillery for the first time he had the advantage, his batteries mounting over 100 guns. And one consequence of his superiority in this arm was that the battle that ensued rather resembled the siege operations against a town than an action in the open field. For the first three hours not a man moved, but the batteries, which "were arranged in an extended semicircle, embracing in its fire all the works of the Sikhs," never ceased their "cannonade" till they had made one large breach in the centre, with a smaller one on one side. And as soon as they had made a sufficient breach in the entrenchment, the troops moved forward. Sir Hugh had learnt from Wellington's example at Badajoz the advantage of perplexing a garrison by simultaneous attacks on different points, and it was almost at the same time that Sir R. Dick led his division against the extreme right of the defence; that General Gilbert advanced against the centre; that, next to it, Sir Harry Smith put his brigade in motion; while Brigadier Careton, with his cavalry, threatened the ford and the horse on the opposite bank—the mastery of the ford being of the greatest importance, as cutting off the escape of the enemy when they should be driven from their entrenchments. Two strong brigades, one of infantry, under Brigadier Ashburnham, the other of cavalry, under General Sir J. Thackwell, were held in reserve.

The Sikh artillery, of 70 guns, was "admirably served by their gunners from behind strongly constructed redoubts and breastworks of earth, planks, and

fascines," and for a time replied to the fire of our batteries with not inferior vigour. But the equality was not long maintained after it was seen that the breach which had been made was wide enough for the entrance of our men. Dick's division led the way, pressing forward in the face of a fire of cannon, musketry, and zamboorucks or camel swivels, so fierce and well sustained that none but British soldiers would have defied it. To quote the words of the Commander-in-Chief's despatch, "It seemed for some moments impossible that the entrenchments could be won under it, but soon persevering gallantry triumphed, and the whole army had the satisfaction of seeing Brigadier Stacey's soldiers driving the Sikhs in confusion before them within the area of their encampment." To secure the advantage thus gained, Gough at once moved up Ashburnham's reserve in support, and at the same time sent Gilbert's and Sir H. Smith's divisions forward with some guns to threaten the works at other points. But the battle was not yet decided. The Sikh courage was not yet abated. "Even when at particular points their entrenchments were mastered with the bayonet, they strove to regain them by the fiercest conflict, sword in hand." But by this time our sappers had widened the breaches sufficiently to admit cavalry. Instantly Gough sent Thackwell forward with his cavalry to pass through the opening thus made; and the dragoons, as they had done at Ferozeshah, "galloped over and cut down the obstinate defenders of batteries and field works," and were followed by strong bodies of infantry which previously had been but slightly engaged, and by the greater part of our field artillery. Then, at last, the resistance of the Sikhs slackened—soon it altogether ceased; and

"the victors, pressing them on every side, precipitated them in masses over the bridge and into the Sutlej, which a sudden rise of seven inches had rendered hardly fordable." Those who sought the ford had no better fate. Our horse artillery poured a terrible fire into their ranks, if ranks they could still be called, and of those whom the guns spared, numbers were swept away by the stream and drowned.

The loss of life of the enemy could not even be guessed at, but they left behind them 67 guns, above 200 zamboorucks, many standards, with a large magazine of ammunition and other materials of war. And in the course of the day Gough destroyed the bridge, and deprived them of the power of renewing the war by any fresh invasion of our territory. Not that they had any longer the resolution to contemplate such action. Before the sun had set our whole army had crossed the river by a bridge of boats; and Gough, with the intention of attacking Lahore, the capital of the nation, had by the 14th pushed on to within 32 miles of that city, when his advance was arrested by the arrival of the Rajah Gholab Singh, with other native chiefs of high rank, who had been sent by the Ranee and her Council as plenipotentiaries, fully "empowered to agree in the name of the Maharajah and the Sikh Government to such terms as the Governor-General of India might dictate." How difficult it was to overvalue the decisive importance of the last victory may be judged from the terms in which peace was granted. No less than the surrender of an extensive district in full sovereignty; the payment of a crore and a half (a million and a half of our money) as an indemnity for the expenses of the war; the disbandment of their army; the surrender of all

their remaining guns; the entire regulation and control of both banks of the Sutlej; with such other arrangements for settling the future boundaries of the Sikh state, and the organisation of its administration, as might be subsequently decided on. As a further demonstration of our supremacy, on the 18th the youthful Maharajah, Dhuleep Singh, came to the camp, which the Governor-General had not yet quitted, attended by his Minister and some of his principal nobles, to tender his formal submission; and on the 20th the Commander-in-Chief conducted him back to Lahore, our troops occupying the gateway of the citadel, which was the Maharajah's residence, but in consideration of the fidelity with which his father, Runjeet Singh, had constantly adhered to our alliance, forbearing to enter the citadel itself. It is needless to say that so successful and glorious a termination of the campaign was universally recognised by the Governments at Calcutta and at home, as entitling those by whose valour and conduct it had been achieved to the highest honours they had to bestow. The Commander-in-Chief was raised to the peerage as Baron Gough, with an adequate pension for the support of his rank. The Governor-General was made a Viscount, the Order of the Bath was conferred on many of the subordinate generals and regimental officers; and a gratuity of twelve months' pay was bestowed on all the soldiers, native as well as British, who had served in the campaign.

## CHAPTER III

In the opinion of the wisest members of the National Council, or Durbar, the treaty which had been thus concluded secured in a most advantageous manner the authority of their youthful Maharajah and the independence of their country. But it was viewed with implacable discontent by the mass of the population as humiliating to their race; by the disbanded soldiery as cutting off their prospect of pay and plunder; and, less openly, by some of the members of the Durbar itself. And, under so weak a government as that of a child and a woman cannot fail to be, these feelings were not long before they began to show themselves in actions. One of the articles of the late treaty had provided that the Rajah, Gholab Singh, who had been the head of the commission to whom its arrangement had been entrusted, should receive in independent Sovereignty a portion of the territory which had been ceded to the Company; but when he endeavoured to take possession of his new dominion, he was attacked by an armed force, was driven off, and finally only established in his authority by General Wheeler and a brigade of British regiments. Such an outbreak showed that tranquillity could not long be maintained in the Sikh territory, except by the permanent residence in it of a subsidiary force; and

consequently for such the peace party in the Durbar made application. But such a provision, which reduced the nation to the condition of what was called "a protected state," only increased the previous dissatisfaction. It was not long before the Governor-General received such proof that the Ranee herself had been terrified into conniving at it, that Lord Hardinge found it necessary to remove her from Lahore; but she, whether in or out of the capital, was but a puppet in the hands of others; and in April 1848, the malcontent soldiery gave vent to their feeling of hostility to the British name and power by a foul deed of cruelty and treachery; seizing Mr. Vans Agnew, the British resident at Mooltan, with Lieutenant Anderson, an officer of the Company, and murdering them both, and proclaiming themselves masters of the fortress and the city. Such an atrocity could excite no other feelings in our Government but a resolution to visit it with condign chastisement, and a young Lieutenant, Herbert Edwardes, an officer of extraordinary promise both for military and statesman-like ability, having a small detachment under his command on the banks of the Indus, did not wait for orders, but at once took the responsibility of acting without them. He united his force with a similar one under Colonel Courtrand, and the two officers at once marched on Mooltan, attacked the Sikhs who were the authors of the crime, routed them, and drove them into the city, for the siege of which an army of 20,000 men was immediately despatched under General Cuish. But it was plain that so atrocious an insult to our power could never have been ventured on had not the guilty parties been assured of support; and that it was but one act of an extensive scheme of revolt. And in

fact, before the end of the summer, Chudhur Singh, and his son Shere Singh, threw off the mask, drove Major Lawrence from Peshawur, set up the standard of independence, and declared war. Before November they had collected an army of 30,000 men, with a powerful train of artillery which they had been secretly collecting by various means; and Shere, to whom his father entrusted the command, took up a strong position at Ramnuggur on the Chenab, which is the central river of the five which give the name to the province.

Lord Gough at once called in his detachments from various quarters, and hastened to the scene of action; but his force did not amount to 20,000 men, and a few batteries of light guns. The strength of the rebels was as yet unsuspected; and therefore, conceiving himself strong enough to drive them from Ramnuggur, soon after midnight on the 22nd of November he sent forward a division to attack them. He had hoped in the darkness to take them by surprise, but Shere Singh, who throughout all the operations of this campaign displayed high military talent, was not deficient in vigilance. Lord Gough's arrival was known to him, and he had at once made preparations to meet an attack which he felt sure would not be long delayed. His guns were far heavier than ours; he had from 3000 to 4000 cavalry; while the 14th Light Dragoons and one regiment of native horse were all of that arm which Gough was able to spare on this occasion. The dragoons charged with a brilliant gallantry which for a moment was not without its effect. The hostile squadrons gave way before it; but their retreat was more advantageous to them than a more resolute stand could have been. The ground had not been reconnoitred, and the 14th,

pursuing with inconsiderate impetuosity, fell into a nullah of whose existence no one in our army had any knowledge; and while they were entangled in its steep sides, the artillery of the rebels played on them and on our few guns with irresistible effect. The regiment lost half its numbers, their commander, Colonel Havelock, with other officers of promise, being among the number.

Lord Gough, however, was not a man to submit to a failure, without an attempt to retrieve it; nor was Shere Singh so elated by his success as to hazard another encounter, now that the Commander-in-Chief had learned his strength; and when shortly afterwards General Thackwell was sent against them with a more sufficient force, he found Ramnuggur evacuated, and learned from his scouts that Shere Singh was in full retreat towards the north-west.

Even had our first advance against Ramnuggur been successful, an action in which the whole of our force engaged did not exceed 2000 men was on too small a scale to affect the result of the campaign. But our repulse naturally had its effect on the minds of both the Commanders; acting on Shere Singh as an encouraging forerunner of similar successes, but spurring on Lord Gough to a resolution to lose no time in effacing it by a defeat of the whole Sikh army. And he had a further inducement to bring on a battle, which he hoped might prove decisive, with as little delay as possible, since he himself had no prospect of obtaining any early addition to his forces, while since the affair at Ramnuggur the Sikh army had been increased to 40,000 men, with 62 guns, exceeding ours in their calibre even more than in their numbers. With these views, on the morning of the 13th of January,

Gough in person made a careful reconnaissance of the enemy's position, and of the ground between the two armies. He found them strongly posted on one "extremity of a low range of difficult hills, intersected by ravines," with their different divisions resting on four villages; and with their front covered at many points with jungle which was obviously a serious impediment to a direct advance against it. Still, such as it was, he resolved to attack it; but so much of the day had been spent in this necessary examination, that he had also decided to postpone such a movement till the next morning, and "the Quartermaster was in the act of taking up the ground for the encampment" for the night, when he was interrupted by a brisk fire from the enemy's horse artillery. Gough "immediately ordered it to be silenced by a few rounds from his own heavy guns, but their fire was replied to by nearly the whole of the enemy's field artillery. It was now evident that, late as the hour was, Shere Singh intended to fight at once," and accordingly, Gough drew up his army in order of battle. It did not amount to half the number of the enemy, being rather under 20,000 men. But, as far as such a thing was possible, he made up for his inferiority on that point, by the judgement of his arrangements. On the right he placed Gilbert's division; and, as he saw the enemy "was strong in cavalry on his left, he flanked the infantry not only with Pope's brigade of cavalry, but also with the 14th Light Dragoons, and with three troops of horse artillery." His heavy guns, too few in number to compete with those of the enemy, he placed in the centre. Colonel Campbell's[1] division he placed on his left, that also being flanked

[1] Afterwards Lord Clyde.

with White's brigade of cavalry, and three troops of horse artillery; while the field batteries were with the infantry division.

When all had taken their station he commenced the battle with a cannonade which was vigorously replied to, and for more than an hour the operations on both sides were confined to a duel of artillery; but the day was far advanced, and to bring the affair to a conclusion while the light lasted, the Commander-in-Chief sent forward Campbell's division to make a flank movement, but it was met by a heavy cross fire from the Sikh batteries on their left, which had been concealed by the jungle, and by an almost equally destructive musketry, till, though it beat back the cavalry and even captured two of the enemy's guns, it was at last compelled to fall back. Gilbert's division, which had advanced at the same time, was encountered with a similar storm of fire, but was nobly supported by Dawes's horse artillery, which opened on the Sikhs with such vigour as to drive them from their guns, several of which were taken and spiked; and at the same time White's cavalry made a brilliant and successful charge, which scattered the Sikh brigade in their front. All was going well; victory seemed almost secured, when it was wrested from us by an accident of a character that had never before had a place in the records of the British army. The 14th Light Dragoons were ordered to charge. There was not in the whole army a corps more distinguished by the constant brilliancy of its services. But, as has been seen, it had suffered severely at Ramnuggur, where the men attributed their disaster to an ambuscade; and now, with a recollection of their loss on that occasion, and yielding to a fear of a similar Sikh

manœuvre, they were seized with a sudden panic, and, instead of obeying the order, they faced about and fled. All the efforts of their officers to restrain them were vain. And the mischief was not confined to the loss of their own services; in blind terror they dashed through Hurst's and Christie's troops of horse artillery, upsetting horses and guns, and throwing the whole division into confusion. The Sikh cavalry, who saw what had happened, took prompt advantage of the disorder thus strangely caused, charging the artillery thus disabled, cutting down the gunners, and capturing four of the guns. But Hurst and Christie, undismayed, turned on them those guns which were still serviceable, and drove them back with a storm of grape. They were the last shots fired.

Such was the battle known as that of Chillianwallah, from a village in the rear of our encampment. The enemy had good reason to congratulate himself on having been thus strangely saved from defeat, and being able to claim the unusual credit of a drawn battle by the misconduct of the 14th, which no general could have foreseen, and which no skill could have remedied. In one point of view we should have even been justified in claiming a victory, since, according to all the rules of war, that army has always been regarded as victorious which retains possession of the battle-ground. And masters of the field Gough and his brave army remained. But that advantage might in this instance have been fairly regarded as counterbalanced by the loss of the four guns, and more than one regimental colour; and this visible and more enduring trophy was regarded in India as putting the two armies on an equality. Such was the judgment of Major Henry Lawrence, who, though no longer with

the army, was near enough to know and appreciate all the circumstances and character of the conflict. Such was the judgement of Sir Charles Napier, at that time in England, but who had had sufficient and recent experience of Indian warfare to form a correct judgement of all the details of the battle. But our loss, far less in all probability than that of the enemy, had been severe, though not equal to that which had been sustained at Ferozeshah or Sobraon. At Sobraon it had been 2383; at Ferozeshah 2405, out of a much smaller army. Still the returns had been heavy, and gave a sad list of 2269 killed and wounded. And when the intelligence reached England, as if the panic of the 14th had infected the whole nation, it awoke one almost universal clamour of indignation. Every one vied with his neighbour in the bitterest condemnation of the General. They forgot Maharajpore, and Moodkee, and Ferozeshah, and Sobraon, and, putting out of sight the indisputable fact that these victories would to all appearance have been matched at Chillianwallah but for the misconduct of one regiment, which Wellington himself could neither have foreseen nor remedied, they pronounced with patriotic ignorance, and, to quote the language of Sir W. Napier, "a maniac cry,"[1] that the failure of the General to add a fifth decisive victory to his list of triumphs could be ascribed to no other cause than his own want of skill. All agreed in insisting on his instant supersession, and the feeling which dictated the demand seemed so universal that the Ministry and Board of Directors, with a judgement which perhaps was doubtful, with an unfairness to their gallant officer which cannot be denied, yielded to the clamour, and sent out Sir Charles Napier

[1] *Life of Sir C. Napier*, iv. 151.

to take the command—as if he, and he alone, could redeem our military reputation, and repeat Meeanee in the Punjab.

Napier accepted the mission, not very willingly, for he felt that his appointment was a gross injustice to a brother soldier, whom he esteemed as one brave man always esteems another. "Lord Gough," he said, "was a noble soldier of fifty years' service, and had always been victorious, whether obeying or commanding. No man heard, because no man dared to say, that personal comfort, or idleness, or fear, had induced him to shrink from danger, or responsibility, or labour. What, then, was his crime? He had fought a drawn battle; the enemy was not crushed. For that only his destruction was called for." And it can hardly have been with any other feeling than one of satisfaction that, on his arrival at Bombay, he learnt that his services were no longer required, and that the Sikhs had been "crushed" by the General, whose brilliant and decisive victory at Goojerat had dealt a final blow to the enemy, and should, if they had any proper feeling of fairness, have overwhelmed his critics with shame. It required no extraordinary sagacity or prescience to feel sure that the Sikhs would be encouraged by the circumstance of having at last fought a battle without sustaining a defeat to try their fortune in another; and Gough at once began to prepare for it by calling in reinforcements, and especially increasing the strength of his artillery. Mooltan had been stormed ten days after Chillianwallah, and the greater part of the besieging force, with its train of guns, rejoined the army in the first week of February. Shere Singh had exerted equal diligence in augmenting his force, and in the second week of February had

been joined by his father with a force which was by itself an army of 20,000 infantry and 1500 Afghan cavalry, at Goojerat, a town between the Chenab and the Jhelum, and a few miles to the south of Chillianwallah. Gough's did not exceed 25,000 men, so that in number of men he was more inferior to his foe than he had been at Chillianwallah; but, as at Sobraon, he was superior in artillery. Chudhur Singh had brought no guns with him, and the Sikh artillery numbered only 59 guns, while Gough had 100, with many of his batteries of heavier calibre than theirs. Such a superiority in that arm would, he felt, go far to counterbalance his inferiority in numbers, and he decided on bringing Shere Singh to action without delay, lest he should retreat to the Jhelum, to which, at that season, it would be difficult to follow him. The Sikhs were equally willing to bring on a speedy decision of the strife. The ground around Goojerat afforded advantages of which Shere Singh availed himself with great judgement.[1] He arrayed his whole army in a sort of semicircle round two sides of the town. His right he posted behind a nullah of considerable depth, while his centre and left were covered by three villages, in the intervals between which he placed the greater part of his artillery. The main body of his infantry was in the rear, and his cavalry he massed on both flanks. Gough's plan was to penetrate the enemy's centre with his right wing,[2] so as to turn it in the rear of the nullah, and thus to enable his left to cross it in safety, when the two wings might double upon the centre. At half-past seven on the eventful 21st of February, the British

[1] *Life of Sir C. Campbell*, i. 219.

[2] See his despatch, given in the *Annual Register*, p. 381.

army advanced "with the precision of a parade movement" according to the General's despatch; "as at a review," to borrow the description of Colonel Campbell; but before it came within reach of the enemy's fire he halted it to clear the way with his batteries. The Sikhs failed to estimate his distance correctly, and at once opened fire upon us, which had no effect except that of showing their position and range, and thus enabling our gunners to employ their guns with the more deadly effect. For some time, as at Chillianwallah, the battle was a duel of artillery. The Sikh gunners served their guns with their habitual vigour and rapidity, but, intrepid as they were, they were gradually beaten back by the greater power of our batteries; and, his superiority at this point of the field being thus established, Gough promptly ordered the advance of the whole army. In Burra Kalra, one of the villages which assisted to cover the Sikh centre, Shere Singh "had concealed a large body of infantry," probably with the purpose of taking us by surprise at some critical moment, and "it was apparently the key of his position; but it was carried in the most brilliant style by General Gilbert's division, while almost at the same time the 10th Queen's Regiment, gallantly led by Lieut.-Colonel Franks," beat back a strong division of infantry which was massed around another of the villages. And, while our men were thus successful at every point, our artillery never ceased; but, as the enemy fell back from one position after another, our gunners advanced against them with equal rapidity. To render them the more irresistible, the General sent forward his troops of horse artillery which till that time he had held in reserve, and their 'rapid advance and beautiful fire broke the ranks

of the enemy at all points. No time was given them to rally. The infantry, now almost unresisted, cleared the nullah, stormed the villages, captured the guns and the camp; the enemy were routed in every direction." Their retreat soon became a perfect flight, the different corps dispersing over the country, hotly pursued by Campbell's division, with some of the Bombay regiments, and some troops of cavalry and horse artillery, for twelve miles, and compelled to leave behind the few guns which they had been able to carry off from the field. No more decisive victory had ever been gained. It was not confined to the capture of 57 guns out of 59, of 32 standards, of the camp, ammunition, and baggage; but the whole Sikh army was so completely broken that "the reunion of any very large portions of it in anything like order was rendered impossible."

When the next morning the General sent forward the whole of his cavalry with some horse artillery in pursuit, to endeavour to overtake the fugitive battalions before they could reach the Jhelum, they found that the whole force which remained in anything like formation amounted to no more than 9000 men of all arms. Shere Singh could not disguise from himself the hopelessness of any further resistance, and as soon as he found himself overtaken, sent an offer to surrender. But, as it had not been a half victory, our acceptance of a half submission was not to be contemplated. The submission of the whole nation, of the chiefs, and of the entire army was required; and even that humiliation the Government at Lahore had no longer power to refuse. On the 12th of March, the British camp, which had been advanced to Hoornuck, witnessed a spectacle the like of which had

never been beheld by the mightiest conqueror. All the civil authorities, all the military officers, came to bow down before a British general; to lay down the insignia of their dignities, their arms and national colours, at his feet. Forty-one cannon, the equipment of 10,000 troops, were brought in; what were dearer than any of these trophies to the conquerors, the guns which had been lost at Chillianwallah were restored. Nothing was omitted save the horses of the cavalry, which were the private property of each individual horseman; and so complete was the surrender, that the private soldiers would have had no means of returning to their homes, if each had not been given a rupee for his subsistence on the way. Nor was this all; March had not passed away when all these sacrifices were crowned by the extinction of the national independence. On the 29th Lord Dalhousie, who had succeeded Lord Hardinge as Governor-General, issued a proclamation, in which, after a recapitulation of the numerous treaties which the "State of Lahore" had made with the British Government, only to violate them, he declared that "the Government of India was bound, in its duty, to provide for its own security, and to protect the State from the perpetual recurrence of unprovoked and wasting wars, by the entire subjection of a people whom their own Government had long been unable to control; whom no punishment could deter from violence, no acts of friendship could conciliate to peace. And therefore he now declared that the kingdom of the Punjab was at an end, and that it was now, and henceforth, a portion of the British Empire in India."

An extensive and fertile province, from its position between our territories and Afghanistan one of great

political and military importance, had thus been won for our Indian Empire, by one, whom, only six weeks before, his countrymen at home had united in denouncing as incapable. No victory since Plassey had been followed by more magnificent results. And the Ministry which had yielded to the clamour against the General who had achieved it, were neither slow nor sparing in rewarding him and those officers whose well-disciplined valour had contributed to its completeness. Gough himself was promoted to the rank of Viscount, with an addition to his pension previously granted, to enable him worthily to support his new rank; and various degrees of the Order of the Bath, and promotions, were liberally distributed among the subordinate commanders.

The annexation of the Punjab necessarily involved the dethronement, or, if that be too dignified a word, the deposition of the youthful Maharajah, who, before he had arrived at manhood, had thus undergone extreme vicissitudes of fortune, to which, either for good or ill, he himself had in no degree contributed. At the conclusion of the peace which followed the battle of Sobraon, though still only a puppet in the hands of others, he had been received with magnificent pomp, and been gratified by a full recognition of his authority as a Sovereign Prince, by Lord Hardinge, then, as we have seen, the Governor-General. He was now stripped both of his power and of his revenues by that nobleman's successor. Yet it may be doubted whether, if the degradation from the rank of a sovereign prince to that of a subject can be left out of sight, he were not happier in his new position. As a compensation for the loss of his patrimonial income, a pension of £40,000 a year was settled on him and

his heirs for ever, He was brought over to England for his education, when he came of age an estate was purchased for him, and the son of the mighty Runjeet Singh was established as a Norfolk squire, his royal rank being still in some degree preserved to him, when at a levee or drawing-room he takes his place among other princes of foreign birth; and, though undistinguished by any British title, his social position as one of the grandees of the land is recognised by our native nobles and princes.

With Goojerat Lord Gough's military career terminated. It was a sufficient evidence of the importance of his latest victory, and not the least of its fruits, that it was followed by a peace in India which lasted for several years; and which, indeed, has not since been broken by war with any of the native chiefs, except so far as the assistance given by some of them to the rebels in the mutiny of 1857 may be partly regarded in that light. Commands in India are commonly held for periods of five years; and that of Lord Gough had been so full of labour and danger, that it could not be denied, when in the following year he laid down his command and returned to his native country, that he had well earned rest for the remainder of his life. And though, when he laid down his sword, he had already reached the age which the Psalmist has described as the period of existence allotted to mankind, he was still spared for many years to enjoy the attachment and respect of all around him; and from time to time to receive gratifying proofs that his long and glorious service was not forgotten by his Sovereign. In 1862 he was promoted to the rank of Field Marshal; and when, in the same year, the Queen instituted the new Order of the Star of India his share

in the extension of her power in that country was fitly commemorated by his nomination to it as a Knight of the Grand Cross. He had fixed his residence at Booterstown, near Dublin, and there, in March 1869, he passed away in his 90th year.

# LORD CLYDE

## CHAPTER I

THE victories of Sir Charles Napier and Lord Gough had, as we have seen, made extensive and valuable additions to our Indian dominion on its western and northern frontiers. But the success of the gallant warrior of whom we have now to speak was of even greater importance, since it preserved to us not only the territories which they had so recently won, but many if not all of our earlier acquisitions, since all had been in some degree imperilled by the great Mutiny of 1857. At first, indeed, it was confined to the northern provinces of the Bengal Presidency, but the example of revolt is contagious, and it is impossible to say how far the mischief might have extended, had it not been crushed in time by the valour and judgement of the veteran known, during the greater part of his life, as Colin Campbell, till he exchanged it for the title of Lord Clyde, honourably won by his triumphant and complete suppression of the insurrection. I say known as Colin Campbell, because, singularly enough, it was not his real name. He was the son of a Mr. John M'Liver, married to a Miss Agnes Campbell in Islay; but, when one of his mother's brothers, Colonel Campbell, having procured him a commission as an ensign in the 9th Infantry, took him down to the Horse Guards to present him to the

Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of York, the Duke, remarking to his uncle that he supposed "he was another of the clan," entered his name by mistake as Campbell; and it was in that name that his commission was made out. On leaving the Horse Guards, he pointed out the mistake to the Colonel, who bade him keep it as "a good military name;" and from that day forth he never bore any other.

He had been born in October 1792, so that in May 1808, when his first commission was dated, he was not 16; and as to youths with any interest promotion in those days was rapid, he was only five weeks older when, before the end of June, he was gazetted as lieutenant. It was an auspicious time for a young recruit to commence his professional training; for the regiment was under orders for the Peninsula, to form a part of the army of Sir Arthur Wellesley, and it landed in Portugal on the 19th of August, just in time to bear its share in the General's first European victory of Vimeiro. It was early thus to have what Louis Napoleon called his baptism of fire; and, in his own lasting opinion he was specially fortunate in having such a military godfather as the captain of his company. He, "an officer of experience"[1] as General Shadwell describes him, felt for so young a boy who had never before heard a cannon-shot, and fearing lest some display of nervousness, not unnatural in such a case, might mar his future career, "took him by the hand, and leading him to the front of the battalion, walked with him up and down in front of the leading company for several minutes, in full view of the enemy's artillery, which had begun to open fire on our troops. He then let go his hand, and

[1] Shadwell's *Life of Lord Clyde*, i. 4.

told him to go and join his company. The object was to give the youngster confidence, and it succeeded." In after years, Lord Clyde related the anecdote to his aide-de-camp, who became his biographer, with the comment "that it was the greatest kindness that could have been shown him at such a time; and through life he had felt grateful for it." Five months afterwards, he was at Corunna; but in the same year, 1809, he was exposed to a worse danger than that of the French batteries at Vimeiro, as the 9th was transferred to the Netherlands, to form a part of the force which was entrusted to Lord Chatham for the siege of Antwerp. It is well known, though the army sustained no defeat, nor even repulse, how disastrous the expedition proved, through the gross incapacity of the General. That the judgment of the authorities who sent it out was sound, is sufficiently proved by the easy capture of Flushing, with its garrison of nearly 6000 men, and its 200 guns. But the marshes at the mouth of the Scheldt have a defence more formidable than any ramparts or batteries, in the disease which their malaria engenders; and which, before our troops had been a month in the country, attacked them with such severity, that already 3000 were in the hospitals. And as Lord Chatham, though he abandoned the idea of attacking Antwerp, which had been marked out by his instructions as his principal object, persisted in retaining the army in the isle of Walcheren at the mouth of the river till the end of the year, the Walcheren fever, as it was termed, made such ravages among the various regiments, that before they returned to England, upwards of 7000 men had died; and of those who escaped, many, and among them young Campbell, had caught so much of the infection, that

their constitutions were permanently weakened.[1] Youth, however, the best of all physicians, enabled him to throw off all disease for a time, and he returned to the Peninsula, where in the spring of 1811 he had the good fortune to share in Graham's defeat of Victor at Barrosa, and to deserve the special praise of the General for "his conduct when left in command of the two flank companies of his regiment, all the other officers being wounded."[2] He was present, too, at Laval's repulse before Tarifa, in which, as we have seen, Captain Gough reaped such credit. And, two years later, at the glorious triumph of Vittoria, where the 9th formed part of Graham's division.

Hitherto he had come off unscathed, but he was not long to enjoy such immunity. At the siege of St. Sebastian, the 9th furnished one of the storming parties, of which, after his superior officer was struck down, he became one of the leaders. His old captain at Vimeiro might see now that his well-judged lesson had not been thrown away. Among the bravest where all were brave, Lieutenant Campbell forced his way to the very summit of the breach, but had hardly gained it, when he was thrown down to the bottom by a musket shot through his right hip; finding he was "not disabled from moving," he returned to the charge, to receive another shot in the thigh. He was more than rewarded for his sufferings by a sentence in Graham's report to Wellington, which specially recommended him to the notice of the invincible Commander-in-Chief, for the gallantry with which he had "led the forlorn hope." And the courage he so brilliantly displayed was long

[1] *Life*, p. 9.

[2] *Life*, p. 10. Whenever passages are marked by inverted commas they are quotations from Shadwell's biography.

remembered by his brother soldiers. Many years afterwards, he was appointed to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 98th, at that time under the orders of Sir C. Napier, in the north of England. And when, in the spring of 1841, the General presented new colours to the regiment, he quoted to the soldiers an account of their Colonel's heroic exertions on that occasion. "He liked," he said, "to read of such deeds of gallantry, and of such men; it stimulates young soldiers to deeds of similar daring." And he read from his own brother's history of the war, the description how, when the men bearing the ladder had fallen, when "many regimental officers exerted themselves to rally the discomfited troops and refill the breach, but in vain, Lieutenant Campbell, breaking through the tumultuous crowd, with the survivors of his chosen detachment, mounted the ruins; twice he ascended, twice he was wounded, and all around him died."

Surely no more martial spirit ever animated a soldier than that which fired his breast. It was in the last week of July that he was thus struck down, and, in the first week of October, while he was still in the hospital not half cured, he learnt that Wellington was preparing to invade France; and his soldierly instinct told him that it was not an enterprise which could be accomplished without a battle. Too impatient to bear the confinement of a sick bed, while his comrades were serving their country under such a leader, he persuaded a brother officer, in the same condition as himself, to escape from the hospital and join the army. "By dint of crawling, and an occasional lift from vehicles proceeding along the road, they made their way to the 5th division, in which the 9th

was brigaded, and were in action the following day."[1] The battle of the Bidassoa was fierce, and no small share in it was borne by his division. It was to the 9th that it fell to ford the river, and carry the heights in front, which were the key of the French position; but their loss was heavy, and he, on that day "in command of the light and leading company, was again badly wounded. But with the praise he obtained for his gallantry was combined a reprimand for his breach of discipline in leaving the hospital before being discharged. It was an offence of which his duty compelled the Colonel to take notice, and he was warned that it would not have been passed over so lightly but for the good example he set his company." But we may suppose that, in the eyes of the authorities at the War Office, the benefit of such example outweighed the disregard of the rules of the service, since before the end of November he was promoted to a company in the 60th. But he did not remain long in that corps. In the course of the next few years, he exchanged into more than one other regiment, gradually rising in professional rank, till in 1835 he returned to his original corps, the 9th, as lieutenant-colonel; from which he was presently transferred to the 98th. Even while the regiment remained in England, work was found for it which could hardly have been to his taste, since it was not from any foreign foe that danger was feared, but from bodies of our own working men, whom demagogues in the northern counties, making artful use of the real distress which prevailed among their class, were busily endeavouring to excite to riot, if not to actual insurrection. To repress any outbreak, if such should occur, we have

[1] *Life*, p. 33.

seen that Sir C. Napier, in 1839, was appointed to the command of the northern district; and the 98th, which was quartered at Newcastle, came under his command. In general disposition, few men differed more widely than its Colonel and the General; but Napier's wise maxim, that the object to be aimed at was the prevention of an outbreak, rather than its chastisement, was adopted to its fullest extent by Campbell. And the pains which he bestowed on the training of his men in the tactics most effectual for resistance to one, if unhappily it should occur, "instructing them in street firing," and such other manœuvres as might be practicable in a crowded town, were dictated by such a feeling, since he reasonably regarded the impressing on the Chartist leaders the conviction of the inferiority of any mob to the Queen's troops as the surest mode of saving him from the necessity of proving it in action. As we have seen, Napier had in a somewhat similar manner trusted to exhibitions of his power. And the conduct of both was approved by its fruits, the resolute attitude which they displayed proved altogether effectual. Tranquillity was preserved throughout the whole district; and how largely it was attributed by the Magistrates of Newcastle to Campbell's conduct was proved by the report to the Home Office, which the Secretary of State, Lord J. Russell, acknowledged to himself, "requesting him to accept his best thanks for his exertions, and for the zeal manifested by him in supporting the civil authorities, and in the preservation of the public peace."

Still, however successful his discharge of this duty had been, such a position of possible hostility to his own fellow-countrymen could not be other than

distasteful to such true soldiers, and it was a welcome change when, in 1841, the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Hill, was able to indulge his request to be actively employed. The 98th was put in orders for China as a part of the force with which Sir Hugh Gough and Admiral Packer were despatched to bring that arrogant nation to its senses, as has been already described in the preceding sketch. Our reduction of the various forts and towns were so many bloodless victories; but at Hong Kong, which was the destination of the troopship which carried the 98th, the want of sufficient barrack accommodation bred sickness which was more fatal than the generality of battles. In a single year Campbell's journal records that his regiment had lost 283 by death, and "had still 261 sick, of whom 50 or 60 would probably die, while of those who remained 70 or 80 would require to be discharged in consequence of their constitutions having been so completely broken down as to unfit them for the duties of soldiers."

It was an inexpressible relief when the conclusion of the peace gave the regiment better quarters; and as on the departure of Gough, Lord Saltoun was left in command of the troops, Campbell, as the next senior officer, became the Commandant of Chusan, an appointment which brought him a substantial augmentation of income, a matter of some importance to an officer over fifty years of age, who had no private fortune; and which was presently followed by his nomination to the Companionship of the Bath, and the appointment of aide-de-camp to the Queen, which carried with it the rank of full colonel. The climate of Chusan was so healthy that what remained of the 98th speedily recovered health, but Campbell him-

self suffered from frequent attacks of intermittent fever, to which, ever since the Walcheren campaign, he had been occasionally liable. And there he remained till the summer of 1846, occupying much of his time in perfecting the 98th, whose numbers had been to a great extent made up by detachments from England, in field exercise. It was a most important training for the men, as he had already had notice that he should soon be removed to India, where his old commander Sir Hugh, as we have also seen in the preceding sketch, was engaged in an arduous contest with the Sikhs. And to Calcutta in the third week of July 1846 he accordingly sailed; but so tedious in those days was the voyage of a heavily-loaded transport, that three months elapsed from the day he left Chusan to that on which he disembarked at Calcutta.

It was a busy and anxious time in India when he arrived. And the Governor-General, Lord Hardinge, being himself a soldier, showed his satisfaction at having an officer of such well-known ability placed at his disposal by at once promoting him to the rank of brigadier, to command at Lahore. There could hardly have been a stronger proof of the value which he set on his services, for Lahore was at that time the most important military post in India. It was the capital of the Punjab; and though after Sobraon a treaty had been concluded with the Sikhs in terms which, on their part, were a manifest admission by their Government of their inability to contend with us, it was more than suspected that the peace was regarded by a great part of the population, and especially of the disbanded soldiery, with a discontent which the slightest opportunity might stir into hostile action. Campbell had a large share of Scotch caution in his

disposition; and regarding the existence of such a feeling as highly probable, saw that it was a danger against which he therefore felt bound to be constantly on his guard, as is shown by a remarkable entry in the journal which he constantly kept. A grand entertainment was given by the Durbar in the public gardens, to which all the garrison was invited, but which he would only allow half the officers of each regiment to attend, because "if the Sikhs wanted to murder all the officers, they could not have an easier or a better opportunity of doing so than when they were collected four miles from their men, enjoying themselves at a fête." [1]

Such being his feelings, he could not but regard the appointment to a post of such importance and responsibility as a gratifying compliment; and it was further productive of one great pleasure, by leading to his acquaintance with Colonel Henry Lawrence, the Civil Resident at the Sikh capital, with whom he now formed a close and intimate friendship, only terminated by the death of his friend at Lucknow. Lawrence was too thoroughly acquainted with the Sikh character not in some degree to share his misgivings as to the long maintenance of peace. It was in February that Campbell had reached Lahore; and before the end of April Lawrence communicated to him in secrecy intelligence which he had received from some of the Hill chiefs that many of the principal Sirdars were preparing for hostilities. But Campbell had, from the first moment of his arrival, employed himself in making preparations against any attempt at surprise; strengthening the fortifications, training his men in the art of firing while actually

[1] *Life*, i. 149.

moving forward, and other manœuvres adapted to the same purpose, conduct differing from that, according to Sir C. Napier, commonly pursued in India by English officers, who were too apt to regard employment in that country as affording leisure for idleness, with perhaps some opportunity of making money. He kept up a correspondence with his old commander, at that time in Scinde, and Napier replied to his description of his measures by a warm commendation of "all his precautions against surprise. In India," he wrote, "we who take these pains are called cowards. Be assured that English officers think it a fine dashing thing to be surprised—to take no precautions. Formerly it was an axiom in war that no man was fit to be a commander who permitted himself to be surprised; but things are on a more noble footing now." It was not for nothing that Napier and Campbell had served under the great General, not less cautious than daring, who had prepared the lines of Torres Vedras a year before he needed them.

The Sirdars were not so nearly ready for the enterprise they meditated as Lawrence's information had led him to expect. But on the very same day in the following year, 1848, Lord Gough, who had come to Lahore on a visit of inspection, received intelligence of the rising of Moolraj and his garrison at Moultan, and the murder of Vans Agnew and Anderson.

It was impossible to suppose that such an outrage would have been ventured on had not its authors been assured of support. It was in itself a declaration of war, and as such Lord Gough had no hesitation in regarding it, and at once took steps to collect troops from every quarter in sufficient number to enable him to wage it with effect. But as yet there were no rail-

roads in the East; and the movements of regiments and the necessaries of war in the hot summer season are unavoidably slow. It was not, therefore, till late in November that a sufficient army was collected to warrant the commencement of active operations; and that Gough could advance to the Chenab, the central river of the province, at the head of 20,000 men. The Sikhs had been equally active in collecting their forces, and he found them at Ramnuggur, on the same river, in numbers superior to his own, reinforcements to which were already known to be advancing. In the preceding sketch we have seen the failure of the attempt to drive the rebels from Ramnuggur, which of itself was quite sufficient to encourage them to a conflict on a larger scale; even if reinforcements had not swelled their number to more than double that under the command of Lord Gough. Of Chillianwallah, too, for the same reason it is also superfluous to enter into details beyond mentioning the share in it taken by Campbell's division. The battle had hardly begun when he was ordered "to advance in line to attack the enemy in front," and in obeying it he adopted the plan on which he placed high value, of making the troops fire while still moving forward, which they did with such effect as "to put the cavalry before them to a hasty flight;" following up their success by charging first one battery of two guns, which they captured, then a second with equal success, and as "they proceeded, rolling up the enemy's line, continuing along the line of their position until they had taken 13 guns;"[1] though they were not able to carry them off, not having "force sufficient to leave a detachment for their protection." He himself received

[1] *Life*, i. 201-203.

a wound from a deep sword-cut in the right arm, which two great escapes on the same day made him regard as trivial, for he was twice struck by bullets, one of which was turned by his watch, and the other by "a double-barrelled pistol in his waistcoat pocket, which was shattered by the ball, but which saved his life."

General Shadwell mentions that some unprofessional critics had found fault with his conduct in this battle, even imputing much of the loss of life which had been sustained to his neglect; but to the charges advanced by pamphleteers, and writers of articles in newspapers, he opposes the report of his measures which the Adjutant-General, Sir Patrick Grant, an officer of experience and deservedly high reputation, addressed to the Commander-in-Chief, and in which, after entering into many details, which need not be recapitulated here, he sums up the whole by an expression of his deliberate opinion that throughout the battle Campbell "had done his duty like a brave and experienced soldier, and with consummate judgement and skill."

The narrative of this campaign in the preceding sketch has shown how speedily and decisively the honour of the British army was vindicated at Goojerat, so that it would hardly be necessary to mention it at all here if it were not that the success of our left wing, which contributed its full share to the triumph, and which was under Campbell's command, was achieved by a deliberate act of disobedience to his orders. In spite of our great superiority in artillery, Lord Gough was inclined to place greater trust in the bayonet, while Campbell preferred vigorous employment of our batteries,[1] as exposing our men in an infinitely less

[1] *Life*, i. 220.

degree. And it would seem that the comparative merits of the two weapons, the cannon and the bayonet, had been discussed between them before the battle. Neither was convinced by the other; and what took place in the battle shall be told in Campbell's own words: "I caused the artillery of my division to be turned on the flank of this advance of the enemy, while the Bombay troop of horse artillery fired direct to the front. This double fire in front and flank caused them to waver, and finally to give way. They retired across the nullah, some of the infantry stopping under cover of its banks, from whence I finally dislodged them by my own artillery, which enfiladed the nullah, and which was moved forward and placed in position for that object. I received orders to storm the nullah; but to have done so with infantry would have occasioned a very useless and most unnecessary sacrifice of life. And, seeing that this end could be obtained by the use of the artillery without risking the loss of a man, I proceeded on my own responsibility to employ my artillery in enfilading the nullah; and, after succeeding in driving the enemy out of every part of it, I had the satisfaction of seeing the whole left wing of our army, including my own division, pass that formidable defence of the enemy's right wing without firing a musket or losing a man." The important results of this great victory have been described in a previous page of this volume. In the distribution of honours to the victorious army, Campbell was not forgotten, being made a Knight of the Bath, and he hoped that his warlike labours were ended, and that he should be able to return and spend the remainder of his life in his own country. But, though the war was over, he could not yet be spared. The retreating division

which the Afghans had contributed to the defeated army had in their flight outstripped the pursuit of Sir Walter Gilbert and himself, and had escaped in safety to their own country; but districts on our new frontier were still subject to annoyance from the Afreedees and others of what were known as the "hill tribes," who from petty forts, the access to which was difficult for any large body of troops, sallied out on every occasion that offered any prospect of plunder, which was their sole occupation and principal livelihood, daring even in more than one instance to attack our own engineers and sappers while engaged in making roads or other necessary works. To put an end to these lawless aggressions, Sir Colin was sent as commandant to Peshawur, and for some months was employed in chastising the outrages they had committed, and in taking measures to prevent them in future. They did not venture to meet him in the open field; but he captured three forts, destroyed the villages nearest to our frontier, and erected one fort at Michni as a permanent bridle to their incursions, while at the same time he drew up for the Governor-General a plan for the permanent defence of the frontier, which served as a sort of text-book for those of our officers who succeeded him, or had similar commands in other parts of the Punjab. So long was he occupied in these operations, that it was not till the close of 1852 that he was able to resign his appointment, and to set sail from Bombay on his return to England, which he reached in March 1853.

## CHAPTER II

Now at last he felt at liberty to indulge in dreams of tranquillity for the remainder of his days. He had left behind him peace in India; he found peace in Europe; and when on arriving in London he resigned the command of the 98th, of which he had hitherto retained the colonelcy, and retired on half-pay, he saw no reason to anticipate that he should ever again be called out for active service. But the prospect with which he flattered himself was but a dream, and a short-lived one. Before the end of the year it began to be seen that the relief which the Emperor of Russia meditated for "the sick man" consisted in terminating his weakness by his total extinction. If that was a remedy, it was one in which both general policy and our previous engagements with Turkey forbade us to concur. After long negotiations, which each successive discussion rendered less friendly, war was declared by England and France against Russia in the spring of 1854; and Sir Colin was one of the first officers selected for employment, receiving notice early in February that he was appointed to the command of a brigade intended to form a part of the army which it was decided to send to the Sultan's assistance. The choice of a Commander-in-Chief was a matter of some difficulty. In thirty-nine years of European peace the

survivors of Wellington's officers had for the greatest part become superannuated; and of all those whose rank made them available for such an appointment not one had seen active service since Waterloo. The choice fell on Lord Raglan, a man of unquestioned bravery, a high-bred and most courteous gentleman, but who as an officer had even less experience than any one else of the same standing, inasmuch as since that great day he had never served with his regiment, but in one post or another had been constantly employed on the staff, and had never commanded a company, much less a brigade or a division. One, and that perhaps the chief reason which dictated his selection, was his perfect mastery of the French language, and his deservedly high reputation for temper and tact, qualities of no trivial importance in a commander who was to have as his colleague some foreign officer who might be less richly endowed with the same qualities. And undoubtedly in them the whole British army could have furnished no superior.

Sir Colin made his arrangements with as little delay as possible, and in the first week of April set sail for Constantinople, which he reached a few days before the Commander-in-Chief himself. Lord Raglan was sufficiently acquainted with his services in India to form a just estimate of his value, and at once appointed him to the command of the Highland Brigade, consisting of the 42nd, the 79th, and the 93rd Regiments, which, with the Guards, made up the division under the command of the Duke of Cambridge. He was still only a colonel, but in the beginning of July he was promoted to the rank of major-general, a rank of especial importance to him at such a time, as qualifying him for employment of higher class whenever the opportunity should arrive.

Nearly four months passed by before the army, in conjunction with a French force under Marshal St. Arnaud, a veteran who had earned his baton in the wars of Algeria, crossed over from Varna to the Crimea, which was destined to be the seat of war, and on the shores of which, at a place called "Old Fort" from the remains of a ruined tower, it began to disembark on the 14th of September. A few days were necessarily spent in landing the guns and other necessary stores, and giving the soldiers time to recover from their voyage across the Black Sea, still, as in days of old, inhospitable[1] to the voyager; but on the 19th all the preparations requisite for immediate operations were completed, and the allied force commenced its march towards Sebastopol, the chief city of the province. But Prince Menschikoff, the Russian Commander-in-Chief, barred the way. Sebastopol, as the only fortress in the whole peninsula, was of the first importance. On its fortifications all the resources of engineering science had been exhausted; and at a few miles to the north of it the Prince had taken up a position on the banks of the little river Alma of such strength that he assured his Imperial master that he could detain the invaders three weeks in front of it. In the battle which ensued Sir Colin's division had its full share of work and events. It formed the extreme left of our army, and supported the light division in the advance against the strongest part of the enemy's line. As he describes their conduct in a letter to a brother officer:[2] "In a gigantic gorge immediately in-

[1] In the earliest classical times it had been named ἄξεινος, inhospitable; for which, as a name of ill omen, εὔξεινος, hospitable, was substituted, and as the "Euxine" it is still occasionally used as a synonym for "the Black Sea."

[2] Abridged from a letter of Sir Colin, *Life*, i. 322.

their front was a large circular redoubt, protected on each side by artillery of larger calibre than ours, which were only 9-pounders, the artillery being also supported by numerous and large masses of troops. But, nothing daunted, the division crossed the river, which was not of any width, and generally fordable, but the low ground through which it flows was covered with vineyards and gardens, all within range of the enemy's batteries, and embarrassing the movements of the men as they emerged from the stream. The light division at once advanced to attack the redoubt, he joining them with his three regiments as they successively came up from the ford." But the enemy had already retreated from the redoubt, and were forming in large masses to meet the attack of the 42nd. "The 42nd were too much blown to think of charging." But while at Varna Campbell had found time to instruct them in his favourite plan of "firing while advancing in line; and their fire was so continuous and accurate that the enemy could not withstand it, but our men with cheers drove both the fugitives from the redoubt, and the regiments which endeavoured to support them, in confusion before them." Throughout the day it almost seemed as if the 1st Division were singled out by the Russians as a special object of attack. In subsequent passages of the same letter Sir Colin relates how one "heavy mass of troops came forward against the 42nd, and were routed by it as their comrades had been before;" how the "93rd, after inflicting heavy loss upon two large bodies of Russians, were attacked by two more bodies of fresh infantry with some cavalry, and how being presently joined by the 79th, the two regiments went at them with cheers, causing them great loss, and sending them down the hillside in great

confusion. The Guards, though belonging to this division, were away to the right, and quite removed from the scene of this fight. It was a fight of the Highland Brigade."

Very jealous was Sir Colin for the honour of his Highlandmen; and he displayed the feeling in an eminently characteristic manner after the battle. "Lord Raglan came up and sent for him." Such was his excitement that it seemed to Campbell that "his eyes filled, his lips and countenance quivered. He gave the Major-General a cordial shake of the hand, but he could not speak. The men cheered very much. Their commander told them that he was going to ask a great favour, permission to have the honour of wearing the Highland bonnet during the rest of the campaign, which pleased them very much, and so ended his part in the victory of the Alma."

Six days after the battle the allied army, passing round the back of Sebastopol, reached the entrance of the valley of Balaklava, to which several of the transports had already brought a siege train and other supplies. In the arrangements of the two armies it was decided that we should occupy that town, and in the middle of October Sir Colin was appointed to command the troops to whom its defence was committed. He was well pleased to have so important a position entrusted to him, and equally so to find that our engineers had already made progress in strengthening it by skilfully-planned batteries and fieldworks. It was work which did not admit of delay, since it could be seen from the heights that a large body of Russian troops was posted at a very short distance; and in hurrying forward the completion of these works no sapper or labourer in the corps worked harder than Campbell himself. Day had hardly broken when he

was visiting them at every point. The sun was going down before he quitted them. Encouraging the diligent labourers with kindly notice and praise, and shaming even those (if such indeed there were) who might otherwise have been sluggish or remiss, to emulate the example of their fellow-workmen and his own.

The battle of the 25th, with the wondrous charges of the heavy and light cavalry of the brigades, will never be forgotten by those who love to feast and improve their minds with memories of British heroism; but the share which the Highland Brigade had in it was slight. Once indeed the 93rd, which was among the troops to whom the protection of the inner line of our defences was entrusted, was attacked by a small body of Russian infantry, but their assailants were repelled with such heavy loss as discouraged any further attempt on our position. And Sir Colin was able to fix his whole attention on General Scarlett and the dauntless dragoons whom he led to the attack of ten times their own number. It was with the admiration of a born soldier that he witnessed deeds worthy of the proudest age of chivalry, when victory depended on the prowess of individual warriors; but his keenest delight was in the achievements of his own countrymen, the Scots Greys; and the brigade had hardly returned from the charge when he rode up to congratulate them. Like Virgil's Evander,[1] he looked back to the days when he too had had the stalwart vigour of a youthful arm. And as he came in front of the Greys he uncovered: "Greys, gallant Greys! I am sixty-one years old, and, if I were young again, I should be proud to be in your ranks."

[1] O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos, *Æn.* viii. 560; translated by Dryden, "Would heaven, said he, my strength and youth recall."

But the enemy was still in such strength that he did not feel secure that they might not take advantage of the darkness to make a more serious attack on his own position. The French General Vinoy lent him a detachment to aid in its defence, but even that did not raise his force much above 4000 men; and throughout the whole night he kept personal watch, making repeated visits to his sentries and pickets, and "reminding them in solemn accents that, happen what might, it was the duty of every one to stand, and, if need be, to die at his post, and that he would be with them."[1] While Lord Raglan was so much more strongly impressed with the inadequacy of the means he could place at his disposal than with the importance of the position, that he raised the question whether it might not be wiser to abandon it. Sir Colin, however, had no doubt of the necessity of maintaining it, and his arguments were confirmed by those of the Admiral, Sir Edmund Lyons, for Balaklava was the port of supply, and as such its possession was indispensable to the Commissary-General for the supply of the army, while Sir Edmund could himself contribute to its defence. Sixty years before Nelson had employed the greater part of the crew of the *Agamemnon* on shore in Corsica, dragging guns up the heights above Calvi, constructing batteries, and fighting them with his seamen alone, till Calvi capitulated. The story had been told in many a cabin and wardroom ever since; and circumstances put it in the Admiral's power to imitate the example that had been set by the greatest of sailors. The Russians also had a powerful fleet in front of Sebastopol. But our admirals and captains in the Baltic had already shown that a British fleet was equally

[1] *Life*, i. 338.

entitled to the praise which Wellington had bestowed on his Peninsular army of being able "to go anywhere, and to do everything." It had effectually swept those narrow waters. The intelligence of its prowess had reached Prince Menschikoff; and as the bottom of the sea seemed to be the only place where the fleet, which was also subject to his authority as Governor of the Crimea, could be safe from the audacity of our sailors, he sank the ships at the entrance of the harbour, carrying out this singular manœuvre with such haste that he did not allow those employed in it time to clear them of their stores before he scuttled them, and for many days the surface of the sea was covered with articles of furniture, decorations, and stores of all kinds, many of which were picked up by our men and preserved by them as trophies.

As the Prince's conjecture was so far correct that he had found a refuge for them to which Lyons would decline to follow them, it was clear that our fleet had nothing of its proper duties left to perform; and therefore he felt warranted in drawing off from the crews a body of upwards of a thousand men with fifty heavy guns, under Captain Lushington of the *Albion*. The French admiral furnished an almost equally powerful force, under Captain Rigault de Genouilly of the *Ville de Paris*, and these two "Naval Brigades" proved of inestimable use to Campbell as a reinforcement of his division if the attack which he had anticipated should prove to have been only deferred. And that such a movement of the enemy was at least in contemplation seemed to be proved in the course of the next few days by more than one Russian reconnaissance, and experiments of their gunners to ascertain how far our works were within range of their batteries on the opposite hills.

At all events, whether his expectations were to be realised or not, Sir Colin was too habitually cautious to relax for a single hour his exertions to strengthen his defences. He constructed a dam to flood the low ground between Balaklava and the Russian division in his front. He made deep cuttings in the valley; he filled ravines with *abattis* and *tours de loup*; he erected batteries; he made trenches to protect the troops from the Russian fire, not with the approval of the men themselves, who objected that "if they were made so deep they should not be able to get over them to fight the Russians."[1]

Menschikoff had placed such reliance on an attack which he was preparing that he had announced to his sovereign at St Petersburg that "a terrible calamity impended over the invaders of his dominions; in a few days they would perish by the sword, or be driven into the sea," and he entreated Nicholas "to send his sons to the spot, that he might render up to them the priceless treasure which His Majesty had entrusted to his keeping." The archdukes Nicholas and Michael came at his invitation: the attack was delivered on the 5th of November, but neither the British nor the French divisions perished as their vainglorious enemy had promised. The result was rather such as our armies had been accustomed to in India, but which had not been seen in Europe since Prince Eugene had defeated the Sultan's immense army with one-fifth of his numbers on the field of Zenta. Favoured by the mist which enabled them to reach our pickets with the effect of a surprise, 60,000 Russians with nearly 100 guns and howitzers attacked two of our divisions, which even a strong French detachment

[1] *Life*, i. 344.

that General Bosquet sent to their aid did not raise above 14,000. So stoutly was the struggle maintained, and so long did it last, that before its close some of our regiments had exhausted their ammunition, and had no missiles to employ but the stones which lay on the ground, and with which they actually pelted their assailants as 200 years before Montrose's bands had pelted and discomfited the Covenanters. At last, the French and English regiments vying with each other in generous rivalry, the Russians were beaten back at all points; leaving above 5000 men dead or wounded on the field.

In this most wondrous victory the Highland Brigade had had no share; but it enabled Lord Raglan and General Canrobert, who, on the death of St. Arnaud shortly after the battle of Alma, had succeeded him as the French Commander-in-Chief, to strengthen Sir Colin's garrison with some companies of our own Rifle Brigade and of the French Zouaves, though he did not allow these additions to his force to abate his exertions to increase his defences, or his inculcation on his pickets of the necessity of constant vigilance which he enforced by his own example. And so highly was his conduct appreciated by the Commander-in-Chief, that, as the death of Sir George Cathcart, who had fallen at Inkermann, had left vacant the command of the 4th Division, he offered him the option of succeeding him at once in that command, or of the succession to that of the Duke of Cambridge, if, as seemed possible, his health should compel him to return to England. He left the choice to Lord Raglan himself, probably not disguising some preference for that arrangement which would not separate him from his favourite Highlanders; and thus at Christmas

he became Commander of the 1st Divison; being further rewarded by the appointment of Colonel of the 67th Regiment; at the beginning of 1855 by promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-General; and, in the course of the summer, by advancement to the Grand Cross of the Bath. The material defences of Balaklava were perfected before the end of the year, and before the return of spring such strong reserves were placed at his disposal in case of necessity that though previously, to adopt his own words, "he had held the lines by sheer impudence," for the repulse of any attack in future, should such be made, he felt he had sufficient strength.

1855 was a momentous year, but in the earlier operations his division was not engaged, a disappointment to which he reconciled himself by the hope that his division would have the honour of leading an assault on Sebastopol itself, on which he confidently reckoned to prove decisive. Cheered by such a hope, it was with sincere delight that while posting his pickets on the 8th of September he received an order from the Commander-in-Chief to assault the Great Redan with the Highland Brigade the next morning. Joyously he communicated the order to the equally pleased brigade, and was retiring to rest as the best preparation for the struggle, when his attention was attracted by a repetition of gigantic explosions which evidently came from the town itself, and the line of defences in its rear and at its sides. Presently fires were seen in various quarters of the town; he at once called up one or two regiments and moved towards the Great Redan, which he reached at one in the morning, only to find it abandoned. The object of the explosions which he had heard had been

to cover the retreat of the entire garrison. They had blown up their magazines, had set fire to the principal buildings, sunk the few ships that they had previously spared, and left us only the shell of Sebastopol, and the glory of the capture of a fortress of which they had boasted as impregnable.

Practically it was the end of the war; and, regarding it as such, at the beginning of November he applied for leave, and returned to England. He had not intended to return, and his purpose of remaining at home was strengthened on his arrival by a letter from Lord Panmure, the Secretary of War, announcing to him a new arrangement for the command of the army. Lord Raglan had died in July, and had been succeeded by General Simpson, who on the capture of Sebastopol had signified his desire to resign the command. Sir Colin had thus become the Senior Officer of the army, and, by his services still more than by that seniority, had an undoubted right to the succession. But the authorities at the Horse Guards had decided on the appointment of Sir William Codrington, an officer junior to himself, and whose military reputation (though he was undoubtedly a good officer) could not be put in comparison with his for a moment. In his letter, with compliments to his "distinguished services and high professional character," which Sir Colin justly characterised as "a piece of valueless flummery," Lord Panmure had alleged the age of Sir William (he being by some years younger) as the reason of his selection; according to an anecdote related by General Shadwell, a mistaken idea that he could not speak French had contributed to it.[1] But, whatever had caused it, Sir Colin was highly and

[1] *Life*, i. 395.

justly indignant, for Lord Hardinge, the Commander-in-Chief since the death of the Duke of Wellington, in a long and apparently rather stormy interview, had sought to induce him to waive his seniority and return to the Crimea as second in command to Codrington, counsel which, if "Her Majesty herself should ask him, he could not perhaps refuse." It was manifestly contrived that she should make such a request. She received him at Windsor with a graciousness which "struck a responsive chord in his heart." She asked him for his photograph, "to be taken in the uniform he had worn at the Alma and Balaklava;" and in a true spirit of loyalty he assured her of his readiness to return to the Crimea, and "to serve under a corporal if *she* wished it." Accordingly he did return; but nothing more was to be done. Before the end of February 1856 an armistice was agreed upon, and at the end of March peace was concluded.

It may be supposed to have been intended as a recognition of his self-denial in returning, that when, in July, the Duke of Cambridge succeeded Lord Hardinge as Commander-in-Chief, the office of Inspector-General of Infantry, which the Duke himself had previously held, was conferred on him. And to the same cause may be attributed his selection by the Queen herself to convey the ensigns of the Order of the Bath as her representative to the Prince of Prussia. But early in 1857 an event of unprecedented and terrible importance compelled a fresh demand for his return to active service in the field; and our next and last chapters will be devoted to an attempt at describing his success in a task which at the age of sixty-five his undying principle of duty to his sovereign and country induced him to undertake.

## CHAPTER III

It would be beside the purpose of these sketches to embark in a discussion of the causes of the fearful mutiny which in the spring of 1857 broke out in the north-western provinces of our Indian Empire. It is a subject on which those best acquainted with the habits and feelings of the natives have always disagreed. Some have attributed it to a belief in an oracular prediction which for many years had been circulated in the country, and which fixed the duration of our authority at a single century;[1] and therefore its termination in 1857, as being exactly a hundred years since Clive had founded it by his victory at Plassey. Others found its cause in some of the measures of Lord Dalhousie while Governor-General, which had unquestionably produced widespread discontent and alarm, by the haughty disregard which they displayed of long-established customs which had been recognised by former governors, and of the statesmanlike principles of moderation and justice.

[1] Kaye, in his *History of the Sepoy War*, quotes a remark made to him by Mrs. E. A. Reade, that according to the Mahometan calendar the century after Plassey would have come to an end three years before, while the Hindoo calendar coincides with that in use among ourselves. And he infers from that fact that the credit of the prediction or superstition, whichever it may be called, should be given to the Hindoos.

Whether one of these, or both in combination, kindled the fire that burst forth with such appalling violence; or whether, as others have contended, its origin was to be found in the machinations of one crafty demagogue, who, animated by personal ambition and the consciousness of great abilities, with the addition of a fanatical hatred of all Christians, perseveringly exerted all his cunning to excite the easily led Sepoy of the Bengal army to mutiny and insurrection,[1] — the Sepoy, as Kaye describes his character, was singularly adapted to be the tool of such a conspirator: he was simple and credulous, but on the other hand suspicious and designing, apt to brood over imaginary wrongs, and when a delusion had once entered into his soul clinging to it with immovable tenacity. And on this suspicious and credulous disposition a singular circumstance enabled such a man to work with fatal effect. A supply of the new Enfield rifle had been recently issued to some of the native regiments to place them on a footing of equal efficiency with the Queen's soldiers. For the facility of loading, the cartridges in some instances were smeared with a compound of wax and oil, in others with mutton tallow; but it was represented to the Sepoys that the grease was not composed of such inoffensive substances, but of the fat of the swine,—detested by the Mahometans, or, what was even worse, of that of the cow, venerated by the Hindoos,—with the object of depriving them of their caste, and compelling them all to become Christians.

[1] This man, called the Munbair by Colonel Malleson in his *History of the Mutiny* (p. 17), is regarded by him as the agent of the landowners of Oude. His name was Ahmed-Allah; he was a native of Faizabad, in Oude, and is described by Sir Thomas Seaton as "a man of great abilities, of undaunted courage, of stern determination, and by far the best soldier among the rebels."

When this notion had once been suggested to them, no explanation given them by their officers was able to eradicate it, and the consequence was that there were very few regiments which, before the spring of 1857 arrived, were not ripe for rebellion. It came in May to the force stationed at Meerut, a town about 30 miles from Delhi, and one of the most extensive of our military stations. Within the week the mutineers were joined by the native regiments at Delhi, with but little more delay by those at Lucknow, where however a small British force under Sir Henry Lawrence still held a not very defensible position in the Residency, and by the whole rural population of Oude and Rohilcund—the flame of revolt spreading so rapidly that before the end of June, Agra, Allahabad, Benares, and one or two cities of inferior importance were all that preserved their loyalty; and they were so isolated that their communication with one another was difficult, and with Calcutta still more so. In fact, so entirely were the mutineers in possession of the upper parts of both the great rivers Ganges and Jumna, and of the ordinary roads, that the only mode of communication between Lahore and Calcutta was by way of the Indus and Bombay.

Such, or nearly such, was the condition of our affairs in Bengal when on the 11th of July Lord Panmure besought Campbell's acceptance of the post of Commander-in-Chief in India. A few weeks before the command of a fresh expedition against the Chinese had been offered to him; but, as his previous experience in that country did not lead him to attach any great importance to the military operations which would be required, he declined the proposal. But no one, and least of all such a man as Campbell, could

regard the state of affairs in India with indifference. General Anson, the Commander-in-Chief, had died of cholera. Sir Henry Lawrence had fallen at Lucknow, where the handful of troops with which he had been holding out the Residency against a whole army of Sepoys was still maintaining it, with but slight prospect of success. At Cawnpore, Nana Sahib had massacred not only the whole of the British force in garrison, but even the wives and children of the officers. It was evident that the safety of our whole Indian Empire was at stake. A fresh Commander-in-Chief was required, and as the choice had fallen on him, it was his duty to obey. To the call of duty he was never deaf. He accepted the post, offered to leave England that same evening, and in fact did cross to Calais the next afternoon. Before he left London Lord Panmure was bidden to present him to the Queen, that she might express to him with her own lips how highly she esteemed his promptitude in setting out. Leslie records his visit to the palace in his journal — most "pleasant were expressions of approval to receive from a Sovereign so good and so justly beloved." And, speaking of his own feelings, he adds, "Never did a man proceed on a mission of duty with a lighter heart and a feeling of greater humility, yet with a juster sense of the compliment that had been paid to a soldier of fortune like himself in being named to the highest command in the gift of the Crown."

On the 13th of August he reached Calcutta, where he was received by Lord Canning, who had recently succeeded Lord Dalhousie as Governor-General, with great cordiality, but with bad news. The mutiny was still spreading. Three regiments at Dinapore had

joined it, while the number of British troops as yet in hand was so small that till they should be sufficiently reinforced it would be impossible for him to move forward. One gleam of sunshine brightened the prospect as far as the natives were concerned; Scindia and Holkar, with one or two others of the lesser chieftains, were faithful and energetic in our cause—a pleasing proof of the wisdom with which, above forty years before, Wellington had urged that in the interests of the Company, and of the country itself, it was above all things desirable that there should still be some independent native governments strong enough to support themselves in ordinary cases; and of the judgement with which Lord Ellenborough, during his administration, had carried out that policy. But to a man like Sir Colin it was plain that our main trust must be in ourselves. And during his voyage he had employed himself in a careful consideration of the general plan of operations the best calculated to succeed. They were to "combine the advance of the two columns from the other Residencies of Madras and Bombay, in co-operation with the great central movement which he proposed to conduct in person."[1] And for the execution of his plans he was fortunate in finding among the officers already in India many of rare ability to comprehend and carry them out. Havelock, Sir J. Outram, Hope Grant, Michel, and Greathed were men who had probably no superiors in the whole British army. Sir John Lawrence, as Governor of the Punjab, not under his orders, was doing priceless service in not only keeping that great province faithful, but even in sending to General Wilson's army, which was besieging Delhi, reinforce-

[1] *Life*, i. 410.

ments from tribes which, under any other governor, would have been among our bitterest foes. And not least of all was he fortunate in the character of the Governor-General, who, while painfully sensible of the greatness of the crisis, and of the responsibilities which it imposed on him, steered his course with unfaltering firmness, never by word or deed, or the most passing look, displaying a doubt of the issue. And the example which he set was universally followed, so that it has been pointed out by more than one writer as a proud instance of our national resolution under the greatest difficulties, that never once throughout the whole contest was a word of despondency or faint-heartedness heard from soldier, civilian, or even from women, though these last might well have been unnerved by the cruel fate which so many of their sisters had met at the hands of those whom they had formerly trusted, but who now seemed transformed into monsters, vying with each other in treachery and barbarity.

It was the last week of October before he felt strong enough to quit Calcutta for the commencement of active operations. Even then his force would not have been sufficient to enable him to move had he not been strengthened by one which had not been intended for him, but which had been placed at his disposal by Lord Elgin. That nobleman had accompanied the expedition, the command of which had been offered to Sir Colin, as the plenipotentiary entrusted with the settlement of our differences with the Chinese; but, when he reached Singapore, he found a letter from Lord Canning, who, thirty years before, had been his school-fellow at Eton, giving him an account of the mutiny, and entreating the loan of the troops on board the

fleet. England possessed no man of more statesman-like mind than Lord Elgin, and without a moment's hesitation he took on himself the responsibility of complying with the request of his old friend, sent him at once the regiments which he had with him, and promised another division which was on its way. The admiral in command of the fleet, Sir Michael Seymour, was a man of kindred spirit, and sent him the *Shannon*, a fine frigate of 51 guns, under Captain Peel; the *Pearl*, Captain Sotheby, with a body of marines; and the *Sanspareil*, a fine ship of the line, under the command of Captain Cooper Key. And the captains made such use of their ships and their crews as was no slight addition to Sir Colin's land force. Peel left his frigate at Calcutta, stripping her of her crew to form a naval brigade, such as he had served with at Sebastopol, and which he now led to Allahabad to aid in garrisoning that important city. Captain Sotheby imitated him on a smaller scale with the crew of the *Pearl*, which, being shifted into boats on the Jumna, captured one strongly-armed fort on the frontier of Oude, and contributed to more than one victory gained by detachments of the army; while Key, with admirable seamanship, carried the *Sanspareil* up the Hooghley to Calcutta, landing his marines at Fortwilliam, and, by so unexpected a feat, gave such encouragement to the loyal citizens, and so disheartened all who were undecided or disaffected, that Lord Canning ventured to entrust him and his crew with the protection of the city, and to place the regular garrison at the disposal of Sir Colin for inland service.[1]

Even all these reinforcements did not as yet give Sir Colin above 14,000 men; but he was aware that

[1] See the author's *History of the British Navy*, iii. 442, *seq.*

many more thousands were on their way, and some of them very near at hand. And with them, on the evening of 27th October, he left Calcutta, sending at the same time to the Duke of Cambridge, as Commander-in-Chief, an explanation of all that he had as yet been able to effect in the way of arrangements for the employment of the reinforcements as they should arrive, and of the difficulties which he expected to find at first in procuring carriage and supplies, as well as those which he had already encountered in "the concentration of the slender forces at his disposal, arising from the urgent, he might say the inexorable, demands of the immense districts lying between Calcutta and the scene of actual operations in the field." His first object was the relief of Outram at Lucknow. He, with chivalrous abnegation of self, waiving his superior rank, and accompanying Havelock as second in command, had borne his part in the relief of the small garrison, which, since the death of Sir H. Lawrence, had been holding out the Residency. But his supplies were known to be falling short, and it would have been a disgrace, as well as a misery, to allow him and his party, among whom were many women and children, to fall into the hands of the rebels, from whom none could expect quarter. Yet, as Sir Colin explained to the Duke, he could "operate with only half the force which Outram considered necessary for his relief, and, consequently, he was forced to make up his mind not to hazard an attack which would compromise his small force."

Wellington, in the Peninsula, had more than once expressed his grateful conviction that Providence watched over his safety; and surely Sir Colin had equal cause to express the same feeling, when, while

proceeding in his carriage towards Allahabad, and having just passed the Sone, his road was crossed at a distance of little more than half a mile by a body of mutineers who were escaping into Oude. The leaders were mounted on elephants, so that they were visible at a considerable distance. Fortunately, his carriage was a less conspicuous object, and the rebellious Sepoys either failed to notice it, or were ignorant how great a prize was within their grasp. On the 3rd of November he reached Cawnpore, which, in ordinary circumstances, he would have been slow to leave in a comparatively undefended condition, since large bodies of rebel infantry were known to be concentrating at no great distance. But the necessity of relieving Outram outweighed every other consideration. It was not only the safety of that brave officer and his companions that was at stake, though their deliverance was a matter of pre-eminent importance, but their relief was also the first and most indispensable step towards the re-establishment of our authority in the province.

Few men have ever had to determine on their course of action under more painful responsibility than that which was now felt by Sir Colin, and explained by him in a second despatch to the Duke. He determined to leave General Windham at Cawnpore, though all the garrison which he could spare him but slightly exceeded 1000 men, of whom half were British, and half a detachment from the native troops of the Madras army; while the Nana Sahib, with about 10,000 men and 40 guns, was threatening his communications. Yet, even while running this risk, he might find himself unable to accomplish the great object for which he was preparing to encounter it. "Extricate the Lucknow garrison he would, if it could be accomplished with the

ordinary military risk. Still there were larger interests pending than even that great object. He must watch over the safety of his small body of troops as the foundation on which all his combinations for meeting an enemy in the field, and the restoration of government, depended throughout the provinces. Nothing should be left untried which he considered justifiable, such considerations as these being kept well in view; and he trusted he should succeed. But, if the devoted garrison were to fall from want of food, in consequence of such necessary precautions, whatever the public might say at first, he felt certain of the support of his Royal Highness in consideration of the difficult alternatives between which he should have to make his choice, and he was convinced that his resolution was a right one."

Admirable as was the calm fearlessness with which he had many a time confronted the enemy in the hour of battle, greater still, if fairly estimated, was the moral courage with which he thus weighed the conflicting duties between which it was conceivable that events might compel him to make his choice, and deliberately decided on that course which, if he should adopt it, would, he was conscious, expose him to bitter and general reproach from his countrymen at home, whose sympathy for the helpless victims who might thus be left to perish must be expected to overpower their calmer judgment. Happily, however, he was spared the dilemma of which he had contemplated the possibility. On the 9th of November, with a force which did not exceed 3800 infantry, with Peel's naval brigade serving as artillery, and other batteries, amounting altogether to thirty-nine guns and howitzers, six mortars, and two rocket tubes, and a month's supply for all

hands, he quitted Cawnpore. He had also two strong squadrons of cavalry, one company of the Royal Engineers, two of pioneers which Sir John Lawrence had sent him from the Punjab, and some sappers from the Bengal and Madras armies. But his main reliance, at all events for the commencement of his operations, was on his artillery, as he had explained to the Duke. He could not afford "the desperate street fighting so gallantly conducted in September by Havelock and Outram, which had been the only course open to them, but must first open the road by heavy guns."

Before he started he informed Outram of his plans by notes written in Greek characters, and conveyed by native spies. His force, as he described it, was "very weak, deficient in all essentials. He had not ammunition for more than three days' firing; but he hoped to extricate the wounded, women and children, and the garrison. He had no means to attempt anything more, and he should be thankful to effect this. The Residency he should blow up; and Outram must make his arrangements for getting every one clear of it when he should be able to give the order, abandoning baggage, destroying guns, but saving the treasure. Until the wounded and women are in his camp the real business of the contest could not go on, and all the efforts of government were paralysed."

The extraordinary daring of a gallant Irishman furnished him with a guide. A subordinate official of the name of Kavanagh[1] undertook to stain his face, and in all respects to disguise himself as a native scout, to convey to the General Outram's reply with

[1] He was rewarded for his noble enterprise with the Victoria Cross, and, of all those who have been decorated, not one has more honourably earned it.

such other information as he could afford, by no means underrating the danger to which his attempt would expose him if his disguise should be detected. Happily he reached the camp without discovery, and his aid was invaluable, since the Residency was at the farthest end of the city, and without such guidance the task of threading their way through the narrow streets, commanded as they were at many points by strongly-armed buildings, would have been one of extreme difficulty, such as could hardly have been accomplished without a heavy loss, which so small a force could ill afford. On the 13th he came in sight of Lucknow, and on the morning of the 14th he began to force his way towards the Residency, which was at the farthest end of the city. Scarcely was a single step of his advance undisputed. Every palace and almost every large building was garrisoned or fortified. From the first which he approached, called the Delkooshah, he was assailed with a heavy fire of musketry; from the second, the Martinière, with a cannonade; but that was silenced by some of his heavy guns, and the gunners, with the battalion posted to protect them, were routed by some companies of the 8th and two squadrons of Punjab cavalry. But so resolute was their resistance, for which so many points afforded opportunity, that the whole of the first day was consumed in making this apparently slight progress. The next day Sir Colin in person reconnoitred the ground in his front, since there was more than one road from the Martinière into the heart of the city. But, though he chose that where the ground was most open, he was met with heavier fire than before, with musketry from the Secunder Bagh, with cannon from the Kaiser Bagh.[1] Many

[1] Shadwell describes the Secunder Bagh as a large brick building

horses and men fell beneath their continued fire, and he himself received a wound on the thigh from a musket-ball, fortunately too slight to disable him.

The Secunder Bagh had the appearance of being so much the strongest of all the defences that it was judged necessary to storm it before attempting to proceed farther. It was gallantly done. Some 18-pounders breached the wall, and instantly companies of the 93rd, 53rd, and Punjab forced their way in, the 93rd and the Sikhs racing for the honour of being the first to enter. Some penetrated the breach, others forced the gateway. The 53rd broke for themselves a path through a window which opened into the street. Still the garrison held out, pouring down on our men a galling fire from the upper rooms and roof of the building, till the Sikhs forced their way up the staircase at the point of the bayonet, and the place was ours; but how stubborn had been the resistance was proved by the bodies of upwards of 2000 mutineers who had fallen in the conflict. There were still several forts similar in character, though not quite equal in extent. Of one, the Shah Nujif, a large white-domed tomb, the stone walls were so thick and solid that, though Peel brought up two of his guns within a few yards of them, they failed to breach them, while the garrison kept up a rapid and steady fire of musketry on their assailants, striking down, among others, two of Sir Colin's staff. But British valour at last prevailed. That too was taken, and made the headquarters for the night. The goal was nearly won. The next morning completed

150 yards square, with walls 20 feet high, and a circular bastion at each corner. It was loopholed, and the roofs of the rooms constructed between the bastions formed an admirable rampart for defence; and this, more or less, seems to have been the character of the various "baghs" as they were called.

the victory. Three fortified buildings were still to be subdued before the Residency was reached, but though a fierce resistance was made for a time, these garrisons now fought like men disheartened by the successive defeats of so many of their comrades, and gradually abandoned their positions. Before noon the Residency was reached, and Outram and Havelock came forth to greet their deliverer, and to learn from him what was to be the order of the next proceedings. For the advance, successful as it had been, was but half the work to be done. The retreat, encumbered with a train of children, was scarcely less difficult. The numbers of the enemy were still five or six times greater than ours; and more than once during the necessary preparations for the evacuation of the Residency vigorous attacks were made on such bodies of our men as were within range. It was necessary to post pickets in every direction. As he had lost above 500 men, Sir Colin brought in some companies of the 75th from the Alum Bagh to fill their place, while a "flying sap" was constructed to protect the withdrawal of the women, children, and wounded. As their feebleness made their removal the most difficult part of the evacuation, it was the first to be effected. On the night of the 19th they were conducted in safety to the Alum Bagh, an extensive range of defensive buildings about two miles from the city; and their departure facilitated the clearing out of the Residency. Three days were devoted to the work of removing what was worth removing, and of destroying what was not; and meanwhile Peel was vigorously employed in silencing the Kaiser Bagh, whose batteries commanded the intended line of retreat, though as it stood out of the direct line of our advance, it had

not been attacked; and at midnight of the 22nd the Residency was finally evacuated.

Sir Colin was eager to return to Cawnpore; but, as it was necessary to keep Lucknow in check till he could return to complete his conquest, he determined to retain the Alum Bagh, and to garrison it with 4000 men and thirty-five guns under the command of Sir James Outram, who with such a force would, he felt confident, be able to bid defiance to any attack on which the mutineers might venture. It was a place well suited to such a purpose. It was one of the royal gardens in the open country, about 500 yards square, surrounded by a nine-foot wall, each corner of which was fortified with bastions. A handsome house in the centre was protected by an earthen traverse against any fire from the outside. It had also a barrack sufficient for the temporary accommodation of such a force during the cold weather, and a wide and deep ditch covered the wall on its most accessible side. By the morning of the 27th he had completed these arrangements, and with the remainder of his little army he hastened back to Cawnpore. He had covered the greater part of the distance when the sound of heavy firing struck on his ear. That same morning Windham's camp had been attacked by a strong body of the Gwalior mutineers and other parties of rebels under Tantia Topi, a commander of considerable military skill, and their numbers were so superior to Windham's that, though he held his ground bravely for many hours, he had been at last compelled to retire into his entrenchments with the loss of his camp and huts. The continuance of the cannonade, becoming more audible as he advanced, showed that a fight was going on, and Sir Colin, knowing the weak-

ness of Windham's force, at once saw the importance of ascertaining what was going on. Leaving the rest of his army, he pressed on with all speed with his cavalry and horse artillery; and when he neared the town he left his escort behind him to pitch their camp, and as he could see that the bridge over the canal was unoccupied, he galloped unaccompanied except by his aide-de-camp into the entrenchment, from which, after a short conference with Windham, he returned to his own camp for the night.

The situation was grave. During the last few days Tantia Topi had advanced against Cawnpore with an army of probably not less than 25,000 men, while Windham had fewer than 2000 for its defence in an entrenched camp in front of the town. The British army had no officer of greater courage and boldness; and as he had learnt from the history of former campaigns of other generals that the safest mode of dealing with an Indian army was to deliver the attack, he had broken up his camp and advanced towards the enemy. But it was his first essay in independent command, and as yet his tactical skill was not equal to his valour, while as a commander of such troops as his Tantia had no superior among the native officers. At first his advance seemed to have been justified by the successful capture of some of the rebel guns, but he was unable to hold his ground, and presently fell back towards the city. It is needless to enter into a long detail of what follows. In the end he was out-generalled and overpowered, and Tantia obtained possession of Cawnpore, confining him to his entrenchments. Such a state of things Campbell could not permit to continue, and he at once determined to end it by a battle. But before he did so it was necessary

to place the helpless company which he had brought from Lucknow in safety in case of any disaster; and with this view he decided on sending them to Allahabad as soon as he could ascertain that he could do so without exposing them to danger from any body of rebels who might be hovering about the district. By the 3rd of December, however, he had obtained sufficient information on that point, when he at once sent them off with a strong escort; and was now able to direct his whole attention to the best mode of dealing with Tantia and his army. That chief in the meantime had not been idle, but had been constantly active in annoying the camp with desultory cannonades; and on the 5th he came down on our pickets with a vigorous attack apparently designed to turn our flank.

But by this time Sir Colin was ready for him, and though he had been a match for Windham he was not for Campbell. His numbers were out of all proportion to ours, which did not exceed 5000 infantry, 600 cavalry, and 35 guns. And his position was strong, but had one important defect. His centre occupied Cawnpore itself, the approaches to which he had blocked with barricades, and which was also protected at one point by the Ganges canal, thus commanding the road on the north side towards Bithoor; on the other side the Gwalior contingent, nearly 10,000 strong, covered the road to Calpe. The defect, therefore, was that the two divisions were so separated that if either were attacked it would not be able to receive assistance or support from the other, thus giving Campbell an advantage which in his hands could hardly fail to prove decisive. The right division was manifestly the weaker, probably in numbers, and undeniably so as being posted on a broad plain, with

no other protection but the Ganges canal, with two bridges, and some brick-kilns and brickmakers' mounds. On this division, therefore, on the morning of the 6th, Campbell fell with great vigour, attacking it at several points at once, commencing with a heavy fire of artillery, and when that had begun to produce the desired effect, turning it so effectually as to prevent the central division from giving it any aid. They made a stout and not unskilful resistance. With one well-served battery they commanded the principal bridge; while their infantry, from among the brick-kilns, poured a rapid and incessant storm of musketry on our brigades as they advanced. But the struggle, though sharp, was not long. The 53rd and the Sikh battalions, as at Lucknow, emulating each other in a brilliant onset, cleared the brick-kilns. Peel and his sailors with their own hands dragged a heavy 24-pounder on to the bridge itself. The 53rd and Sikhs, presently joined by the Highland 93rd, charged the rebels, already cowed by Peel's unexpected fire, captured their guns, and finally drove them out of their camp. On this side the victory was won. And while the rebel right was being thus routed, Windham had occupied the attention of the force in the town by a vigorous bombardment. General Walpole, with another detachment, had seized the road by which alone it could move to succour its defeated comrades. As yet, however, it was but half a victory. The centre and left divisions in the town which had not been engaged were still more numerous than our whole force; but they were wholly disheartened and demoralised by the defeat of the right, and had no thought but that of flight. With all speed they hastened towards Bithoor, and probably, since Campbell gave his men a day's

rest after their exertions, they for a moment flattered themselves that they were free from danger of any further molestation; but on the 8th he sent General Hope Grant in pursuit with a strong brigade of infantry, cavalry, and horse artillery. On the bank of the Ganges he overtook them as they were preparing to cross. The heavy fire of his horse artillery was well seconded by a gallant charge of the 9th Lancers; the rebels fled in every direction, leaving behind them their guns, bullocks, and baggage; their whole army was scattered; and the whole of this brilliant success had been accomplished with the loss of only 99 killed and wounded.

The General had now to determine what was the best use to make of his victory; and he decided on first availing himself of it to clear the Doab, as that strip of Oude is called which lies between the Jumna and the Ganges, a task which he committed to various detachments under the command of Walpole, Hope Grant, and some other officers, who carried out his design with complete success; not without occasional resistance from parties of the rebels, which, however, in every instance cost them dear, in loss of men and guns. But so wide was the field of operation that the accomplishment of one great object often brought into prominence more than one other, not unfrequently of even greater importance. And that was the case now. Two important enterprises were still to be accomplished, the recovery of Rohilcund, and that of Oude; and, as political considerations entered largely into the question which should be the first undertaken, it was one which it was again necessary to refer to the decision of the Governor-General. It was of indispensable moment to relieve Sir James Outram, whose

force in the Alum Bagh, if left there, would need greater protection before the setting in of the summer. On the other hand, Rohilcund had been so long a portion of our dominion that it seemed more discreditable to leave that in the occupation of the rebels, than Oude, which was an acquisition of only two years' standing. It was doubted, too, by some of his officers, to whose opinion he deservedly attached great weight, whether his force was equal to the capture of Lucknow, which must obviously be the first step to the recovery of that province. Colonel Napier, of the Bengal Engineers, who was well acquainted with the city, expressed his "deliberate opinion, in which he himself coincided, that the siege would require 20,000 men."[1] And he felt it very doubtful whether, if he should call in all his detachments, their united force would amount to that number. "Many of his regiments had been actively engaged throughout the summer and autumn; they were reduced to skeletons, and the men composing them were greatly in need of rest. There is a limit to exertion; and all experience of war shows that to try them much further without some repose would be making a demand on their physical and moral energies inconsistent with prudence." The recovery of Rohilcund would be a less laborious work, since there were no large bodies of rebels in that province, none likely to have the hardihood to encounter our army; and his opinion was therefore in favour of instructing Outram to take steps for hutting his men for the summer, while he himself should devote that season to clearing Rohilcund, and reserve the siege of Lucknow for the autumn. All the arguments in favour of and against either scheme he

[1] *Life*, ii. 68.

laid before the Governor-General in an exhaustive memorandum. Nor did Lord Canning overlook them, or fail to attach deserved weight to the conclusion to which Campbell had come. But he, as a statesman, though not without a capacity for estimating military considerations also, not unnaturally gave greater weight to the political aspects of the case. In his view[1] "anarchy in Rohilcund would be bad enough, but it was a matter of police; while he had from the beginning considered Lucknow to be quite as much the stronghold of rebellion as Delhi. And, as such, the early possession of Lucknow seemed of greater value than any other object from one end of India to the other. Until we got Lucknow, and established ourselves in Oude, we could not hope to make any real advance towards bringing the mutineers to punishment. All the relics of every army which we defeated fled to Oude; and if we should leave them in impunity the credit of the Government of India would be greatly impaired." He had received also such promises of reinforcements from different quarters as warranted the expectation that Campbell's force would be raised to a sufficient strength. And eventually he decided in favour of the immediate undertaking of the reduction of Lucknow.

To the attainment of that object, therefore, Sir Colin now directed his whole attention with a zeal as ardent as if it had been that which he himself had preferred. And, indeed, he cannot have avoided confessing to himself that Lord Canning had had weighty grounds for the decision to which he had come. Oude was beyond all question a province of greater importance than Rohilcund; and its rebellion

[1] *Life*, ii. 73.

had been marked by deeds of violence and outrage to which nothing similar could be alleged against Rohilcund, so horrible, indeed, that every hour that they remained unpunished appeared an aggravation of the crimes, a slight to the memory of the victims whose fate seemed to every soldier in the army to cry aloud to heaven for vengeance. But still it was by no means an easy task which he had before him. The necessity of garrisoning Bithoor and other places exposed to danger had reduced the force which he was able to retain under his personal command to less than 10,000 men. But he called in all the detachments which could be spared from their existing stations; and he expected the aid of about 12,000 men from Nepaul, whose General, Jung Bahadoor, had been in England in 1849, and had conceived a respect for the British character and a lasting impression of our national powers that made him eager to render us effectual service in the contest in which we were engaged. As far as might be possible, Sir Colin desired to take the Lucknow garrison by surprise; he concealed Lord Canning's instructions even from his own officers, except those at the head of the engineers and artillery, who required more time for their preparations than the commanders of ordinary regiments. And he sent one brigade across the Ganges towards the north "to keep up as long as possible that he was about to operate against Rohilcund," which, indeed, was so full of bands of rebels that it might well be supposed to be his object. And the condition of affairs in that province made him the more eager to bring the work to be done at Lucknow to a rapid conclusion, that he might have leisure to clear Rohilcund also. Before the end of January he was able to put one

important part of his force in motion, the siege train, with its ammunition, which he despatched to Cawnpore, on its way; returning to that city himself in the first week of February. Without a day's delay he threw two good bridges of boats across the river for the passage of the troops, and, as his design against Lucknow could no longer be concealed, he issued on the 10th a general order distributing the army into brigades and divisions, in which Sir Archdale Wilson commanded the artillery, Brigadier Napier the engineers, Brigadier-General Hope Grant the cavalry, Outram, Walpole, and Sir E. Lingard the infantry. And having completed this and all other necessary arrangements, on the 27th he advanced to Buntem, within six miles of the Alum Bagh. He had intended to move earlier, for he had from time to time learnt that fierce attacks had been made on Outram, and though in every instance they had been successfully repelled, it was manifestly desirable to spare that gallant garrison as much as possible, who had a contest before them which would require the unexhausted strength of every company and every man. He was expecting the arrival of Jung Bahadoor; but that General's advance had been delayed by the badness of the roads and other difficulties, so that he was unable to join him till some days after he had commenced operations. So much diligence, however, in sending him reinforcements of British regiments had been exerted by the authorities that his own army was stronger than a month before he had ventured to hope; and nearly 19,000 men, 2000 of whom were engineers and artillery, with above 100 guns, were round his colours when on the 2nd of March he opened the siege by moving on the Delkooshah.

No enterprise in any former war of any age or country can be compared with that which he was thus commencing. The ordinary estimate of the force to be employed for a siege requires that the besieging force shall exceed the numbers of the besieged in the proportion of five, or at least four, to one. But here the besiegers were under 19,000, while the sepoys in the city they attacked were not fewer than 100,000; and those not barbarians, undisciplined and ill equipped, but men who had been trained by our own officers, and were armed with weapons which the broad-arrow with which they were stamped showed to have come from our own arsenals; and they had every advantage of position which narrow streets and numerous forts, as they may fairly be called, could afford them; forts so independently placed that the capture of one did not involve the fall of any other. To counterbalance this enormous superiority the British Commander could only oppose his own skill, his consciousness of the justice of the cause of which he was the champion, and his firm reliance on that Providence who, however he may try them for a time, never fails in the end to prove the shield and buckler of those who trust in him.

He had in more than one letter explained his plan of attack to Outram, which may briefly be described as a lavish use of his guns to clear the way for the infantry before he ventured it in the narrow winding streets which fringed the river Goomtee for five long miles. He had shown at Goojerat how highly he estimated the value of artillery as saving the lives of men. And he did not confine his fire to one side of the river; but, while his own headquarters occupied the right bank, he placed Outram, with a strong divi-

sion of infantry, cavalry, 22 heavy guns, and two lighter field batteries, on the other bank, with instructions to begin his operations by mastering the Chukur Kothee, a fort which was the key of the rebels' position on that side. It was not till the evening of the 8th that Outram was able to get his batteries into position; but the next morning he employed them with irresistible vigour, carrying not only the Chukur Kothee, but another stronghold beyond, called the Badshah Bagh, and then pushing forward a battery of heavy guns to the very extremity of his line so as effectually to command the enemy's works in that quarter. And these successes greatly facilitated the operations of Sir Colin himself, since they turned the enemy's line of entrenchments on his bank of the river. And, indeed, he had been waiting to commence his own operations, till Outram's preparations were completed, in order to perplex the rebels by simultaneous attacks.

The first object of his own attack was the Martinière, which he cleared with shrapnell so effectually that the garrison abandoned it without resistance to Hope's brigade, and one or two other forts of inferior importance were, in like manner, yielded up without an attempt being made to hold them. The next day the Secunder Bagh, the storming of which had been one of the hardest operations in November, was surrendered without resistance. And on the morning of the 11th, Jung Bahadoor, with 12,000 valiant Goorkas, arrived just in time to take part in the attack on the Begum's palace, the Imambara, and the Kaiser Bagh, which were the chief strongholds now left to the rebels. The Begum's palace was not a residence for courtly receptions, nor were its inhabitants the ladies of the Zenana. It was a strongly entrenched fort, covered

with a deep ditch, with a barrack on one side well filled with above 1000 picked sepoys; and they, even after Napier had breached the outer defences, met Lingard's brigade with so resolute a front, that Sir Colin, in his despatch, described their defeat as "the sternest struggle of the siege." Nor did they yield till near 700 of them had sacrificed their lives in defence of their posts. The Imambara and Kaiser Bagh alone remained; the former, after its walls, as usual, had been breached by our heavy guns, was carried by General Franks, with a regiment of Sikhs. And the garrison of the Kaiser Bagh, from which the most stubborn resistance of all had been expected, was so disheartened by these uninterrupted successes, that the victorious Sikhs, pressing on in pursuit of the flying garrison of the Imambara, found it open to their onset, and took possession of it with all its numerous buildings and enclosures, without a single gun being fired in its defence. To us the capture of the Kaiser Bagh seemed the end of the siege; and that the rebels had an equal view of its importance was proved when all the other strongholds were surrendered without resistance, though more than one of them had been the scene of hard fighting in Havelock's first relief of the Residency.

Still, of the rebel sepoys who, a fortnight before, had formed the garrison of Lucknow, many tens of thousands yet remained in arms; but they fled in all directions, though one detachment, whose flight led them by the Alum Bagh, plucked up courage to make an attack on it as they passed, which, however, was easily repelled; while another showed an intention of making a stand at the Moosa Bagh, a strongly fortified post on the right bank of the Goomtee, about four

miles from the city, but they too fled before the first fire of Outram's guns, and were pursued for some miles by Captain Cole, with the 9th Lancers, who cut down several hundreds, and captured their guns. Meanwhile, Sir Colin's own work at Lucknow was confined to making arrangements for the establishment of a garrison in Lucknow, in a secure military position, which, however, his peculiar talent for organisation speedily completed. He would fain have remained in Oude "four or five months longer for the organisation" of the entire province. But, now that Lucknow was ours, Lord Canning thought the condition of Rohilcund of greater importance. As he explained his views to Sir Colin, the population, consisting of Hindoos and Mussulmans in about equal numbers, was divided in its feelings. The Hindoos were loyal and friendly; the Mussulmans for the most part, hostile; and, being the more active and warlike sect, had long been using artifice and cajolery, and even threats, to seduce the Hindoos from their loyalty, means which were only too likely to succeed if we left them for any length of time unsupported. He therefore decided on an immediate advance into Rohilcund; and, as before, Sir Colin carried out his design as cordially and zealously as if it had been his own, moving with such promptitude that in the first week of May he reached Bareilly, in front of which Khan Bahadhur was stationed with the main army of the Mussulman rebels of that province. Campbell's spies reported it to amount to 30,000 infantry, 6000 cavalry, and 40 guns, which was, perhaps, somewhat too high an estimate. His own force did not exceed 7037 men of all arms, with 19 guns. But, inferior as he was in numbers, he resolved on an immediate attack; for which, according to his practice, he

cleared the way by a heavy fire of artillery. His guns soon silenced theirs; his cavalry routed their cavalry. Two regiments of the Highland brigade drove their infantry from some groves and villages on which they had reckoned for enabling them to make a stand; and the only really formidable resistance came from a body of fanatics known as Guazees, who made a most determined effort to break through our left wing, but perished to a man in the attempt.

Their defeat was the last event of great military importance in which Sir Colin was personally concerned. More than once, as he traversed the province, he fell in with bodies of mutineers whom he routed without difficulty; but the victory at Bareilly had been a practical re-establishment of our superiority in Rohilcund. There were still districts requiring to be cleared, and detached bodies of mutineers roving about the country in various parts. One, led by Tantia Topi, was so strong that it even drove Scindia from his capital, though it was speedily routed, and the loyal Maharajah replaced in his authority by Sir Hugh Rose. But that and all similar operations were entrusted to the commanders of the various divisions of the army—to Sir Hugh, to Hope Grant, to Sir E. Lingard, to General Michel, and others, and carried out with unvarying success. Michel even, in a vigorous pursuit of the flying Tantia, fought three successful actions with superior numbers of mutineers in three days; not, however, succeeding in catching Tantia himself, who escaped all his pursuers, till at last he was betrayed by one of his countrymen to Major Meade, brought to trial before a court-martial, and hanged.

Not that Sir Colin was for a moment idle. The re-establishment of order in districts of such vast

extent, the allotment of garrisons to various towns; in some instances, even, the organisation in some degree of civil offices, with the necessary journeys from place to place, afforded abundant employment for both mind and body, so that, anxious as he naturally was to return home, two years had still to elapse before that wish could be gratified.

But he had not to wait till that time to learn with what grateful admiration his countrymen at home had followed every step of his campaign, and with what honourable reward his Queen showed her appreciation of his inestimable service. A great victory has always been regarded as entitling him who has achieved it to the highest honours the sovereign has to bestow. Thus did Rodney and Nelson, thus did Lynedoch and Wellington, win their way to the House of Lords. And rarely has the bestowal of such peerage been ratified by more unanimous applause of the whole nation than now, when Queen Victoria placed a coronet on the brows of the new Lord Clyde, by which title he was known for the remainder of his life. It was an honour to which, except as it had been the spontaneous gift of the Queen herself, he, as "a bachelor, without wife or child," as he described himself, was comparatively indifferent; setting greater store by a letter in which Her Majesty, in her own handwriting, "gave utterance to the feelings of pride and satisfaction with which she had learnt of the glorious victories which he and the gallant troops under his command had obtained over the mutineers," extolled "the manner in which he had conducted all these operations, and his rescue of that devoted band of heroes and heroines at Lucknow, as beyond all praise, and wished him to express to all the European and native troops, who had fought

so nobly and so gallantly, the expressions of her great admiration and gratitude."[1]

It was not till June 1860 that he left Calcutta, having first in a farewell order "taken the opportunity of thanking the officers and soldiers of the two services for their valour and endurance so severely tried. He pronounced that history does not furnish a more valuable exhibition of heroic resistance to many adverse circumstances than was shown by the British troops during these mutinies, and prophesied that the memory of their constancy and daring would never die out in India, and that the natives must feel that while Britain contains such sons, the rule of the British Sovereign must last undisputed."

From the day he again set foot on British land to that of his death honours continued to flow in on him in a ceaseless stream. On his return from the Crimea, Glasgow, regarding him almost as a citizen of her own, had presented him with a sword, to which the ladies had added a cairngorm brooch, and to which the Highlanders of Glenorchy, Breadalbane, and Nether Lorne now added a superbly mounted desk. London now added another, with a gold box containing a deed of the freedom of the great city, and that unvarying accompaniment of all civic honours and compliments, a magnificent banquet. On the death of Lord Strafford he was appointed to succeed him as colonel of the 2nd or Coldstream Guards. When the Queen instituted the new order of the Star of India he was installed as one of the first knights; and when, on the attainment of his majority by the Prince of Wales, the Queen desired to mark the auspicious day by a great military promotion, he with the Duke of Cambridge, Lord

[1] *Life*, ii. 136.

Gough, and the veteran Sir Edward Blakeney, was gazetted as Field-Marshal.

No doubt it was intended as a special compliment that in the summer of 1861 he was selected as the representative of the British army at the manœuvres of the Prussian army at Berlin; and Colonel von Blumenthal, to whose charge he was committed, has recorded some of his remarks which are worth preserving. Their discipline he praised highly, but there were "three points in their tactics with which he did not agree. First, that they fought too much in column instead of in line." It was the very same error in the tactics of Napoleon that we learn from Croker's papers, when Wellington was first starting for the Peninsula, led him to express his confidence in his power of beating the French marshals, since attacks in column would prove valueless against "steady troops," such as our own, meeting them in line; and Von Blumenthal, writing many years afterwards, admits that his objection was sound, and that line fighting would henceforth be the Prussian practice also. "Secondly, that they always formed square with their battalions against cavalry instead of receiving the attack in line. He was right also in that. And in the Austrian, and particularly in the French war (at Sedan), we received the cavalry in line," is Von Blumenthal's comment. But the soundness of this latter criticism must be disputable, since it was our squares at Waterloo which so repeatedly repelled the cuirassiers of Napoleon.

But it must have been with greater interest than he could feel in any foreign army that he accepted the command of the Volunteer Review of 1862, which afforded him an opportunity of judging of and bearing his testimony to the efficiency of that noble and most

patriotic force, of which they will ever retain a proud recollection. "They surprised him," he said, "not a little by their wonderful steadiness and intelligence. It was not merely a simple affair of marching round and saluting, but a readiness of movement and facility of changing position, which is not always surpassed by the oldest and most practised troops." But it was not granted him to enjoy for any lengthened time the respect for his talents, the gratitude for his services, in short, the admiration of his whole career, which all classes of his countrymen vied with each other in displaying. It is no trifling addition to the credit which those services deserve that they were often carried out amid weakness and suffering. In his first campaigns he had not escaped the terrible Walcheren fever and ague. In this last he had to contend against the disorders with which the Indian climate rarely fails to visit far younger men; and though for a time his return to the more wholesome air of Britain enabled him to shake them off, he soon began to feel that it was but a respite, not a recovery, that he had obtained. He could not conceal from himself that his strength was decaying. In the first week of 1863 he had a sharp attack of fever, and a medical examination showed that his heart was seriously affected. Throughout the spring and summer attacks of various kinds showed that the end was near. He felt that he was dying; but, as he expressed it, dying "at peace with all the world." On the 24th of July he said to his old comrade, General Eyre, that he "should like to live till to-morrow, because it was the anniversary of St. Sebastian, which was perhaps a fitting day for the old soldier to die." And he desired to be remembered to some of those whom he named as having served under

him. But he lingered on for three weeks more, at times with a mind as clear as ever, talking of his "old Peninsular days." But by the second week of August his appetite began to fail, and at last, on the afternoon of the 14th, he passed away without suffering.

It was the close of a singularly spotless as well as a brilliant career. It may be looked on as a remarkable instance of good fortune, that, often and usefully as he had served his country in previous campaigns, it was reserved to his old age to outdo the achievements of his earlier manhood, and thus to leave the memory of his abilities and great deeds fresh in the memory of his countrymen when he was taken from them. We have quoted the language of the farewell which on his resignation of his Indian command he addressed to the army which he was leaving. The qualities which he had praised in those troops had no more true representative than himself. He dwelt on "their constancy under adverse circumstances, their daring, and endurance," and predicted that "all must feel that while Britain contains such sons, the rule of the British Sovereign must ever remain undisputed." No fitter epitaph could be found for himself.

THE END

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